



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

December

5c

n Canada



Myrna Loy

Charles Sheeler

First Cover Girl Contest in This Issue!
Myrna Loy Offers Prizes—See Page 22



**They are enthusiastic about its
business-like action . . .
its quick results**

At least one million men, rich and poor, hard-boiled and easy-going, spenders and penny pinchers, vote this tooth paste Number One among them all. Most of their wives agree with them.

Take the matter of attacking tartar and removing discolorations from the teeth. There Listerine Tooth Paste has the punch of a pugilist—*quick, unerring, effective!*

Consider the quick way it cleans—gets off debris as easily as a big leaguer swats a "homer."

See how it makes teeth shine!—like the bright work of a Cup Defender.

Note the wonderful feeling of mouth fresh-

ness it leaves after using—like a Listerine mouth rinse after heavy smoking.

Quick and thorough cleansing is due to modern ingredients—critically chosen because of their complete safety in action. They have the gift of sweeping debris out of hard-to-reach crevices, yet they cannot harm the most delicate enamel.

Give these same ingredients credit for the flashing lustre this tooth paste imparts to teeth.

That wonderful feeling of freshness in the mouth is due to some of the essential oils of Listerine itself.

Why not try a tube of this thrift dentifrice? Make it prove itself by its results. Make it show you how much better your teeth can look and your mouth can feel. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The stain combating, film removing dentifrice— in 2 sizes
25¢ and 40¢



GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL • GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! This is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. This is your Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM



SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Laurels for Lederer! The fascinating Francis personifies charm in "The Pursuit of Happiness"

A NEW idol has come to dwell amongst us! Francis Lederer, the false-alarm star of an Eskimo misadventure, at last conquers in his second Hollywood production, as an irresistible young Hessian soldier transplanted to Revolutionary America, where he hears about "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" and proceeds to enjoy all three, even to the good old native custom of "bundling." Lederer is completely and consistently ingratiating in his whole-souled characterization, and beyond a doubt at one bound takes his place as one of the really important Hollywood personalities. Not since Chevalier first enchanted us with his European gaiety have we had such a heart-warming occasion for tossing our editorial hat in the air in tribute to a blithe spirit, bringing a freshness and a romantic joyousness to our hungry screens.

Lederer salutes us and we salute him right back, for his triumph in "The Pursuit of Happiness," in which his gaiety persuades Joan Bennett to unbend and give a charming performance.



CARL LAEMMLE Presents

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS

For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL



Salutes!

Snubs!



The first eight letters receive prizes of \$5.00 each

THE PROFESSOR APPROVES!

I am an old fogey college professor. I feel foolish writing a fan letter, but I must applaud the good diction and pronunciation in talkies. As nearly everybody attends movies there is bound to be an improvement in the speech of the people. I heartily endorse movies as an educational and an entertainment institution.

Dr. Oliver G. Larson,
315 Esplanade,
Redondo Beach, Calif.

SHIRLEY ENLISTS THE ARMY!

Of all the good movies and talented players that we see at our Post Theatre, no one player has ever won a place in our hearts so easily or quickly as Shirley Temple. So give Uncle Sam's soldier movie-fans more pictures starring little, blue-eyed Shirley.

Pvt. Robert Kaeser,
Ft. Benj. Harrison, Ind.

SKETCHED IN SONG!

Musically speaking:

Evelyn Venable: *Brahm's Lullaby*.
Myrna Loy: *Song of India*. Dolores Del Rio: *Hungarian Rhapsody*. Sylvia Sydney: *Poor Butterfly*. Ann Harding: *Moonlight Sonata*. Lupe Velez: *Savage Serenade*. Joan Crawford: *Song of the Flame*.

Mrs. Howard Cooksey,
Carolina Pines Hotel,
Raleigh, N. C.

A CHALLENGE TO DeMILLE!

Cecil DeMille was in town recently tell-

Tell Hollywood and the stars what YOU think in this forum of fan opinion and ideas!

The Salutes carry on to victory in this month's meeting in this forum of the fans! And there's the proof that Hollywood's pudding is prepared to the taste of the majority, as pictures, bigger and better, come along in this dawn of a new season.

The commentators this month come forward with pertinent discussion on topics close to the core of the movie art, and we hear from all sections—a college professor endorses the films as a teacher of good grammar; a housewife hails the fact that she's in the movies at last; a school girl tells Hollywood just what the producers' better efforts mean to the Little Women of America; the Army itself sends up a salute to Shirley Temple, and fans everywhere say their say about personalities of the screen.

If you enjoy interesting ideas about pictures, by all means read every letter this month. And if you are not now regularly sending in your own ideas about films or stars, authors or directors, start immediately—remember that prize of five dollars for each of the eight best letters each month!

Send your letter to the Salutes and Snubs Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Restrict your comment to fifty words, please.

ing folks about his ideals. Well, Mr. DeMille, here's a challenge to your genius. Take "Parsifal" and give it to us with all the mystic beauty Wagner dreamed into it! Are you big enough? Are you game?

Theresa Picha,
2850 Eads Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

SALUTE SUPREME!

I entered nurses' training in a much

Claudette Colbert whose colors are flying high and gaily in the gale of your approval for her increasingly brilliant performances.

larger city than that in which I had spent my childhood. Hence the inexpressible "lost" feeling.

My gratitude a thousand-fold to those who helped me banish "dat 'ole debil"—The Blues. The whole movie industry deserves my everlasting salute!

Ruth Caldwell,
University Hospital,
Parnassus and Third Aves.,
San Francisco, Calif.

NEWS! FAN GETS IN MOVIES!

Hurrah! I'm in the movies! Opened my evening paper and there it was—"Housewife." Needless to say I stacked the dishes and rushed to the theatre. Ann Dvorak and George Brent give good performances. Being a "Housewife" is not such a bad job after all!

Mrs. Betty Toles,
514 N. Nevada Ave.,
Colorado Springs, Colo.

NEW PEN PORTRAITS

1. Leslie Howard: Masculine charm personified. Age-less romance—past, present, future.

2. Robert Montgomery: *Little Lord Fauntleroy* gets into the Duchess' prize jam pot.

3. Helen Hayes: *Portia* directs the Junior Leaguers.

4. Jean Parker: Duse in rompers. Wind in the willows.

(Continued on page 92)

The
PICTURE
of the
MONTH

WE SALUTE
DICK POWELL and RUBY KEELER
America's best-loved lovers in the
screen's first great military musical!

Fifty million keyholers can't be wrong! They said "It's a knockout!" And an advance peek at Warner Bros.' new musical produced under the supervision of the U. S. Army proves they're right! So we pin this month's Croix de Guerre on "Flirtation Walk"—staged against the pulse-tingling background of West Point—for its thrilling stars and glorious love story—its stirring songs and grand girls—its fast fun and lavish production!

"
Flirtation
Walk"
"

heaps new honors on
DICK POWELL—RUBY KEELER
—PAT O'BRIEN; on FRANK BORZAGE for
his best production; on Bobby Connolly
of Ziegfeld Follies fame for his spectacular
dance numbers; and on Warner Bros.
for a grand all-round show.



Inside the Stars' Homes

3. Fay Wray



Left, lovely Fay Wray shows just how she serves one of her famous salads when she entertains in her "homey" home.

Below, a close-up of one of Hollywood's prettiest, and most gracious, young hostesses: Mrs. John Monk Saunders, personally!



By Betty Boone

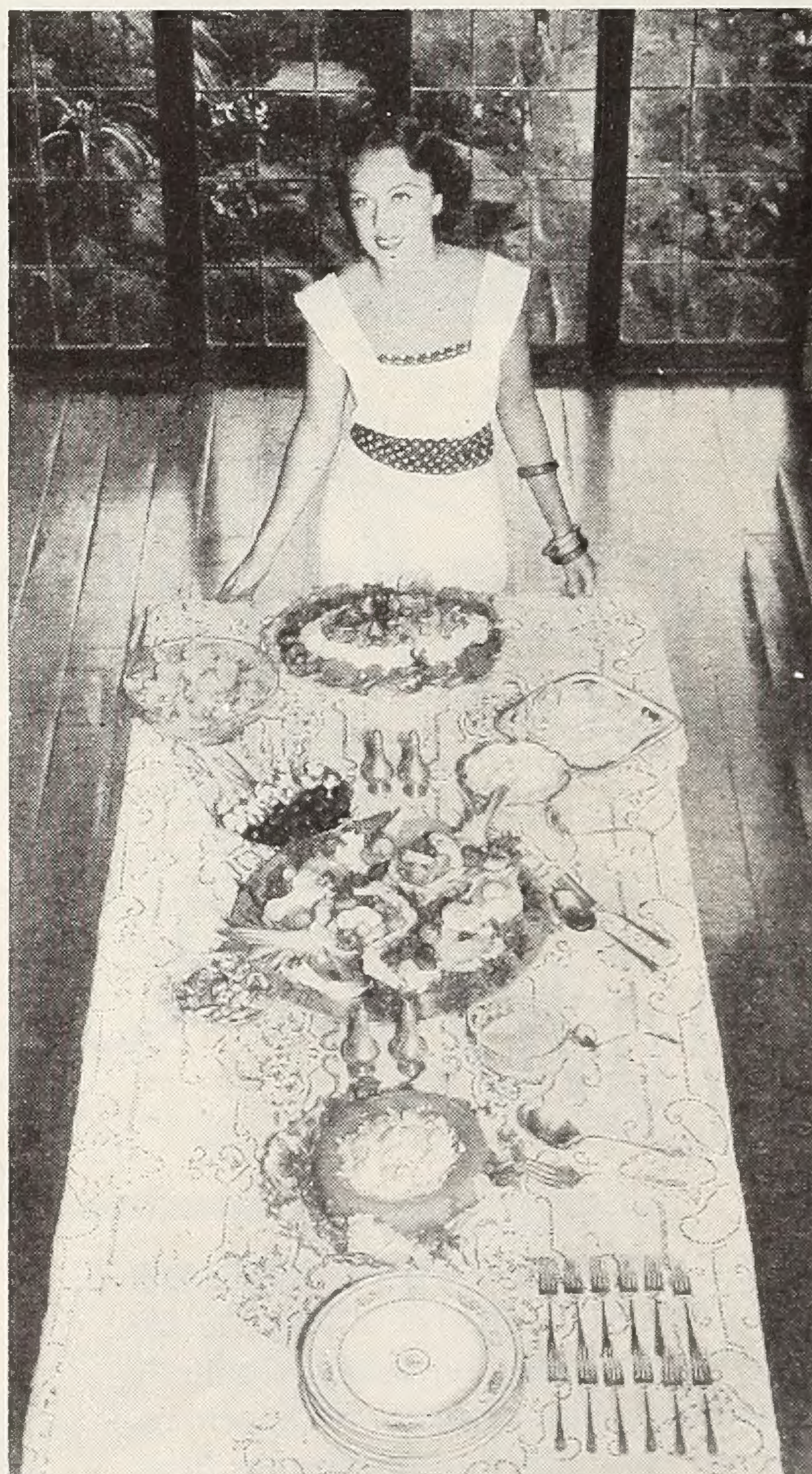
WHEN Fay Wray was a school-girl living in Hollywood, she used to roller-skate past a lovely house set well back from the street and sheltered by great eucalyptus trees. Florence Vidor, one of Fay's favorite screen actresses, lived in the house then but Fay never thought of it as the Vidor home. It was always "my house."

Which proves that dreams do come true, for today it really is Fay's, although she and her husband, John Monk Saunders, have partially remodeled it.

Fay herself, in a red-dotted white silk dress, its Ascot tie bordered with little red jockey-figures, was coming downstairs when her secretary admitted me. She waved the heavenly blue garment she was carrying.

"Look, aren't these adorable? They're pajamas made exactly like a man's. When I was in New York, my husband happened to see some in the shop where they make his, so he had them make me half a dozen, in different colors. He thought I'd be pleased—and I was!"

She put them with a small pile of



Doesn't the table look inviting against its background of the large windows overlooking the garden? But don't overlook Fay!

Want to meet the stars as their best friends know them? SCREENLAND affords you the privilege of visiting your film favorites *really* at home, sharing their secrets of home furnishings, their pet recipes

things being packed for a week-end at the beach and we descended the two steps from the hall to the long living room.

There's an Oriental rug on the floor, larger than any I've ever seen, its soft tones repeated here and there in different pieces of furniture. It's a lovely room with a great fireplace at one end, but the chief thing that strikes you about the Saunders' home is that it has a happy, lived-in look. There isn't that feeling, so common in some starry dwellings, that the decorator has just departed and heaven help anyone with dusty shoes.

You can even sit on the fireside bench with the grospoint seat without paining the hostess, although the grospoint was done with her own needle during the filming of "The Affairs of Cellini."

"So we are going to talk about salads!" Fay's heavy-lidded blue eyes deepened in concentration. "The favorite Saunders salad is a green salad made with chicory, watercress, and whatever green vegetables are in season, served with a dressing mixed at the table. I always mix it myself—lemon, olive oil, salt, pepper and paprika, mixed very carefully with a wooden fork and spoon. You have to do it very lightly, just lifting the vegetables and blending it. I have a lovely old Spanish crock that I use when there are several people to be served. In winter, though, my very favorite salad is French endive with dressing."

Fay serves with these salads, bread cut extra thin, spread with cheese, rolled and toasted, or cheese biscuits or cheese straws. The recipe for cheese straws, which she says most of her guests like, is:

½ cupful grated cheese
¾ cupful flour
¼ cupful shortening (scant)
¼ teaspoonful salt
1 egg
few grains cayenne pepper

Grate the cheese. Rub flour and shortening together with the hands. Add the cheese, salt and pepper. Beat the egg light and add to the mixture. Roll to about ⅓ inch thick. Cut in strips. Lay on flat pan and bake to a light brown. OR: Take a piece of the mixture about the size of a walnut and roll to a ball between the hands, using enough flour to prevent sticking. Bake on a flat pan to a light brown.

"When I give a buffet supper, we serve in the play-room as well as the dining room. It's the famous room that was built to accommodate a ping-pong table." She opened the glass doors from the living-room into the play-room, as she spoke, and revealed the table, a superlative affair that looked as if it had been made for a queen. "It was much too good to stand outdoors, as you can see, so we had to change the old brick terrace into this room." A sun-room, really, with tiled floor and glass walls overlooking a lovely back garden where more eucalyptus tree-trunks gleamed.

"For a buffet supper I serve three salads," went on Fay. "Last time I had tomato aspic ring, a fresh fruit salad, and a sea food salad. I serve the fresh fruit in a hollowed-out pineapple, all kinds of fresh fruit in season. Some people like whipped cream dressing for this. Here's one we often use:

1 cup whipped cream
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, separated
¼ cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard

(Continued on page 89)

TEST *the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... For 10 Days at Our Expense!

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Ventilated to permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Dept. 7312, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

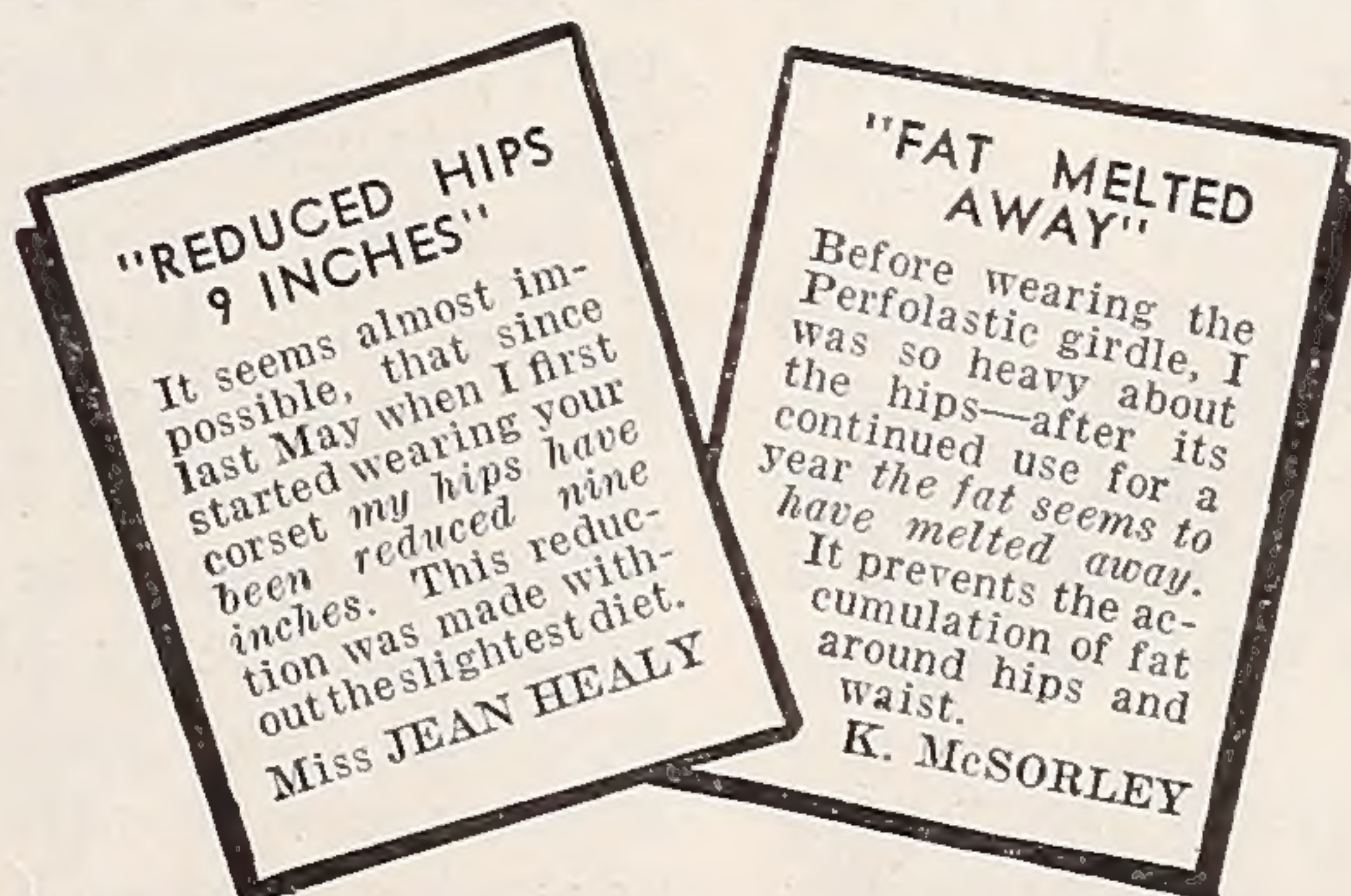
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of Perfolastic Rubber and your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

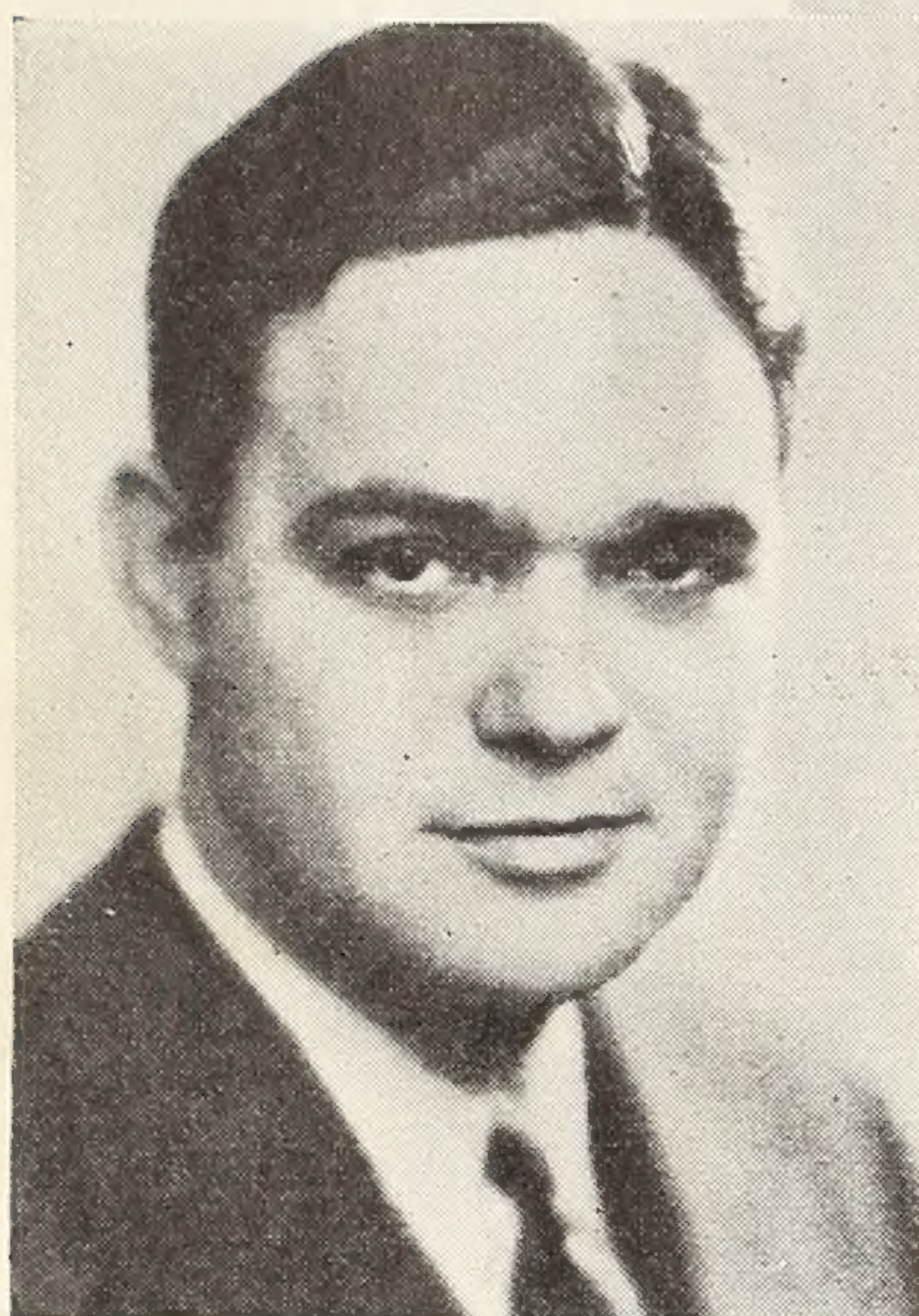


THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Radio Parade

What some of your air favorites say and think about themselves and their work!

By
Tom
Kennedy



James Melton, left, one of radio's foremost tenors, has set opera as his goal, so don't be surprised to read that a new American star is soon to sing Pinkerton.



Eve Sully and Jesse Block displayed their comedy wares on one program as guest artists, and now are featured on a weekly air show.

Left, Eddie Cantor and Eve Sully in a scene from "Kid Millions," in which the team of Block and Sully make their debut in a feature production as comedy support in the new Sam Goldwyn picture.

that's the type of character he would prefer to doing a juvenile rôle in films.

"I've had lots of experience calling hogs," Melton added in replying to my question about the prospects of the pictures getting him.

"I want to do some pictures, sure," he continued. "But music is my career and heretofore the picture people offered me term contracts, which would mean that I would have to give up my other work, radio and concert. So now we are working on a plan to make it a 'picture to picture' arrangement."

It's quite possible the picture negotiations will have been concluded before this appears in print.

"I would not be interested in doing a show," he added, "for the reason that it would mean six days a week of playing the same part, singing the same songs. That would be marking time so far as I am concerned. I want to continue concert and radio, and go on with my preparations to do opera."

From which you gather that James Melton is pretty ambitious. And you are quite right. Moreover, you realize as he talks about his ambition, that Melton has the determination, resolution and concentration to drive his talents to the peak of their potentialities. You see that in the set of the jaw; the fixity of the deep-set, black eyes; the carriage of the broad shoulders of this chap who stands six feet three inches and weighs more than a hundred and ninety pounds.

With the tremendous popular following Melton has built up during his years of singing over the radio; the vocal equipment he is developing ever since he left the Revelers Quartette (a work which kept his voice "small" and improperly placed for the more dramatic forms), and his fine appearance for heroic rôles, Melton has much more to offer opera than he brought to Broadway when he crashed it as an unknown six years ago. You've heard, of course, how, refused an interview by a secretary, Jimmy burst into song in (Continued on page 93)

RADIO'S 1934 season is off to the most auspicious start the ether impresarios thus far have contrived for entertainment of America's masses. Through September and early October there came back to the microphones such stars as Bing Crosby, Ed Wynn, Block and Sully, and Roxy, and many others.

The radio showmen have been busy in their air castles trying to plot new forms of entertainment that will be more distinctly "radio" and less imitative of the stage and screen. The testing out of their ideas should add zest to the present season. One of the ideas being toyed with is a romantic narrative with original music score written by a leading composer, to be presented in the form of a serial, or continued play, in which radio's most prominent stars will appear.

Can you imagine the din of derisive hoots which would greet a Hollywood announcement that some producer had signed a famous radio tenor—James Melton, for example—to appear on the screen in the rôle of a rancher, or a young farmer who gets his start in life as a hog caller?

Well, go ahead and imagine it! But don't start preparing brickbats to heave at the head of our imaginary producer—because if Melton signs for pictures (and they have been after him these past couple of years),



Notice Betty's cunning ear, her shining hair. Those are the places perfume belongs.

Perfume!

How They Love It!

Mighty sweet! If our favorite perfume could smile and have its picture taken, we insist it would look just as Betty Furness does here

By
Josephine Felts

"OH MY aunt!" breathed Roger. "What heavenly perfume!"

Then he went on, muttering to himself. "Per' means through, 'fume' means smoke. 'Through smoke!' Gets in your eyes, my eyes, everybody's eyes."

"What ARE you talking about?"

Only the inarticulate came from my sainted brother. Per-fume? Perfume!

A light dawned. Roger is in love with a bewitching blonde who goes trailing clouds of indefinable, intoxicating fragrance. He is completely under her spell and has just found out what is the matter.

I've always known that boy was smart. Most men can't tell what ails them.

Perfume has a way with the big strong sex, an ancient, sweet way, which has not changed, for all my intensive research, personal and literary, can discover, in the last five thousand years. If you wish to be enchanting and make your conquests, you will want its help.

So, ladies, choose your weapon. Shall it be one of the light, sweet odors that captivate by their very illusive-ness? Or shall it be the heavier, serious scents that cast a spell as inescapable as the fact that, sometime or other, whether you like it or whether you don't, you are going to fall in love?

But before I try to help you choose a perfume to express your personality, I am going to pretend you have perfume on the shelf at home, and tell you how to make the most of it.

Study our picture of Betty Furness. Notice that cunning ear, that shining hair. Those are the places per-

fume should be applied, for in those places it belongs!

Betty looks, by the way, like the picture of a perfume herself. Flowerlike, gracious, gay. If I were a perfume and were out to have my picture taken, I am sure I should want to look exactly like that!

Now, the perfume artists complain that not one girl in ten knows how to use perfume. They insist it is put on clothes where it grows stale and is never its true self. They object that too much is used. Often one perfume is applied on top of another. This, they explain, causes the nose to suffer just as the ear would if two different songs were played at once on the same piano. They shudder at the results.

We have stoutly maintained that no SCREENLAND reader ever does anything of the sort. But just to make sure:

Spray the perfume on with an atomizer if you have one. Beg, borrow, or steal one if you haven't. Spray it on the skin, not on clothing. On the skin, it blends in with that imperceptible skin odor which each one of us has, and becomes a real part of us, different for each wearer. On clothing it grows stale and a second application the next day only makes matters worse. Spray it behind the ears and into the hair, and on the wrists. Then stop. If you have sprayed it sparingly, you have just enough.

If you do not have an atomizer, touch the bottle stopper to the ear lobe, and when putting it on the hair, use the palm of the hand to brush it well in. This also applies to furs.

The only clothing on which perfume should be put are nighties and lingerie. Use (Continued on page 94)

A FREE GIFT from the Editor to YOU!

The Supply Is Limited
Send Your Reply
TODAY!

Dear Reader:

I'm feeling friendly!
And why not? You and I have been friends for a long time. You know me. Now I want to know a lot about you! What you do; what you like; so I can keep a mental portrait of you always on hand. Because by knowing you I can give you a magazine filled with exactly what you want.

Suppose you do something for me! If you will answer all the questions at the bottom of this page, I'll send you a gift—an Armand "New Experience" six-piece make-up set; a complete set with cleansing cream, powder, powder puff and rouge—a set I think you'll like.

It will take but a minute of your time to answer the questions. And besides getting the set absolutely free for your trouble, you'll be helping me to give you in SCREENLAND just the sort of features you will most enjoy.

Please fill in the answers, sign your name and address, and mail to me today, *right now*, as our mutual friend Maurice Chevalier would say. And in a very few days you'll receive your Armand set. Further in the words of Maurice: "Thank you—thank you very much!"

Cordially yours,

Delight Evans

Please
print or
type your
answers
plainly.

GET THIS COMPLETE
MAKE-UP BOX



Armand's "New Experience"
6 Piece Make-Up Set, complete with
cleansing cream, astringent, foundation
cream, powder, powder puff and cream
rouge.

CLIP HERE.

Fill this out and win a gift!

Age (Please check) Under 18...., 18 to 25...., 26 to 35...., over 35....

Married?.....Occupation?.....

How long have you been a SCREENLAND reader?.....

How many are in your family?.....

How many of them read SCREENLAND?.....

How many are men?....Women?....Children?....

Do you or your family own your home?.....

Have you a telephone?....Do you live in a house?....

Do you live in an apartment?.....

Is your laundry done at home?....

How many automobiles in your family?.....

Do you buy at an independent drug store?.....

Do you buy at an independent grocery store?.....

Do you buy at a department store?.....

Do you buy at chain stores?....Name them.....

.....

Do you go to the movies?....How often?.....

What is your favorite hobby?.....

What other screen magazines do you buy?.....

.....

Do you read Good Housekeeping?.....Saturday

Evening Post?.....Ladies' Home Journal?.....

Cosmopolitan?.....McCalls?.....True Story?.....

What is your family income? (Multiply weekly income by 52)

\$.....

Will the lady readers answer the following questions:

What do you spend each year for: (of course just answer these questions in approximate amounts and mention as many brands as you can remember! Shoes? \$.....What make?..

.....

Hosiery? \$.....What brands?.....

.....

Cosmetics? \$.....What brands?.....

.....

Groceries? \$.....What brands?.....

.....

Bottled beer? \$.....What brand?.....

.....

Your Name.....

In order to win the set you must answer all questions.

In the space provided in the lower right corner of the page fill in your name and address or the name and address of the person to whom you want the set sent.

THIS OFFER ENDS NOV. 22, 1934. ALL REPLIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NOT LATER THAN THAT DATE
Only 5000 sets are available and these will be sent to those submitting complete replies as long as the supply lasts. Address:

Delight Evans, Editor, SCREENLAND
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send the Make-Up Set to this address:

Name

Street

City

State

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Ann Harding

DEAR ANN HARDING:

I demand an explanation!

When you chose to "go Garbo" and refuse interviews, that was your business. When readers wrote to me asking why I didn't have Harding interviews any more, I could only accept philosophically the sad news that "Annie doesn't live here any more." And that was that. I felt that it would hurt you more than it did me, because I can give my readers authentic stories about Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer and Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert and Bing Crosby and Helen Hayes and Jean Harlow and Ruby Keeler, to name a few box-office stars. You, on the other hand, are presenting Ann Harding, by herself. You have only one star to give to your public. I have millions of 'em, bless them!

I repeat, denying yourself to reporters is your business. But it becomes my business and all my readers' business, when on the one hand you refuse to give interviews and on the other hand condemn wholesale the stories appearing in screen magazines. It doesn't make sense—and you've always been noted for good sense.

In an article signed by you appearing in a publication called "The Screen Guilds' Magazine," issued by the Screen Writers' Guild and the Screen Actors' Guild in Los Angeles, California, the following paragraph appears: "Fan magazines and actors draw their incomes from the same source. Both would profit by cooperating on a constructive policy for the benefit of the industry as a whole, instead of chasing each other around in this vicious circle. Mutual antagonism is burning brightly—the mags bristling with pins to stick into us—the actors locking themselves behind gates of reticence for sheer self-preservation. How silly, when we could really be of help to each other."

Exactly! "How silly"—I agree. How extremely silly, Ann Harding, to suggest a cooperative constructive policy and then to refuse to cooperate! Never having had personal experience with this "vicious circle" and "mutual antagonism" you talk about, I cannot sympathize with your point of view. Particularly when such celebrated stars as Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, Norma Shearer, Bing Crosby, Janet Gaynor, Al Jolson and many others cooperate with me in SCREENLAND'S constructive policy of giving motion picture fans interesting and authoritative stories. If the above-mentioned stars do it, I should think it would be not only gracious, but good showmanship for you to cooperate also! Why not join the distinguished company?

I am sure that you, Miss Harding, of all stars, must loathe cheap praise and fawning flattery. You can have nothing to fear from any reporter. Surely you



are much too intelligent to pretend that your audiences are interested only in your "art"—if that were so, you would not be among the foremost film personalities of the day. You have profited, as have other stars, from the consistent publicity given you in SCREENLAND. But you alone refuse to cooperate. You have chosen not to see an accredited, clever, accurate reporter who tried to get an interview with you for this magazine. Is it sporting to refuse to give decent, constructive interviews—and then to condemn screen magazines for failing to publish them?

In the names of my readers who have taken the trouble to write to me to ask why I do not give them an Ann Harding story, I ask you, in all sincerity, for your explanation! You may deny me the right to ask. You may deny my reporter the right to interview you on the grounds that you may fear that you may, (to quote again from the article signed by you), "come out of the presses as a rubber stamp." But, Ann Harding, you have no right to hold out on the public that pays to see your pictures. What are you going to do about it?

Delight Evans

Dates Under Guard *with* Janet Gaynor!



Our artist's conception of little Janet Gaynor tect her home. Read what happened the first date with Janet, only to encounter the

YOU used to see those movies about gangster-leaders. They always reigned in offices at the end of long corridors, and to reach them, one had to parade past a dozen or more ugly mugs who looked as if they'd kill their own mothers, if they didn't get the right number of ma's pancakes for breakfast.

Well, that's what a fellow thinks about when he vists Janet Gaynor. A date with that gal is like a personal engagement with King George—a regular Royal Guard is stationed around her house.

Take the last time Janet and I went to a preview, for example. Understand, I'm not boasting about taking Gaynor to a preview, because she loves 'em, and she'll go with any good friend who happens to have an inside tip that there *is* a preview. Since I get lots of those inside tips—well, quite often we go previewing together.

I sped out Sunset boulevard, and turned down the little hill at the bottom of which lives La—or should I say La-la?—Gaynor. Now the gate to her estate is usually closed, but on this night it was open, so in I went.

A shout pursued me, caught up with me, and caused me to halt with considerable scraping of tires and muttering of curses. A big fellow with a cap drawn down over his eyes approached, his hand in his coat pocket in a suspiciously menacing manner. Fearful thoughts raced through my mind:

Was I being held up?

Was the house being robbed, and had I interrupted the gentlemen at their task?

Or, horrible idea, was Janet Gaynor being kidnapped, and had I arrived at a climatic moment? If so, what

would happen to me, and what had already happened to Janet?

I began to wish I had never left home in the first place. Never, I thought at that instant, had the idea of my own fireside seemed so inviting.

I was contemplating that idea wildly when the chap with the cap drew alongside.

"What do you want?" he demanded. I couldn't see his eyes in the darkness, but I knew they were cold and hard.

"I date a Gaynor with a—I Gay a have with Miss date—er, I have a date with Miss Gaynor," I sputtered.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. What is your name, please?"

I answered that as nearly as I could remember, (and you've no idea how difficult it is to remember things under such circumstances), my name was Fidler.

Whereupon the fellow turned to face the house, a hundred feet further along the drive.

"Mr. Fidler," he said loudly.

From the darkness, another masculine voice echoed: "Mr. Fidler!"

Of course, this was nice publicity, being shouted about Hollywood in such fashion, but I wasn't exactly in the mood for publicity.

There was a pause of a minute or so, during which the man beside my car managed a gruff apology for this routine. It was necessary, in order to arrive at the house, to be announced, he said. He added that Miss Gaynor had arrived only a moment before, and that accounted for the gate being open. The explanation at least caused my heart to return to its normal beat—I felt that I



completely surrounded by her guards, who pro-time Jimmy Fidler presented himself to keep a huskies who patrol the Gaynor grounds.

wasn't about to be murdered in cold blood, or cold water, if you are one of those who insist that columnists have ice-water instead of blood in their veins.

Again from the darkness that *other* voice: "Okay!" The man who had stopped me stepped on the running board. "Go ahead, Mr. Fidler," he invited. I moved forward to the side entrance. There I met the owner of the *other* voice—a heavyweight who was equally as ominous as the first fellow.

Stepping into Miss Gaynor's living room was a little bit like being removed from the cold ocean, just as you were going down for the third time, and deposited beside a glowing fire.

"What," I asked, "is the idea of calling out the national militia?"

"Oh, haven't I told you about the guards?" Janet answered. "I've received a lot of threatening notes, and mother and I decided that we need protection.

"This is a manless house, you know," she said, with a smile that made me want to change that condition immediately. "Just mother and I, and Lillian Myhre. (Miss Myhre is Miss Gaynor's friend and traveling companion. She lives in the Gaynor household part of the time.) Of course, we figured that the threatening notes were from fanatics, because as a rule, kidnappers don't signal that they're coming.

"Nevertheless, they caused us to think. We thought what easy prey we were—just three women, unguarded. The more we thought, the wilder grew our imaginations. So the other day we employed guards. One man during the day, two guards at night. One of them patrols the

Gaynor stories are hard to get—that's why you don't read more of them. But here, never before told, is the grandest feature we've ever presented about little Janet, the most elusive star in all Hollywood. It's intimate, it's news, and it's *true*!

By
James M. Fidler

grounds, and the other remains somewhere near the house."

When the time came to go to the preview, *we went in Janet's limousine!* And if the two house guards thought they were tough, they must have felt like sissies when the chauffeur was around. A giant of a fellow, with shoulders like Max Baer, and a chin that kept me in mind of Durante's nose, he loomed like a small mountain in the front seat.

"He'd scare away kidnappers, all right," I murmured.

"You should see him shoot a revolver," Janet laughed. "He has medals for pistol marksmanship. I forget what it is he does, but I believe he knocks spots out of cards at fifty feet, or something."

I noticed—and have since learned that it's one of the tricks of an alert chauffeur who (Continued on page 75)



She's little, she's young, she's appealing, she's oh, so feminine. But Janet Gaynor is also one of the world's most famous and successful women, and so must be guarded against intrusion in her private life. Don't miss this unusual feature about her.

"Life Begins" *for* Bill!

Renaissance of an elegant actor,
described by the suave and subtle
Powell himself

By
Ben Maddox

WHEN a movie man passes the forty-year milestone and finds himself at the height of his success, heart-free and wealthy—where does he go from there?

This is the story today with William Powell.

He's had a "renaissance"—his own way of describing it—in films. He's ready to fall in love again, (being an elegant rolling stone who's picked up plenty of *savoir faire*, he's most attractive to women). Financially, he's sitting more than pretty.

So, now that his career has perked up and Carole Lombard is just a sweet memory to him, what next for

the bland Mr. Powell, our super-suave-and-subtle Bill? "Life begins!" he says exultantly.

No reflection on his dear, departed Carole, if you please. He adored her and is sincerely sorry they didn't click in double harness. They meet in friendly fashion when the necessity for consulting arises.

I went out to have luncheon with him and I recommend him highly to any Hollywood gal. He's as discreet as he is dapper. A woman could trust Bill Powell; he isn't the kind who kisses and tells. In fact, he is distinctly averse to discussing his private life.

To be exact, I didn't probe into his personal business.

He is too intelligent to fall for a tell-your-dear-public-all trap. Therefore I refrained from annoying him. But I gather that he is fancy free and playing the field.

With that superb *aplomb* which only he has, he sends orchids to this fair damsel and dines with that divine creature, and apparently is taking none of them seriously at the moment. His recent attentions have centered on Jean Harlow and Muriel Evans. (Aside to Carole: Bill's preference for blondes, who are young and actresses, is a compliment to you. Baby, take a bow!)

If his poise needed any testing, it was given the chance to prove itself when I arrived. The butler led me out to the sunny greensward beside the swimming-pool and requested that I wait for the master. Mr. Powell materialized presently, as calm as the proverbial cucumber.

"It seems," he remarked blandly, "that we've had a bit of a flood. Nothing to fret about. We merely noted six feet of water in our basement. Oh, heaven knows how long it's been filling up. I probably never would have heard about it until the house started floating if a friend hadn't tried to play the organ."

"This is Lita Gray Chaplin's home I've been renting, and there's a massive pipe organ in the parlor. I never fooled with it, but when my pal couldn't get a peal from it, I sent the butler downstairs to poke around at the machinery and see what he could see. Just before you came, he dashed back white-faced and aghast to inform me that there was water, water everywhere in our dim, nether recesses!"

Such a catastrophe would have perturbed most hosts; Bill Powell didn't flinch. Luncheon was smartly served to us by two men-servants, no less, alongside the pool. (I noticed a flyswatter and a can of Flit beside the Turkish-towelled sun chair. (Continued on page 76)



He found himself at the peak of a good performer's career in "The Thin Man." Where does he go from here? Let Bill Powell himself tell you in this exclusive interview.



Cohan Changes His Mind!

George takes another
flyer in pictures, and
"Gambling" right with
him is Wynne Gibson

By
Tom Kennedy

A "toast to our future" well might be the theme of the scene above, in which George M. Cohan does a dramatic moment from "Gambling" with Wynne Gibson. Are both gambling on the future? Tell us!

FOR a man to change his mind, (legend to the contrary notwithstanding), is hardly news. But when George M. Cohan changed *his* mind, the none too placid tides prevailing in the cinema sea churned and tossed in new excitement.

Just two years, almost to the day, when Mr. Cohan turned his back on Hollywood after delivering a "dress-ing down" of picture executives that still has many ears burning, he put his signature to a contract to do the leading rôle in a picture version of one of his own plays. Before breaths could be caught, the cameras were grinding, and America's No. 1 Actor, as many critics pronounced Mr. Cohan to be after his performance in "Ah, Wilderness," was answering eight o'clock studio calls at the plant Paramount built and later abandoned in Astoria, L. I.

His reasons? No different than the reasons any ordinary mortal would give for doing something previously tabooed for life! "This is different," Mr. Cohan declared. Just what is "different" does not appear immediately on the surface—he did not write the adaptation, though of course "Gambling" is his own play; he is being directed, not directing himself. So what? Probably more than anything else is the fact that the producer, Harold B. Franklin, is an old friend of Cohan—they've known each other since 'way back, in show business.

But enough of that! When the effect is of happy consequence, why get into a lather about the causes?

"Gambling" may, or may not, turn out to be a corking good picture. Whichever way it goes, "Gambling" still will serve an important purpose. It brings back, and probably has served to interest him further in films, George M. Cohan, unquestionably one of the most gifted men of the modern theatre. It gives new emphasis to film production in the East. This latter may be important to all us movie fans—provided those who hold such views are correct in their contention that concentration of production, in Hollywood or any other one place, is not conducive to development of the art on its broadest possible lines.

For another thing, "Gambling" brought back to her home town one of the screen's most provocative feminine stars. Now it may as well be confessed now and here that this latter angle is the one, of all the angles of "Gambling," which most intrigued your correspondent!

It's no longer news for a Hollywood star to come East to do a film. But Wynne Gibson in this particular connection is entirely different. To begin with, the blonde, green-eyed lady who is one of the very few to reach the top flight of fan popularity doing parts that are chiefly of the heavy, unsympathetic type, is a product—child and actress—of New York.

It's just four years since Wynne Gibson, soubrette who enlivened many a comedy and musical show with her sprightly comedy, went through the portals of a motion picture studio—the same studio (*Continued on page 91*)



The mild-mannered Leslie Howard gets impatient with himself when he slips up on dialogue. Here he is trying to remember the next line.

Just two little words
that cost the movie
studios a million dollars
a year

By
Sydney Valentine

IN THE center of the vast dimness that is Sound Stage No. 4, there is one circle of brilliant light. Inside that bright space, Bette Davis faces Paul Muni, her eyes blazing, her features twisting, her body tense with fury.

"I made you rich," she screams, "I put those swell clothes on your back. Now you think you're a gentleman. Nobody can make you that. You're riff-raff and so am I. You belong with me and you'll stay with me. Get that! I killed a man to—"

Suddenly, visibly, all the anger and tenseness fade from Bette's features.

"Shucks!" she says. "I'm sorry! I skipped a line."

"Cut," orders the director. "Once more. It was good—up to there."

The lights in the middle of the big stage suddenly dim. Muni hums himself a tune. Bette fans her pretty face with her handkerchief. It will take three minutes for the cameras to reload. Until then production of the picture "Bordertown" cannot proceed.

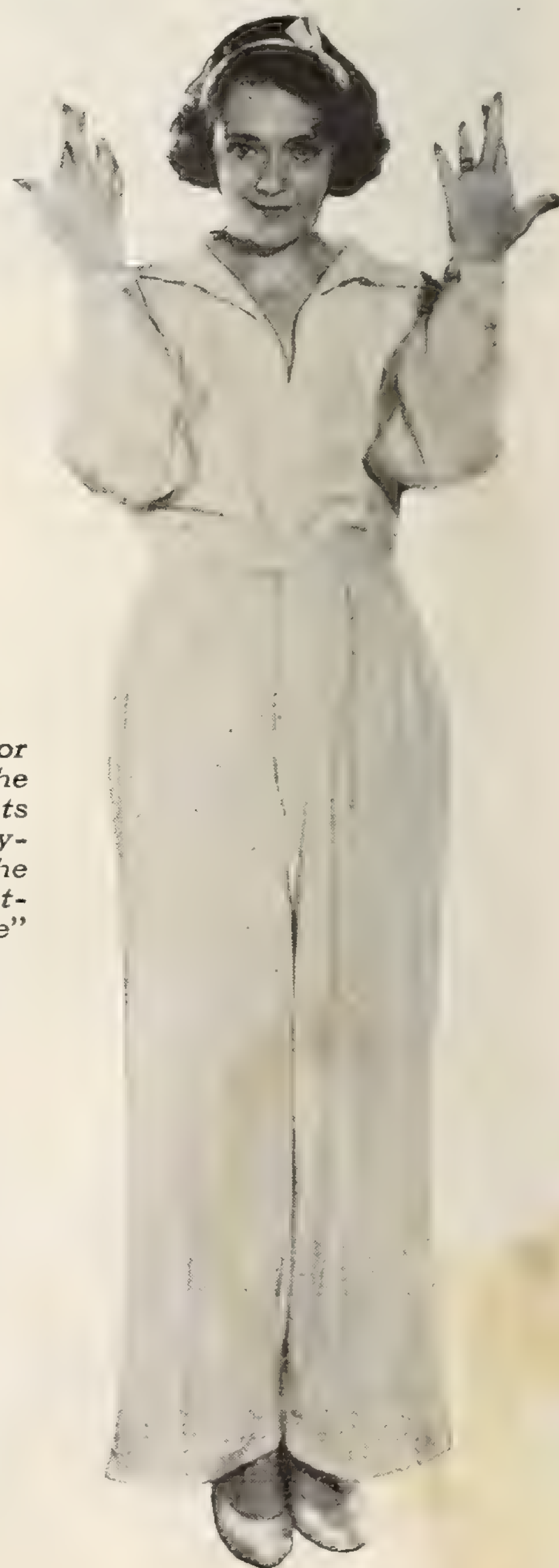
On another stage, in a similar splotch of light, Barbara Stanwyck and Warren William smile into each other's eyes, just before a door marked "Justice of the Peace."

William speaks first. "Scared?" he asks.



Al Jolson is noted for never telling a story the same way twice, so he gets mad at himself and everybody else when told he must repeat his lines letter perfect in each "take" but he does it finally.

Ruby Keeler keeps her fingers crossed against "blowing up" in her lines in the midst of a movie scene. When Ruby misses her cue she gasps in wide-eyed surprise and always says, "Oh, I missed it! I'm so sorry!"



"I don't know," begins Barbara in her low, soft voice. "It's a little like taking a step in the dark—thinking it's a—a—"

Her teeth catch her lower lip and, instead of going into the embrace that seemed so inevitable, she stamps one well-shod foot and says: "I'm sorry!"

"Cut," calls the director. "Once more. Just as you were."

Again the lights dim and each player turns to the business of repairing make-up. It will take three minutes for the cameras to reload. All progress on the picture "Concealment" is halted accordingly. For the second time within ten minutes and for the millionth time in the past six years, the two most expensive words in Hollywood's vocabulary have been recorded on film.

They are the words, "I'm sorry," and although the audiences seldom hear them, they cost the studios a million dollars a year in lost time, lost material, and wasted energy.

"I'm sorry" is almost invariably the first thing players say when they realize they have missed a line of their dialogue. From that first "I'm sorry" on, each player has his or her own method of showing chagrin, annoyance, or displeasure, but they all start out the same way. It is a kind of gen-

Irene Dunne as "Sweet Adeline" in the musical romance of that name had some difficulty in keeping a straight face.



Paul Muni and Bette Davis, two highly-strung players, appear together in "Bordertown." Muni hates to miss a line. Bette says: "Shucks! I'm sorry!"



Here's Mr. Herbert doing his innocent best to "break up" the beautiful Irene Dunne. Hugh is so funny he invariably convulses his fellow-players on the "Adeline" set.

eral apology—to the director, the other players, the sound recorders, and the studio which must pay for the mistake. Even a highly temperamental star says "I'm sorry" before indulging in further pyrotechnics over a dropped line, a missed cue, or a mistaken bit of business. Most of them are patient with themselves and their fellow players through several failures. Some of them "blow up" after the first mistake.

No two of them react exactly alike. When Kay Francis spoils the same scene as many as three times, which is not often, she is certain to burst into tears. This adds to the delay because it makes it necessary to repair her make-up, but it generally relieves her tension to such an extent that she sails through the rest of the day without missing a line.

When Joe E. Brown muffs a line he goes blithely on, *ad-libbing* speeches from other productions, circus spiels, and triple-tongue nonsense until the director stops him. It is an old stage habit and, if left alone, Joe would eventually get back into the (Continued on page 95)



When Joe E. Brown muffs a line he goes blithely on "ad-libbing," an old stage habit. But for an elaborate scene like this, above, from "6-Day Bike Rider," Joe behaves! See him at the extreme left? Note cameraman on motorcycle, preceding riders.

First Cover Girl Contest!

Myrna Loy Offers Prizes To You!



The girl on the Cover, Myrna Loy, sponsors this new idea in contests. She offers the prizes listed at the right for the best, meaning the most unusual and suitable, slogans describing her. Please read all the rules carefully. You will enjoy this contest, first in our series of Cover Girl Contests.

Myrna, right, poses with the Max Factor Beauty Kit which she is offering as one of the prizes in her contest. It's a smart and practical kit de luxe, filled with the famous Factor beauty aids of powder, rouge, lipstick, creams, and eye make-up—complete, compact. Grand for week-end trips; decorative for a dressing-table; everything a girl needs to help her achieve a lovely make-up.



FOR the best descriptive slogan of Myrna Loy, the star offers the following prizes:

Grand First Prize: Original life-size pastel Portrait in lovely color of Myrna Loy by Charles Sheldon, noted portrait painter and creator of SCREENLAND's beautiful covers, including the present cover on this issue of Miss Loy.

Second Prize: \$100.00 in Cash.

Third Prize: Portable Remington Typewriter.

Fourth Prize: Max Factor Beauty Kit.

Additional Ten Prizes of personally autographed new photographs of Myrna Loy, inscribed to the recipients.

Here's a contest everyone will enjoy, because everyone admires our Cover Girl, Myrna Loy; and everyone, man or girl, will have a grand time competing for one of the exciting prizes. The basis of competition is simple: write a descriptive slogan of Myrna Loy in not more than eight words. Sample slogan: "The new sophisticate of the screen." Send in as many slogans as you wish. Slogans may be bright and breezy, or dramatic and daring; they will be judged solely on their individual merits of cleverness, originality, and suitability to Myrna Loy. You have admired Miss Loy in "The Thin Man" and many other marvellous motion pictures. Now you have an opportunity to describe her as you see her. Read all the rules carefully. Then write your slogan.



The exquisite life-size original portrait head, in soft pastels, of Myrna Loy by Charles Sheldon, distinguished portrait artist, which is the Grand Prize in our first Cover Girl Contest. The photograph above fails, of course, to do justice to the beauty of the original. Mr. Sheldon, inspired by Myrna's unusual appeal, fairly surpasses himself in this fine original portrait, which will be sent, appropriately framed, to the winner of the Grand First Prize in the contest. This portrait has never before been exhibited or published. It shares the effectiveness of our cover but has an added interest in being an absolute original which anyone would be proud to possess.

RULES OF SCREENLAND'S COVER GIRL CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a descriptive slogan not exceeding eight words in length about Myrna Loy. Send in as many slogans as you wish. Each person, however, may win only one prize.
3. This contest is not open to any persons connected with SCREENLAND or their families, or the star's.
4. This contest will close at midnight on December 1, 1934.
5. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
6. Enclose coupon with your descriptive slogan and mail to Myrna Loy' Cover Girl Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Cover Girl Contest sponsored by Myrna Loy, with my slogan (or slogans) enclosed.

NAME

STREET ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

Enter the Myrna Loy Slogan Contest! Of course you can write a clever descriptive slogan of Myrna. Sample slogan: "The new sophisticate of the screen." See the rules.

How Hollywood Came to the University

By
Margaret B. Ringnald



Pretty? Yes! Young? Of course! But Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, Paulette Goddard, is much more than merely pretty and young. Read this remarkable story, revealing a new side of the screen world.

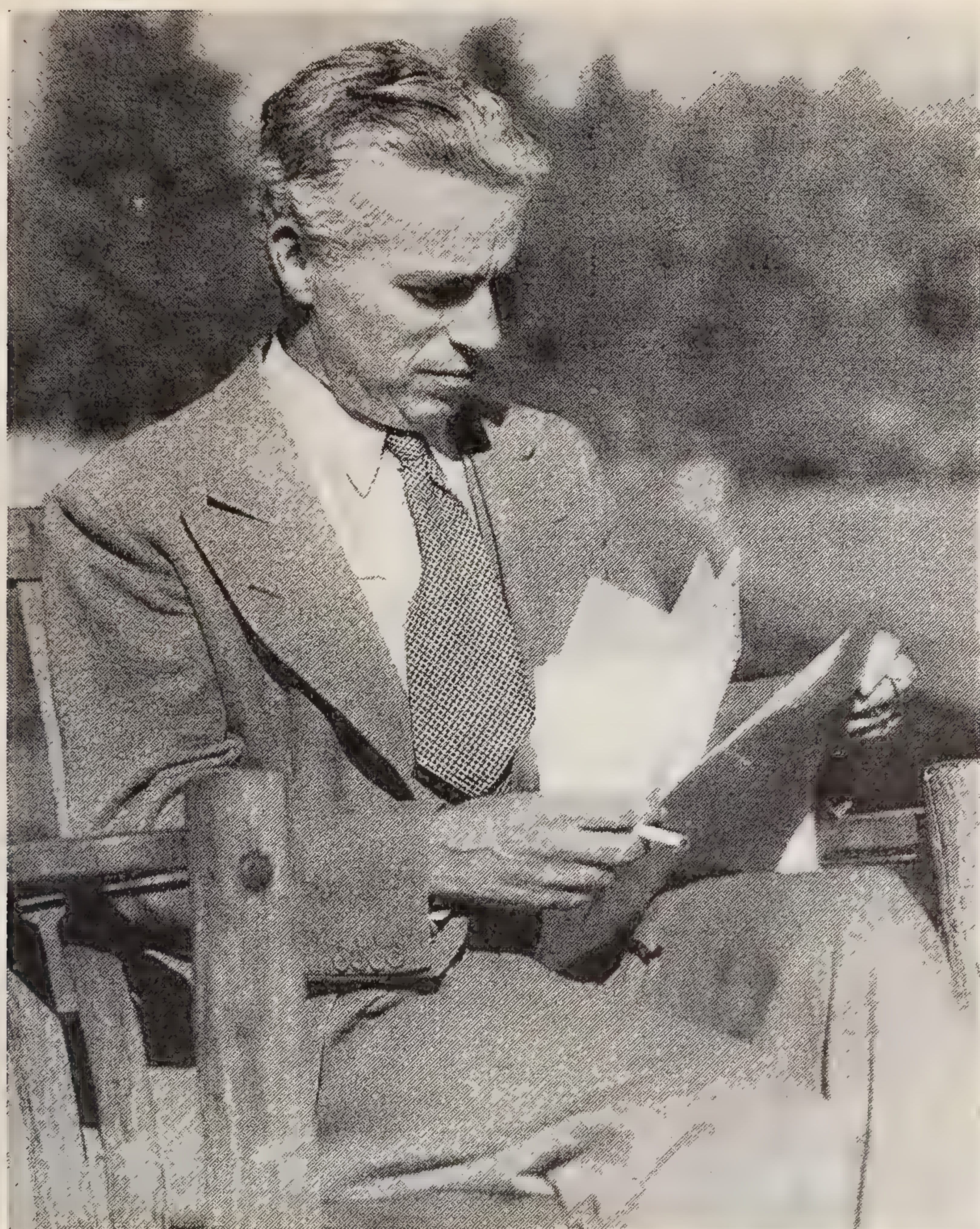


JUST fifteen minutes' drive along winding Sunset Boulevard will bring one from Hollywood to the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. Some have learned how short that distance is, so that in Westwood Village Bebe Daniels and Mrs. "Skeets" Gallagher have opened a dress shop; parties of film celebrities make the Spanish inns their dining and dancing places; just lately, Zeppo Marx has sponsored a beautiful little theatre to be a clearing house for plays and a meeting-place for actors and authors. The brilliant young architect, Allen G. Siple, who designed it, has also moved from Beverly Hills to the village at the foot of the university stairs. But I am not selling real estate near my university, after all! This is the story of how, even with Hollywood at our doorstep, we did not recognize her when she walked right in the door.

I'm afraid our trouble was that of most of the world. We expected some tag, saying, "Hollywood," and this girl was merely young, and blithe, and sure of herself. I was in Kerkhoff Hall, the Student Union Building, when the secretary of the English Department brought her to me. At the time I did not notice so much the things that the newspapers print of her, the usual panegyrics upon beauty, as the vivid quality, the zest for living that would mark her in any group of college students.

This is Miss Goddard," said our secretary. "She wants a course in English. She may enter next semester."

And, do you know, I had no idea who Miss Goddard might be! English teachers are apt to neglect the gossip columns of the newspapers. Rather I thought—well, this delightful person in the expensive gray suit is being rushed by the "best sorority" on the campus and wants to be sure that she makes the required grades. Then she sat down at my table and told me how she had been educated in a convent and wished to go on being educated,



Acme

"The one genius of motion pictures, Charles Spencer Chaplin"—that's the way the intelligentsia still regard him. Right now he is preparing the script for his new film.

particularly in English literature and writing.

"I write little poems and things now," she explained with a deprecatory gesture. "I'd like to learn all about it."

My mind veered around to conclude that she was not being rushed by the "best sorority," but was making, by her appearance, a very good living writing for magazines. I felt I should tell her that I had been writing for some ten years, never selling a manuscript, and that if I undertook to teach her, I could be quite sure she would never sell another story!

We arranged a meeting; she shook hands with the firmness that I have since found to be a part of her joyous, friendly acceptance of the world. One of the students with me commented as Miss Goddard's very straight young back disappeared at the turn of the stairs, "Whew, what poise for a youngster!"

The other said, "I didn't get her name, but isn't she beautiful?"

I considered. "Why, so she is."

You see, the sum total of Paulette Goddard is so much more striking than beauty that one takes her physical make-up as an incidental, but happy, conclusion. However, you may see for yourself the delicate planes of her face, sensitive lips, and shadowed grey eyes. (The lashes are real—even teachers note those things!) But beauty is in abundance on our campus; it takes more than a lovely face to undermine our skepticism and make us long to drop a few years, to accomplish the things that we dreamed of doing before we became school-teachers. It is the boy or girl who embodies for us suddenly, youth and ambition, who makes us sigh a little. Paulette is such a one.

Much to her regret and mine, it was impossible for her to enter the university as she had planned, because,

You know all about personality! Now hear about Hollywood brains! When you've read this absolutely fresh slant on screen-dom you'll respect the intelligence of any movie idol—particularly Chaplin's star, Paulette Goddard

in a few months' time, Mr. Chaplin was to begin work on the picture in which she is to play opposite him, and, consequently, any regular program of classes was out of the question. Nor could she receive credit for work outside. Universities are institutions of rules which sometimes exclude the likeliest candidates. But what did this girl care? If she could not attend classes, she would have the courses brought to her. The fact that she could not receive credit made no difference—she was that rarest of students, the type that wanted to know for the sake of knowing. So it came about that we studied writing and English literature.

"What do the students have to do in order to pass this course?" she would say.

"They have to write a long, usually dull term paper, with extensive library refer- (Continued on page 77)



When you see Paulette playing Chaplin's heroine in the next Chaplin production you will understand why Charlie has selected her to act opposite him.

SCREENLAND



Simplicity can be glamorous! See Helen's frock at left, of chocolate brown wool faille with "old gold" chain at neck and belt. Hat, handbag, and gloves are brown.



Helen shows you her new "Dolly Madison" coiffure, modern version of the one worn by the great American beauty. Left and below, two views of this trim hair-do, designed especially for formal evening wear by Denis Phillips, head hairdresser at Fox Film Studio. See opposite page.



Edited by

*Helen
Twelvetrees*

"Give us Glamor advice that we can use every day in the week!" you ask. Here you are! Charming Helen Twelvetrees appreciates your problems and offers a solution in these clothes and coiffure suggestions—practical, but oh, so smart!



Helen illustrates three important fashion points: your muff must be huge, your hat should boast a feather, your sleeves should have interest. Her coat of beige wool has simple lines, with cardigan front trimmed with stone marten and the generous muff repeating the fur motif. Helen's hat of brown felt has pheasant feather banding.

Glamor School

Below, "The Dolly Madison" coiffure showing new use for hair clip. How to do it? Well, wave your hair in the usual manner; curl back to nape of neck; then comb out all your locks and brush upward toward crown of head, catch into a twist, then curl the ends—or pin on a cluster of curls.



Gown for a good evening! Luscious jade-green bagheera velvet with a provocative flounce lined with chartreuse taffeta—what an effect! Glamorous enough for a star, conservative enough for the Girl Next Door.



Left, and two views below: one of the most wearable suits ever designed in Hollywood. Lovely Miss Twelvetrees models for you a four-piece ensemble with two coats, long and short. As you can see, the skirt is plain wool; the vest and three-quarter coat are checked. Whether worn with the jacket or the longer coat, the result is casual smartness. See the checked gloves?



All pictures posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Helen Twelvetrees and photographed by Max Munn Autrey and Otto Dyar. Costumes created especially for Miss Twelvetrees by William Lambert of Fox Film Studio.

You Don't Know Norma Shearer

Until You've
Read This
Intimate Story!

By Elizabeth Wilson

"MISS SHEARER," the press agent told me in the most dulcet press-agenting tones, "is a genuinely devoted wife and mother." My spirits fell and landed in Miss Shearer's petunia bed with a dull *phlump*. I suddenly felt awfully depressed. Like a hangover, or a rejection slip. But here we were in Santa Monica right at the very gates of Thalbergs-by-the-Sea so there was no turning back now. As an interviewer for the magazines who collects bits of glamorous personalities and pullman towels a devoted wife and mother was about the last thing I wanted to see that foggy autumn afternoon. Particularly a genuine one.

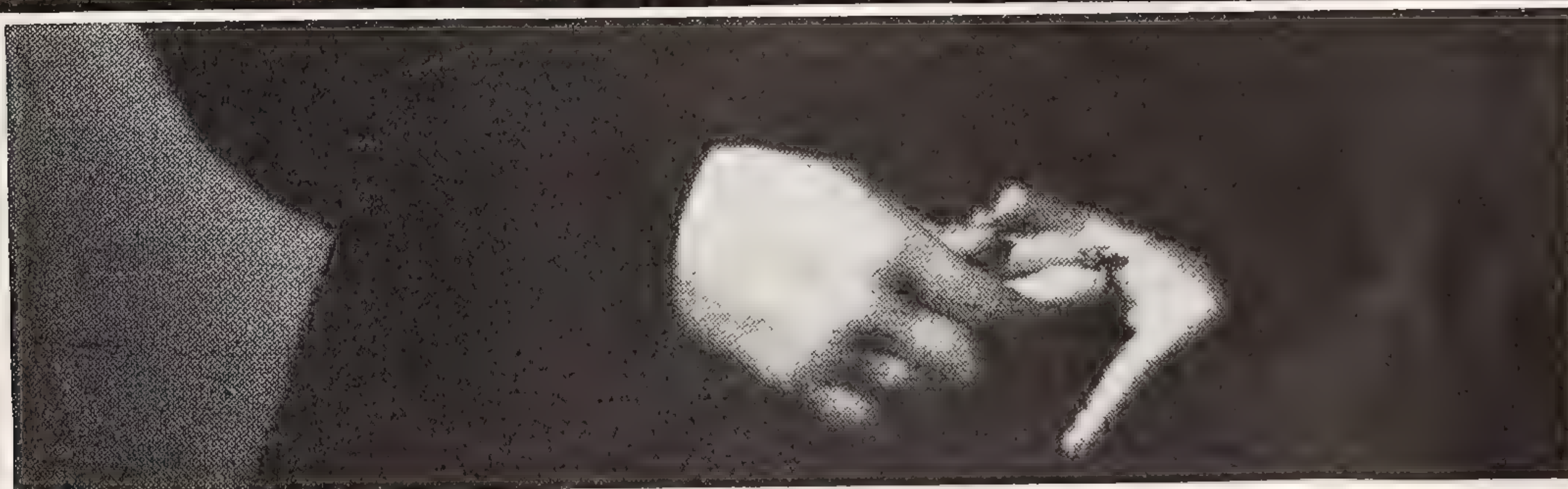
Ever since I had seen "A Free Soul" and had watched Norma, slithering something terrific in a

Gay or grand—which girl is the real Shearer? Let Elizabeth Wilson present her to you as she actually is, in one of the best interviews we have printed.





Re-discover this great star! She has always defied analysis but this time we've caught up with her. Shearer will really surprise you here



white satin gown, lunge at Clark Gable—a lunge that brought out all the knock-drown, drag-out in my nature and sent me screaming into the night for gangsters in dinner jackets—I had decided that Shearer with her enchanting sexiness and beautiful hair was the most exciting actress on the screen. I never missed a Shearer picture. I bought a white satin evening gown. And now, after all these months and months, I was destined to meet my glamor gal, only to learn that she was a genuinely devoted wife and mother. Mentally I chalked up another Bitter Disappointment, and resigned myself to an hour of Mr. Thalberg's cold and Junior's spinach purée.

I was left brooding there about thirty minutes or so when suddenly there appeared in the Thalberg living-room an apparition, a very beautiful apparition in a heavenly mink coat, hair awry, and bless my soul, bare feet—with bits of sand clinging to the tootsie wootsies. It was Norma Shearer.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting," she said, giving me a handshake so cordial that immediately I felt that for years Miss Shearer had been waiting for this very moment. "You see I've been worrying today about Marie Antoinette, and when I start worrying I start walking, and I suppose I have been walking out there on the beach for hours. Let's have tea right away. Oh—Oh—" she walked over to a desk in the corner, "I

have the picture ready for you, it's right here!"

"The picture?" I gasped, "What picture?"

"Why, the picture of little Irving and myself taken in Germany. Don't you remember you had Helen Hayes call me and ask for the picture? Well, here it is. You *are* Miss So-and-So, aren't you?"

I admitted that I was one of the old So-and-Sos of the South, ma'am, and fell weakly into a gay chintz chair. It had been more than a year ago, why, weeks before Helen Hayes left for Broadway and "Mary of Scotland," that I had had her call Shearer about the picture. Imagine Norma remembering it all that time!

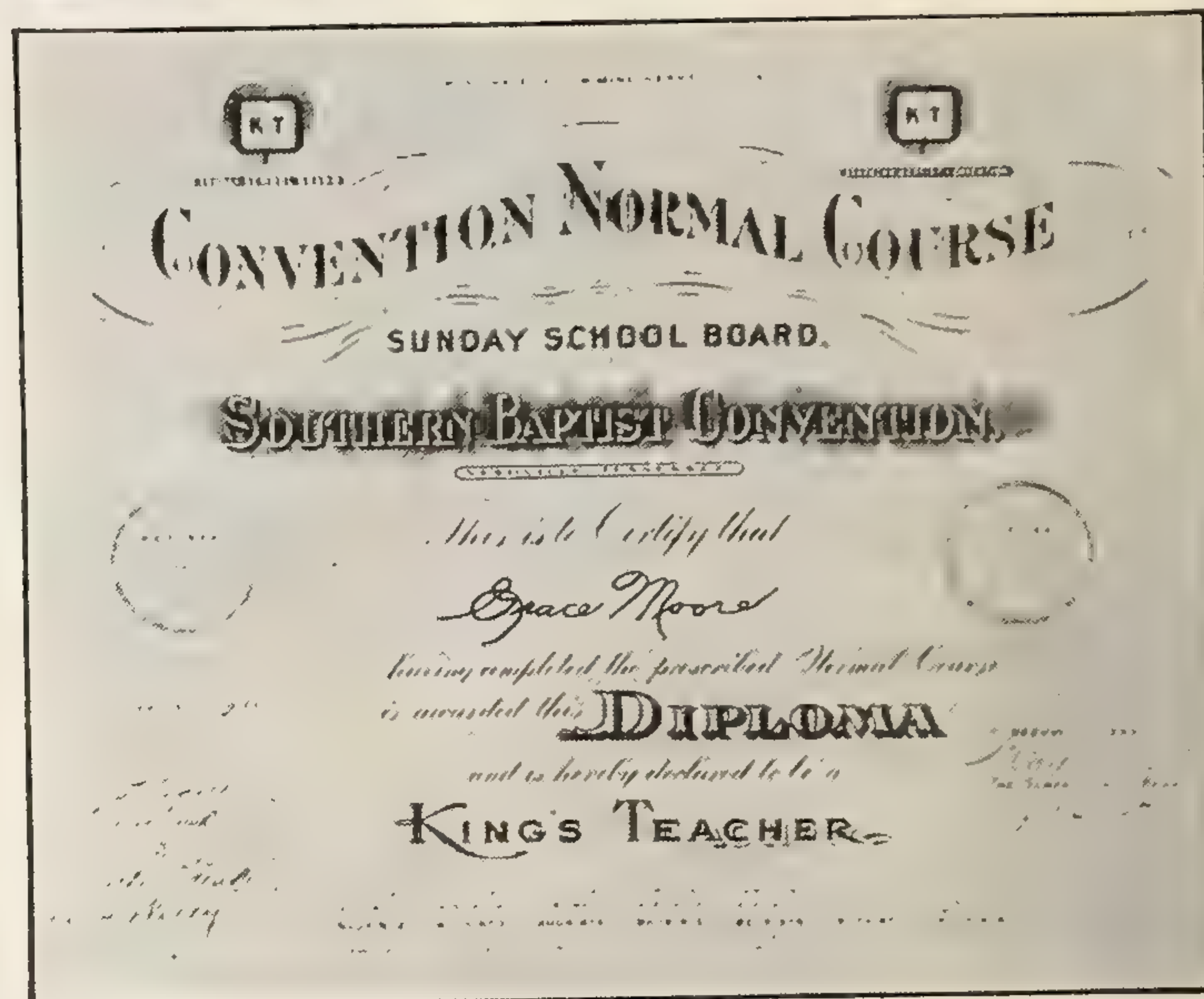
Well, an hour later when I left I had reached several very definite conclusions regarding Miss Norma Shearer. First of all, she might be a genuinely devoted wife and mother to her studio press-agents, but to me she seemed a little bit mad. Also, in a place like Hollywood where a movie star forgets the name of her best friend overnight, I was aghast at finding a really vivid, keen memory—in fact, I might say that Norma Shearer suffers from elephantiasis of the memory, which is the only time I've found that disease in a movie star. And she has the prettiest ears I have ever seen.

During the next few months I kept running into Norma at the studio, at a preview of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and here and there at parties and places, and with her help I (Continued on page 79)

This Year of Grace!

"Moore and better pictures!"
is the new screen slogan. Read
all about Grace Moore, the
singing star of the season

By
Gwen
Davies



Directly above, Grace Moore's diploma from the Southern Baptist Convention as "King's Teacher"—never before revealed. The two close-ups above show Miss Moore as Marguerite in "Faust" and as herself.



SPRING was in the air; the same spring that had crept across the Big Smokies of the Cumberland Mountains for centuries. But Grace Moore—then a little girl of eight—didn't realize that spring was not a new sensation. She couldn't understand grown-ups who said it gave them "spring fever" and made them feel lazy. But then Grace never could understand grown-ups. The warm day filled her with a delightful sensation. She felt as though she were flying. It was her favorite game, flying. And to stimulate the thrill and in lieu of wings, she betook herself to the gate of the stable yard and swung back and forth.

Saturday afternoon was always interesting in Jellico, Tennessee. The country folk drove or rode into town to do their shopping. Grace knew most of these people, and liked them. There were the Italians who had planted vineyards on the mountain slopes, people with dark eyes and soft Latin names. Also the coal miners and their (Continued on page 85)

Do You Want Your Child to be a Star?

By
*Maude
Lathem*



Joan with Francis Lederer in a scene from "The Pursuit of Happiness," her new picture.



A close-up of Joan as Prudence Kirkland, a rôle in which she proves she means it when she says "I love acting!"

Left, Joan as a little girl. She chose her own career, and says her daughters must do likewise.

Speaking as an actress and mother, Joan Bennett tells why she be- lieves every girl has a right to develop her talent

WHEN Joan Bennett announced, somewhat vehemently, a few years ago that her child would never be a picture actress, she meant just that. She still means it—as a child. She feels strongly on this. She doesn't believe it is possible for any child to play in pictures regularly and not become too precocious to appreciate and understand the simple joys of childhood.

But as grown young ladies, equipped to enter any profession they choose, Joan will not be displeased if her little daughters—two of them now!—decide to become actresses. This is a relief to us, for to feel that the generation of Bennetts would eventually disappear from pictures is a loss we don't care to contemplate.

"Of course," Joan says, "every mother goes through

that period of feeling she never wants her child to endure any of the hardships her mother did. She yearns to make everything easy for her child just as long as possible. Particularly is this true if the child is a girl. The mother even says to herself, 'I am going to see to it that my child is provided for, so she can enjoy life. She shall not have to work for it as I have.' I went through it.

"But eventually most mothers mature beyond this point. As they themselves get a better understanding of life, they know that no real happiness can come to any girl without real effort on her part.

"One of the most important decisions that Gene (her husband, Gene Markey) and I have made was that both our girls should have some kind of careers. Not necessarily professional, but we intend to see that they are equipped to earn their living in some manner. You've often heard it said, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.' We have even reached the place that we are glad we have lived through this period of depression (we are optimists enough to believe we are almost through), as we now know how easily great fortunes may be swept away in the (Continued on page 74)



Latest *about* Lombard!

Here's a keen close-up of
Carole as she feels and thinks
and acts today

By Laura Benham

CAROLE LOMBARD is that rarest of mortals, a completely happy woman. She is perfectly satisfied with her lot and without regret for any moment of her life!

"If I had my life to live over again I would not change one second of it nor alter a single thing I have done!" she told me with an eloquent flutter of hands and eyes. Poised and posed, she is a far better actress than I had ever realized. She manages to combine forthright frankness and brash theatricalism with such artfulness that one is almost convinced of her artlessness.

Even her apartment high in the Waldorf Towers was an appropriate setting for her blonde beauty (of somewhat greater weight than it appears on the screen). The living-room was spacious, with deep-piled carpets lulling footfalls, silken drapes drawn against the chill dampness of a September rain, tall clusters of gladioli and bowls in which gardenias floated diffused an atmosphere of lush opulence.

Into this scene strolled Miss Lombard, clad only in a robe of white fur that swirled about feet encased in matching slippers. In dramatic contrast to the picture

she presented, her manner was almost brusquely natural.

"I'm so disappointed over having to return to Hollywood next week," she began in greeting. "When I came to New York I expected to remain for at least a month's vacation. I was so upset over Russ's death

that I wanted a complete change of scene," she volunteered, much to my surprise.

For before her arrival a foresighted Paramount publicity man had cautioned me that Miss Lombard was so broken up over her bereavement that *under no circumstances* should I bring up the subject of Mr. Columbo's tragic demise. So I had checked my interest at the door and was on my best behavior. Therefore, my surprise when Miss Lombard staunchly bared her wound, of her own volition.

"We had been going together for eight months, you know," she went on. "And the very week-end he was killed he had planned to join his mother and me at my mountain cabin.

"I had been working so hard that I needed a few days' rest; so invited his mother, who was not well, to go away with me. Just before. (Continued on page 72)

Will He Rival Chaplin?

While Charlie thinks about a new picture, meet Jimmy Savo, now making his first film comedy

By
Leonard Hall

OUT in California a little white-haired gentleman named Charles Spencer Chaplin (remember?) is getting ready to start another movie.

Between dreams of Miss Paulette Goddard, the greatest pantomime artist of his time is preparing his first picture since "City Lights." This will go on for months, for The Great Man has a way of shooting a scene and then getting out his violin and fiddling while his public burns.

But while Chaplin and his genius go into their slow waltz, you are about to be introduced to another master of pantomime, which is the foundation of the motion picture art—another mighty little man who can make you laugh and blubber at the same time.

Shake hands, folks, with Jimmy Savo! Fans—Savo. Savo—fans.

Jimmy is now being whipped and cajoled through his first feature film by the irrepressible Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. They are chasing him up the hills and down the dales of New York State, to the huge delight of both the gentry and peasantry right across the Hudson River from the manor house of Squire Franklin D. Roosevelt.

And who, you ask, is this Jimmy Savo?

This Jimmy Savo, I answer, is five feet four of wistful wop. A little Italian born in New York's own Bronx. One of those inspired souls who have raised the business of face-making from a bad boy's trick to a full and perfect expression of the myriad moods of man.

For ten years American theatre-goers have known this Savo and revelled in his work. Thou, I'm wagering, will go to the movies and do likewise!

His film début at this time is of big importance and interest. For over twenty years Mr. Chaplin, the Little Grey Genius, has ruled the pantomimic world alone. He now has a formidable rival in the movie world. I make no comparisons. I say that Savo is good, too, and leave the rest to you.

Ah, this Hecht and this MacArthur! They're no ninnies!

In pantomime, the eyes have it. Watch Savo's. They are big, and brown, and very sad, like those of a spaniel who has just been booted in the ribs for no reason. He wears a long, raggy coat that hammers down his height, and a tired felt hat some large man has sat upon.

Jimmy's no copy-cat—but, like Chaplin, he is the futile, puzzled little man who is forever being kicked in the trousers by Life. He can look wistful in forty-two languages and dialects.

The producers got Savo-conscious one night at the Casino de Paree. Jimmy was appearing at that gaudiest,

loudest of Broadway's night spots when Hecht and MacArthur saw him. Savo was pantomiming the famous old American folk song, "River Stay Away From My Door." But he wasn't just singing at the river. Oh, dear, no!

The raging Mississippi was threatening poor little Jimmy and his door, right there on that night-club stage! He begged it to stay away—he ordered it—he tried to push it away with his feeble little hands.

Thanks to the little man's genius, the watcher could see that mean old river thundering through Jimmy's door and wetting him all over, though the only thing pouring in the Casino that night was Scotch and soda!

In no time at all Hecht and MacArthur were waving a movie contract at him. He'll work that sort of magic on you, too, when he hits the screen, and it will knock your spectacles off!

Having caught their star, the boys cooked a gay, sad story for him. They call it—imagine!—"Little Clown, Laugh!" Jimmy's a little (Continued on page 88)



You may have seen Jimmy Savo on the stage. Now you'll be seeing this great little clown on the screen in "Little Clown, Laugh," the second Hecht-MacArthur production. Watch for him!

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

... but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

and

**JOHN DOUGLASS
BOLES • MONTGOMERY**

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN

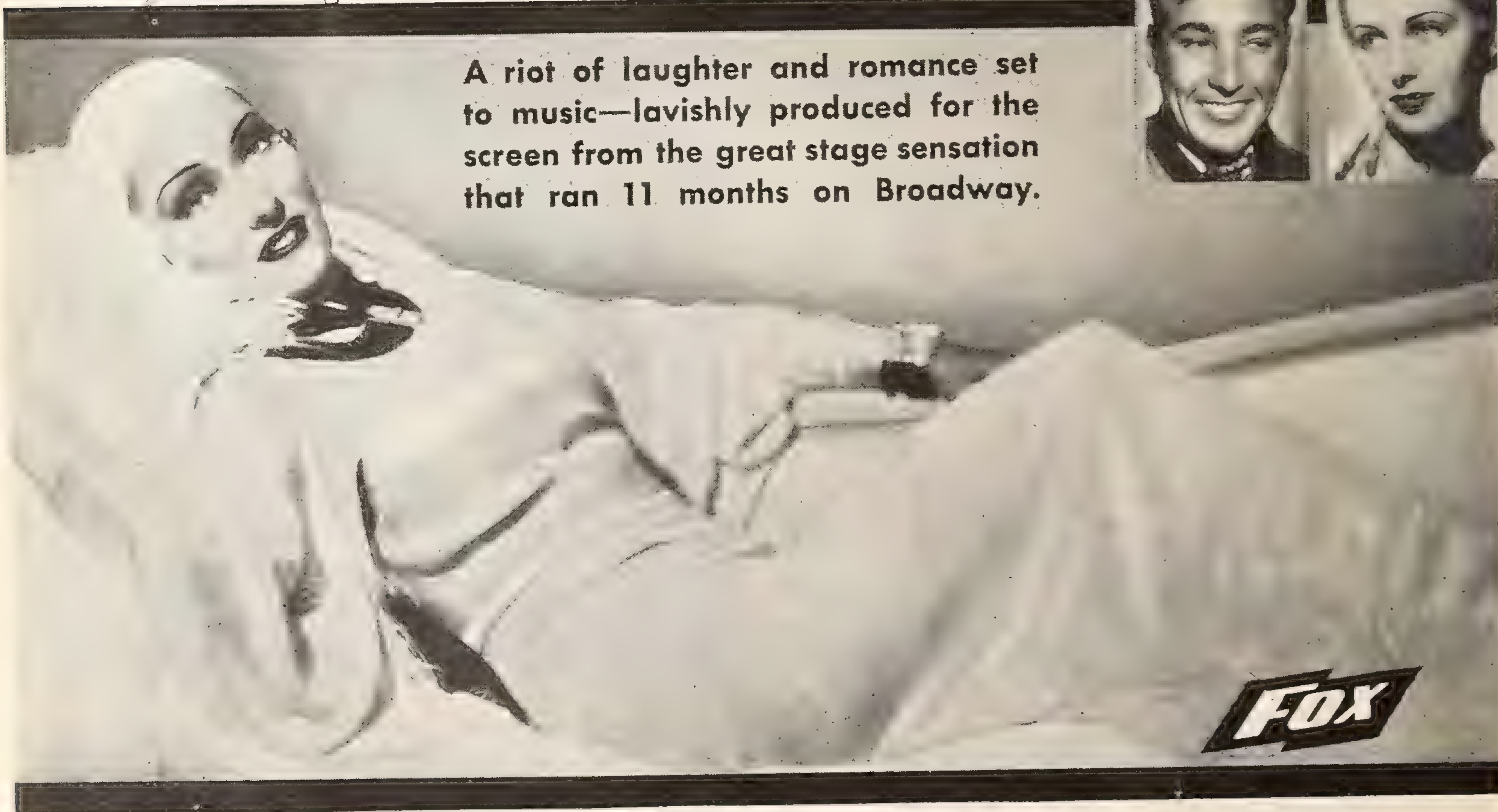
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production

Directed by Joe May



A riot of laughter and romance set
to music—lavishly produced for the
screen from the great stage sensation
that ran 11 months on Broadway.



FOX



HELLO
TO MY DEAR
SCREENLAND FRIENDS
SHIRLEY TEMPLE

THEY'RE keeping Shirley Temple so busy at the studio that she hasn't had time to answer all your requests for her personally autographed portrait; so she asked us to give you this one with her best love! SCREENLAND is honored to be selected to present Shirley's very first picture "with writing on it!"



Time out for a little make-up, says Margaret Lindsay, as she pauses in her trek over snowdrifts. Where Margaret goes, glamor goes, and even Jack Frost is glad of that!

Torrid Zones in



And here's Bette Davis, out for adventure on skis, and so alluringly eager for the sport. Bette's newest screen assignment is a rôle as leading lady opposite Paul Muni.

a Frosty World!

Men of Action!



Lyle Talbot, left, prefers a pipe when he wants to reflect on his course of action in his latest film.



Charles Butterworth requires long-distance matches to light up, but he knows the short cuts to laughs!



Pat O'Brien, left, protests he won't smoke—but that's a pose for his hard-boiled rôle in "Flirtation Walk."

Brian Aherne, below, woos Lady Nicotine between love scenes opposite Ann Harding or Helen Hayes.



Watch their Smoke!



Gary Cooper, right, goes military, so prepare for action when you see him as "a Bengal Lancer."



Thomas Meighan gets a light from Jackie Cooper—two grand troupers who play in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Ricardo Cortez, right, seems very much "in character" as he lights up—which is what Ric does to every rôle.



Richard Cromwell, below, enjoys puffing and playing his new part, in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."





Women in White

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, looking particularly provocative, makes a grand entrance in her new picture, "Imitation of Life," from Fannie Hurst's novel. Warren William is the lucky leading man.



—and in Love!

LOVELY Elissa Landi has at last a rôle worthy of her intelligent talents. She appears as a temperamental opera singer in "Enter Madame," from the stage play, opposite handsome Cary Grant.



**JEAN PARKER
and
RUSSELL HARDIE**

Two charming young persons who will appeal to you in "Sequoia," fresh and wholesome story of romance in the great outdoors.

**ALICE FAYE
and
JAMES DUNN**

"365 Nights in Hollywood" co-stars these two vibrant players. That's a dramatic scene below, but there's also good comedy.



**NEW TEAMS
MAKE NEWS!**



**GRETA GARBO
and
GEORGE BRENT**

Most exciting new team of all! In "The Painted Veil" you see the great Garbo with the handsome Irishman. See Greta's new sparkle?

**HELEN HAYES
and
BRIAN AHERNE**

You've seen her with Gary Cooper. You've liked him with Dietrich and Harding. Now you get them together in "What Every Woman Knows."

Scrambled stars! Just to make the movies more exciting for us, producers are co-starring some smart new combinations. Like 'em?



Menace Orientale!

George Raft, Anna May Wong and Jean Parker
in a "Limehouse Nights" entertainment



It's smooth, suave drama with George in a drastically different rôle. Above, Jean Parker as the heroine in a tense moment. Left, just before Mr. Raft and Miss Wong go into their dance, the new "Limehouse Apache."



Ray Jones

Together again! Mary Brian, now blonde, and Jack Oakie are reunited in "College Rhythm," right.

Below, Joe Penner, without his duck but completely surrounded by darlings Mary Brian, Lyda Roberti, and Helen Mack.

Eugene Robert Richee



Fun à la Americaine!

Football is in Season, and Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, and company do a picture about it



ANN SOTHERN glorifies good old crinoline days in her lovely costume for a number with George Murphy in Eddie Cantor's fifth annual screen musical comedy, "Kid Millions."

Crinoline *versus*



Elmer Fryer

Cellophane!

THE exotic beauty of Dolores Del Rio is enhanced by her very modern Cellophane background. Del Rio posed for this portrait just before leaving for her Mexican vacation.



Step Out With Fred *and* Ginger!

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—remember their "Carioca?"—introduce a new fox trot in "The Gay Divorcée," and here they show you how it's done. Follow the six positions of the dance in the poses here—first three positions above, left to right; fourth position lower left; at right is fifth, and lower right, the final position.



Start with both doing side step, gradually turning into second position, beginning a one-two-three-four turning right step, reverse and assume position three; in position four a regular two-step, traveling in circle for eight counts; separate and go into position five, in which both do a rocking step, the finale.





Leslie Howard's Latest Rôle

First pictures, fresh
from England, of the
star with Merle
Oberon in a new film

Tunbridge, London

One of the most romantic characters in all fiction comes to life on the screen in the suave person of Leslie Howard. As "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in London Films' production of the same name, Mr. Howard has his most colorful costume part since the memorable "Berkeley Square."

The glowing British beauty, Merle Oberon, is Mr. Howard's heroine in his British-made motion picture. Miss Oberon will be coming to Hollywood very soon. You know, of course, that Leslie Howard jumps from Hollywood to London and from American to English rôles with ease.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Claire Trevor in "Elinor Norton"

From Usherette to Millionaire's Wife!

The story of a Cinderella
who made her dreams
come true

By
Whitney Williams



Raquel when she was Wilhelmina Ostermann, Hollywood usherette.



Here's Mrs. Stephen Ames. Does she recognize the girl she was?

CINDERELLA come to life—that's Raquel Torres!

From theatre usherette to millionaire's bride: not from rags to riches, exactly, because Raquel was never reduced quite to those circumstances—but her rise from a working girl forced to support herself and her sister to the position she occupies now as wife of Stephen Ames, wealthy New York broker and former member of the Stock Exchange, with three seats to his credit, marks another telling example of how true even today the Cinderella theme still holds good. Not only in fairy tales does life take on the aspect of unbelievably good fortune.

Years ago, as Raquel directed gay patrons to their seats in Grauman's Chinese Theatre, in Hollywood, she never dreamed that some day she would occupy a social position and command a fortune greater than some of those world-famous stars who accorded her scant attention. As she walked up and down the aisles of the mammoth, bizarre palace of entertainment, she may have hoped, (what girl wouldn't), that it might be her lot to know great wealth and



Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ames, and, below, Raquel Torres, film star.



fame; but how was she to know that ere very many years had elapsed a millionaire would have wooed and won her! The thought would have frightened her then, for she had not been out of the convent many months.

As history repeats itself, so does Cinderella enter our consciousness on occasion, and the little usherette now is the wife of a millionaire. More fortunate now, perhaps, than the majority of girls, she knew pain and sorrow and suffering before the blue bird of happiness cloaked her in robes of contentment, peace and security; but even yet there remains the problem of preparing herself to take her place as wife of a wealthy man.

One cannot marry into the upper strata without assuming certain grave responsibilities, and Raquel realizes this full well. The world of society makes specific demands, not to be avoided or side-stepped, and to rightfully seat herself beside her husband and to adjust herself to her new life Raquel must study to perfect her bearing as no college student ever had to study.

By this (Continued on page 73)



Jack, (*All-For-The-Laugh*), Oakie, the incurable jokester who has laughed his way into the hearts of fifty million motion picture fans.



A serious pose was easy at the age of eight months.



Above, Jack, at the age of six could suppress a grin if he tried.

Left, with his mother, from whom he inherits his humor.



The house in Sedalia, Mo., where Lewis De Laine Offield, (Oakie), was born.

The Saga of a Jester

THIS is the saga of a jester—the story of a small town wisecrack artist who joked his way into the hearts of fifty million film fans.

The hero is Jack Oakie. The setting reaches from a mid-western country town to the show places of Manhattan, and ultimately to the movie sets in Hollywood.

Back in Sedalia, Mo., where Jack Oakie first saw the light of day, the home folks are turned away from the box-office when his pictures come to town. Street-corner groups invariably speak of Jack when the conversation turns to the movies. Other screen personalities may glitter with a brighter radiance for the outsiders, but in Sedalia Jack Oakie is THE movie star—past, present and forevermore!

It is a natural tendency, perhaps, because any oldster—and most of the young people, as well—can remember

Jack Oakie decided he would rather grin than be governor—now the world grins with him!

By Harry W. Mayo

Jack Oakie when he was four-year-old Lewis De Laine Offield, prankish son of a prominent Sedalia family. Little Lewis Offield was a “regular” then to the other kids in his block and, as Jack Oakie, he’s a “regular” now to every movie fan in his

home town. In brief, Sedalia is Oakie conscious.

When Lewis De Laine was ushered into this world on November 12, 1902, he inherited the sense of humor that made his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Offield, one of Sedalia’s most popular matrons. At the same time, the perseverance of his father, the late J. M. Offield, was passed down to the heir apparent of the Offield manse.

Jack’s prankish inclinations were evidenced early in life. At four he nearly upset a dinner party at a neighboring house by stealthily carrying away the silverware. The hostess worried through the affair on borrowed eating utensils. She (*Continued on page 71*)

Seeing Stars with a Young Old-Timer

Alan Hale opens his treasure chest of reminiscence about the celebrities of yesterday and today

By
Martin Somers



Life, picture life, started for Alan Hale about a quarter of a century ago—as screen careers go a long, long time, but he still is up there in front.



Mrs. Alan Hale, and daughter Karen.



Above, in a memorable characterization, "The Spieler," a hit of 1929.

ALAN HALE, fresh from a shower, his cheeks pink with health, his step free and springy as that of a mile runner, breezed into the library of his Hollywood home. He was wearing one of his numerous sweaters, (he has some two dozen of all shades), white flannel trousers, and sport shoes with thick crêpe soles. His chest rounded out beneath its blue covering and his belted waist-line needed no apology. He appeared entirely too young to have known so many somebodies when they were nobodies, and so many somebodies that have disappeared among the nobodies of Hollywood.

I noticed the title of a book on the library table: "Life Begins at Forty." Hale followed my glance.

"Not for an actor," he remarked. "At least not as a rule. But there are exceptions." He stopped to consider, elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his fingertips touching. "George Arliss started doing his finest work when he was on the shady side of forty; then there is Otis Skinner; and the lamented Marie Dressler—what a woman!" Hale stopped in contemplation of the beloved comedienne.

"With 'Little Man, What Now?' as a springboard, you're making a pretty fair leap into middle age yourself," I ventured.

"But life, picture life, I mean, started about a quarter of a century ago for me," he replied. "Do you remember the original Biograph studio in a fine old mansion on Fourteenth Street, New (Continued on page 82)



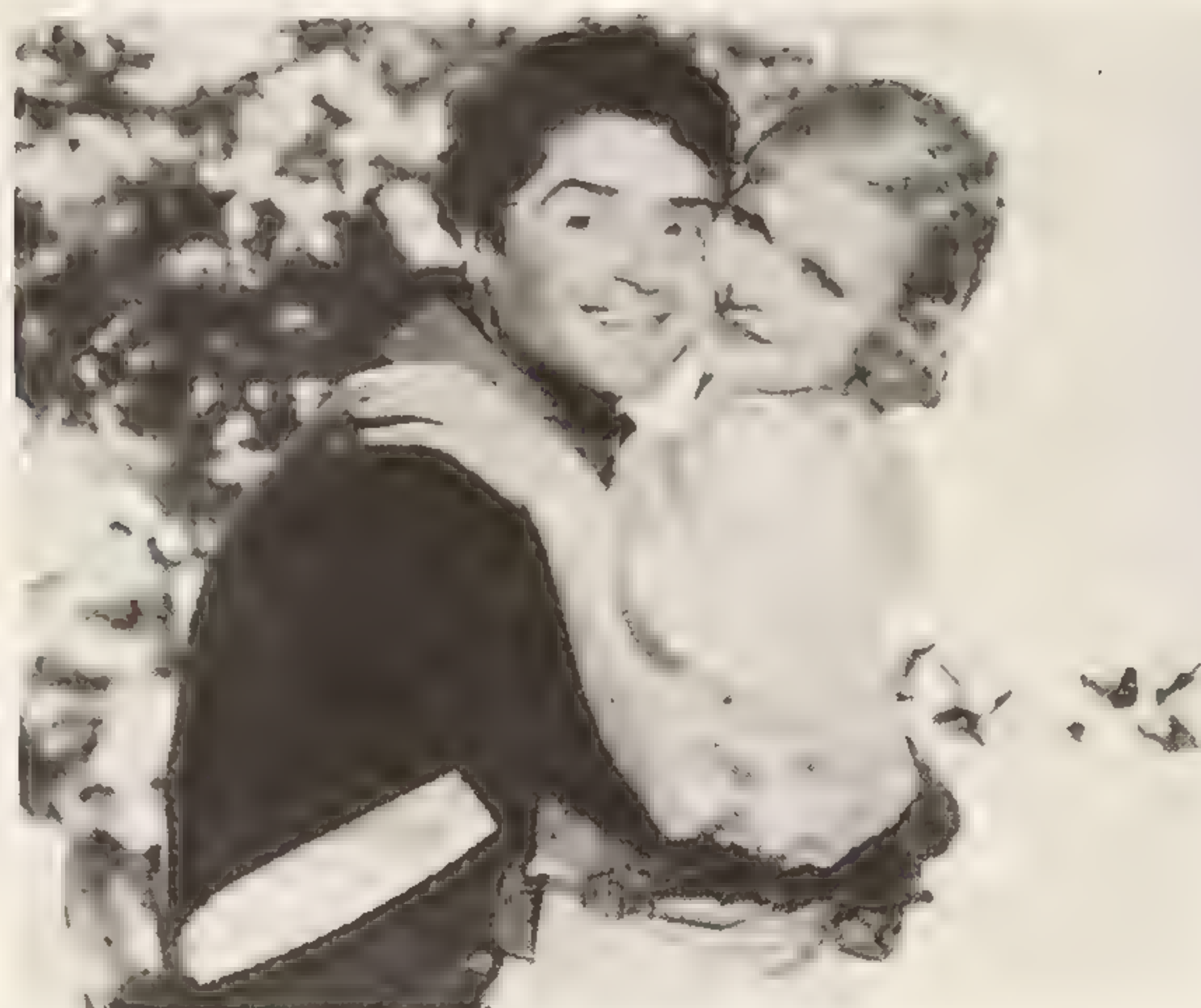
Above, Hale in a scene from "Great Expectations."



Alan Hale as he looked in the days of the "silents."

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

The Pursuit
of Happiness
Paramount



Lightest, gayest, most charming cinema in a long time! My favorite movie of the month because it has an authentic comic idea which is freshly, joyously, and smoothly performed. Of course, Francis Lederer's irresistible performance may be largely responsible for my whole-hearted endorsement; and why not? He is so spontaneously spirited, plays with such rare gusto, that the most hardened reviewer must realize that here is a grand new personality to applaud—and I am by no means a hardened reviewer. Well, you may call me a push-over any time for a personality like Lederer's. He's an inspiring fellow with his refusal to bow to stuffy acting conventions, just as, in his character of *Max*, the young Hessian who gladly accepts General Washington's invitation to desert to the side of the Colonies in the Revolution, he awakens a New England village to the joys of life, love, and the pursuit of happiness. Yes, this is the "bundling comedy" you've heard about; but it is so delightfully enacted that there's no offense meant or taken. Joan Bennett is the quaint and charming heroine, with Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles assisting. At last Lederer comes into his own in this film.

Judge Priest
Fox



Like Will Rogers? Enjoy Irving Cobb's *Judge Priest* stories? Here, here—order in the court! I never suspected Mr. Rogers and Mr. Cobb of being as popular as all that. But I might have known that the combination possesses box-office potentialities, and I suppose the picture will attract large audiences, with Aunt Mary and Uncle Ed going to see one of their favorite fiction characters brought to life by one of their favorite actors, and the young folks trailing along for a glimpse of Tom Brown or Anita Louise or Rochelle Hudson. I'm afraid that "Judge Priest" is too slow-moving to cause any stampedes among cinema customers, but it will entertain, mildly and pleasantly, those who hold their breaths waiting for Will's next gem of wisdom; and south of the Mason-Dixon line it is very likely to be the season's most popular picture. The South in the 1890's is the scene of the tale, with Mr. Rogers as a lovable judge of the circuit court whose tolerance untangles human problems and smooths the path of young love for Tom Brown and the very pretty Miss Louise. Henry B. Walthall, David Landau, and Stepin Fetchit are worthy support for the droll star. Recommended for Rogers addicts.

REVIEWS



of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

The Scarlet
Empress
Paramount



Josef von Sternberg, supreme stylist of the screen, presents his most lavish and fantastic production for your enjoyment—if you like his style. I happen to like it. It's overpowering, unreal, bizarre; but it is so opulently eye-filling, so gorgeous in its pageantry, so exquisitely photographed, that I wouldn't miss it if I were you. Pan it if you please; but see it. Re-hash of history, still the story, to my mind, more nearly realizes *Catherine the Great* than the delicate portrayal of Elizabeth Bergner in the Korda production. Marlene Dietrich, never so beautiful, is a convincing *Catherine* to me, making the transition from gauche girlhood to disillusioned womanhood with exquisite understanding. The Dietrich close-ups, in candlelight and through veils, large as life and twice as lovely, are amazing, whether you like them or not. John Lodge, despite his Garbo wig, manages to be eminently satisfying as *Catherine's* head man. More of Mr. Lodge, please. The grotesque images which abound amused me mightily, and I do not agree with most critics that they dwarf the characters. Let Mr. von Sternberg have his little jokes. His highly developed sense of beauty and satire more than atones.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

High Spots:

Most Charming: "The Pursuit of Happiness"
 Most Gorgeous: "The Scarlet Empress"
 Most Human: "Happiness Ahead"
 Most Dramatic: "The Count of Monte Cristo"

Best Performances:

Francis Lederer in "The Pursuit of Happiness"
 Robert Donat in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
 Josephine Hutchinson in "Happiness Ahead"
 John Halliday in "Happiness Ahead"
 Dick Powell in "Happiness Ahead"
 John Lodge in "The Scarlet Empress"



Belle of the Nineties
Paramount



Here's Mae West again—a trifle more subdued, just a little plaintive perhaps, as though instead of "She Done Him Wrong" somehow "They Done Me Wrong" were her new title. But—still Mae West, boys and girls—and especially boys. Still more than able to hold her own in battles of wit whether in St. Louis or New Orleans of the 90's; still seasoning her cynicisms with her inimitably weary humor; and still, ever, and always the one and only Mae West, and I'm glad. "Belle of the Nineties" presents La West, as usual, as the toast of gamblers and prizefighters, with an aristocrat added to her list for luck. Diamonds, diamonds everywhere, but nary a dishonorable intention. Songs—lacking the spice of her first screen songs, but still sung as throatily and insinuatingly as only Mae can sing them. Melodrama, with a crooked promoter thwarted by the courage, the honesty, and the heart-of-gold of *Ruby Carter*, otherwise Miss West; with the society man jilted and his diamonds returned; and the final clinch with the prizefighter in full view of a justice of the peace and Mae's faithful audience. Of course not for children, but fun for not-too-exacting adults. Mae is still America's sense of humor—hurrah!



The Count of Monte Cristo
United Artists



When Robert Donat utters from the screen the stirring words first made famous on the stage by Henry O'Neill, father of playwright Eugene—"The world is mine!"—you will probably agree with Mr. Donat. The world of motion pictures is pretty much his, to do with as he pleases, after his fine performance of the florid Dumas rôle that has thrilled three generations of play-goers. Donat may be best described as a sort of young and wistful British John Barrymore. His acting is sincere and restrained but always in the romantic manner. His voice—ah, his voice! It's rich, it's mellow, and it's the only voice in Hollywood captivity, I think, that could bring the high-flown speeches of this old play back to life. The new boy from Britain plays *Edmond Dantes*, upstanding young sailor-victim of the cruelty and avarice of three powerful men in the France of Napoleon's return from Elba. After escape from his unjust imprisonment he dedicates his new life to vengeance on those who wronged him. It's classic melodrama of the old school, mounted in the movies' most lavish fashion, and masterfully enacted by the men in the cast. Elissa Landi is not so happy as *Mercedes*. Miscast, maybe.

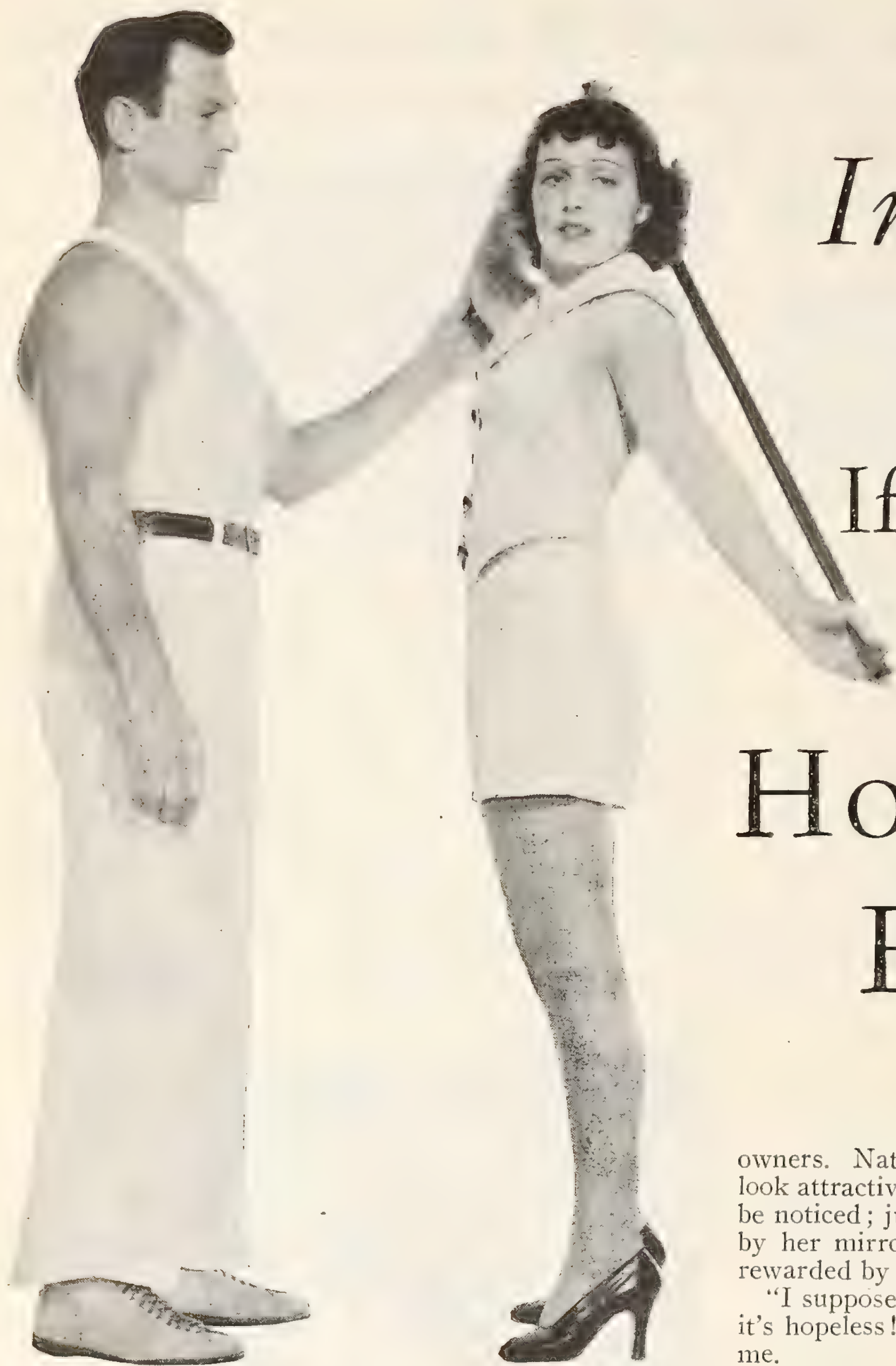


Happiness Ahead
Warners



Noteworthy for several reasons: for offering the likeable Dick Powell in an almost "straight" rôle, in which he acquits himself nobly; for presenting Josephine Hutchinson from the stage to screen audiences, and right welcome, too; and for a grand performance, one of the best of the season, by John Halliday, who has the difficult assignment of the wealthy father of our heroine, and who plays it so well that a good many gals in the audience are going to rise up and cry: "Daddy!" Mervyn LeRoy, the demon diminutive director, has taken a very slight story and made it a most human comedy-drama about people you like a lot. Miss Hutchinson plays a poor little rich girl in search of the realities which she fails to find in her pampered existence. If you've failed so far to find your pot of gold, cheer up—it would only make you miserable anyway, as "Happiness Ahead" comfortingly aims to prove. Love comes to little Miss Park Avenue in the arms of young Mr. Powell; and in spite of maternal objections there's a sunny ending, aided by that perfectly charming Papa Halliday. You will, I think, find Miss Hutchinson most appealing; she has nice manners instead of mannerisms, and a lovely, lovely voice.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



Frances Drake, one of the prettiest and cleverest of the younger screen actresses, graciously aids Mr. Davies in presenting to you his exercises to help you achieve a Hollywood figure. See article for details of this exercise.

Here's Important News If You Would Have a Hollywood Figure!

owners. Naturally, the woman who knows she does not look attractive tries to slink into a room hoping she won't be noticed; just as naturally, the woman who is assured by her mirror that she presents a good appearance is rewarded by approving glances.

"I suppose there's nothing I can do about my figure—it's hopeless!" is a repeated wail in letters that come to me.

Nonsense! Of course there's something you can do about your figure!

We'll take the over-developed bust problem first:

It may be that your breasts are large because you are too fat all over. In that case, careful dieting will help you. Reduce and your trouble may be over. Try eating simple foods, with plenty of fruit and vegetables, and cut out desserts.

Correct posture will overcome at least part of your difficulty. Improving posture never fails to cut down measurements for the over-developed. But please remember that you must make correct posture a habit. You can't hold yourself well for two hours and then relax into a slump. You must stick to it.

Trying to reduce heavy busts with massage is a dangerous proposition and won't in the end do much good. The best thing to do is to firm the tissues with cold water, ice or astringents. Cold showers will tighten up flabby tissues. One of Paramount's lovely young players is afflicted with an over-size bust and is using the cold-shower treatments. Ice-packs applied briefly after exercise will also harden tissues.

For reducing the bust, you may also follow your exercise period by alternate hot and cold sponging for

FROM the letters you write me, I gather that the majority of girls and women who follow these articles are concerned mainly with the desire to develop a bust or with the problem of what to do about a too-well-developed one. So we will devote this month's issue to ways to correct the lines of the bust.

A girl with a bad figure is bound to be self-conscious. It wasn't so bad a few years ago when dresses were all built straight up and down and the only things to worry about were the size of the legs and the shape of the ankles. But today clothes are revealing. You can't camouflage defects as you used to do.

Bad figures are less common than they once were, because being beautiful is considered a duty and great attention is paid to looking well. All authorities recognize that physical imperfections react upon the mind of their

Hollywood beauties don't just happen! They work hard for loveliness. James Davies, physical culturist, helps them—and he is here to help YOU!



Right, Jim Davies tells Frances Drake how to raise the arms and how to keep the spine against the wall. Entirely new exercises are given by Mr. Davies in this article of our series. The small figures at the left and right above show Miss Drake demonstrating the rod exercises described in the accompanying article.

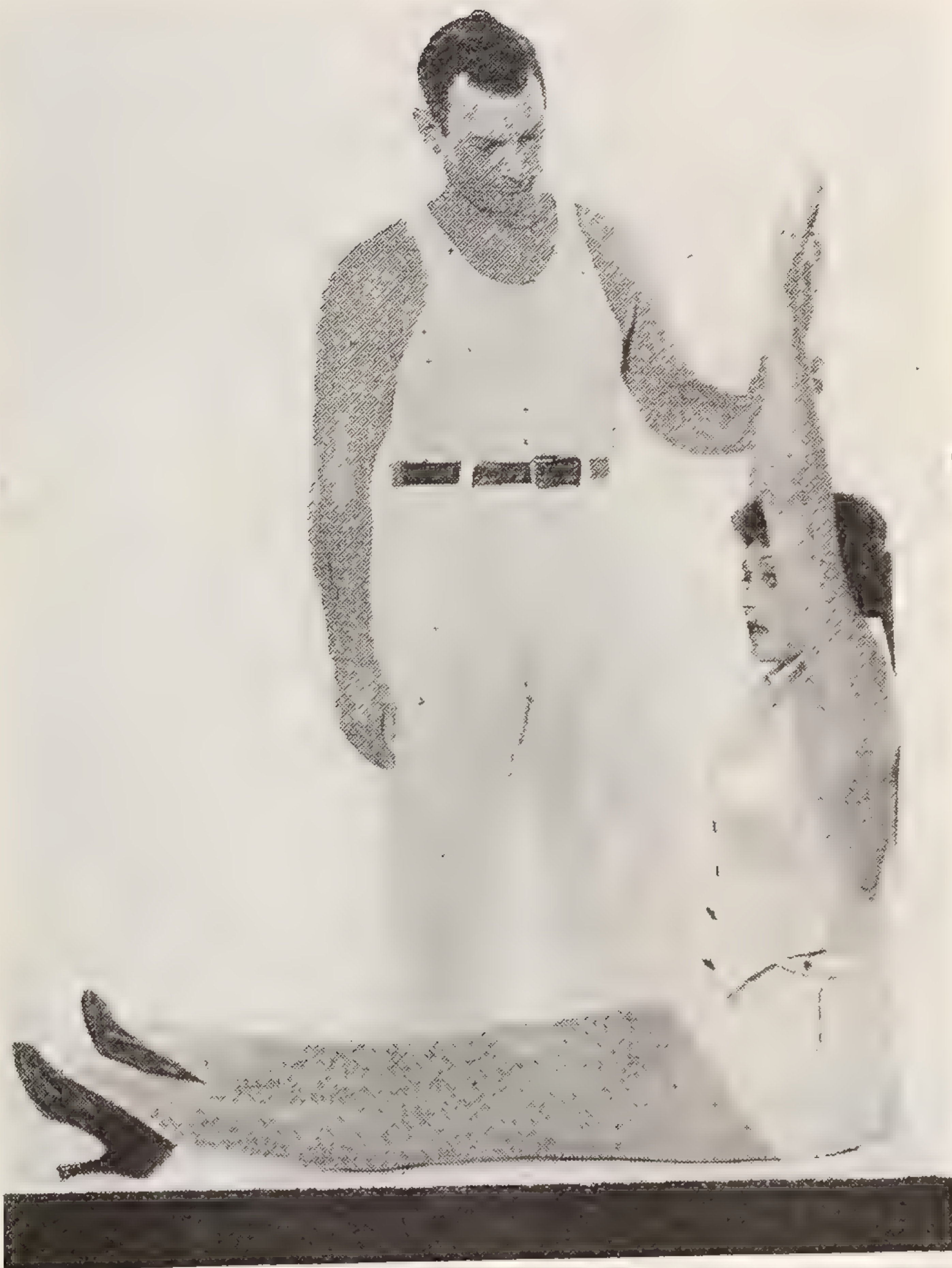
several minutes. Dry well. Then sponge with toilet alcohol or other good astringent.

Some of you ask if it is right to wear a brassiere when doing the stationary running recommended in an earlier article. By all means do this, as it will help protect the breasts during the exercises, but be careful about coming down too hard on the floor, as this might injure the delicate tissues. The idea is to spring *lightly*, not stamp about like a rock-crusher.

Don't attempt to make your breasts look firm by wearing a tight brassiere. That only makes the muscles weak and flabby. A tight brassiere stops circulation and should never be worn.

There are exercises that will train the muscles that support the breasts and so raise them. Before you do these, however, be sure to remove whatever superfluous fat is weighing the breasts down, for the muscles shouldn't be asked to raise unnecessary weight.

If you are, as some of you complain, "three times the size you should be for your



Hollywood actresses including Carole Lombard, Frances Drake, Mae West, and many others, have the benefit of Mr. Davies' advice in keeping fit and lithe and lovely. You, too, may learn from James Davies, in this department in SCREENLAND every month, how to meet your own problems of weight, diet, and the other questions of interest to every woman who wants to make the best of herself. Easy, you say, for screen actresses to be beautiful? Don't you believe it! The movie girls work even harder than the average woman to keep their health and beauty intact. Only in SCREENLAND can you read James Davies' helpful articles, with authentic illustrations especially posed for you by popular Hollywood actresses. Write to Mr. Davies about your own weight and diet problems. He is much too busy to answer you by mail, but he will select the letters which seem to him most interesting and representative and answer as many as possible in this magazine. Address James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York City. Answers to letters will be found on page 81.



height," consult your physician at once. A thyroid trouble may be causing this abnormality.

You can't hope to take only the special bust exercises and be made perfect. You must learn to achieve correct posture. The muscles of the whole body must be trained into alignment before anything permanent can be done about any special set of muscles.

First, for the posture exercises, lie flat on the floor using an exercise mat. Raise the knees slightly, and touch the shoulders with the tip of the fingers. Press the small of the back against the mat, stretch the arms beyond the head and down once more to the shoulders.

Lie face down on the mat, hands under the chest. Lift the body off the floor by pressing hands against the mat as you do this. Pull up the chest and contract the back muscles.

Do the other lying down exercises recommended in previous articles on your exercise mat and try to be conscious of the mat.

The muscles of the breast are chiefly developed by special exercises of the arms, as these muscles extend across the chest and sustain the breasts.

Try exercising before a mirror. One exercise that is very easy to do and excellent for poor posture and droopy breasts, can be done sitting in a (Continued on page 80)

SCREENLAND'S FASHION HIGHLIGHTS

Newest, gayest, smartest seasonal fashion news from the home of beauty, charm and true chic — HOLLYWOOD!

How to be piquant, practical, and fairly formal at one and the same time! Elizabeth Allan, left, illustrates the trick in her coat of black kid caracul and white ermine. The high collar is too, too flattering, and the full sleeves are caught in at the wrists to defy wintry blasts.



Loads of lovely leopard on a lovely little girl! Right, luscious Frances Drake has selected the new three-quarter length swagger coat for her very own. Don't you like the high tailored collar? And see those sleeves. Study this coat for high sports-fashion news in fur!

Elizabeth Allan has been called the "most American" of the British beauties in Hollywood. Perhaps this means that Miss Allan has a flair for casual clothes—ease combined with true chic. At any rate, her summer ermine, left, stresses slim lines and smart collar.





Una Merkel is so gay and popular she can afford to grace a gown with that "Poor Butterfly" sleeve influence! Her dinner gown, shown above, is very new, with dazzling clips at the neck and belt.

And now the exquisite Oriental actress, Anna May Wong, poses for us in something very ravishing in reversible evening capes. Anna May's is made of ermine, three-quarter length, and she carries it off with just the right air of subtle elegance.

The metal influence has a strangle hold on the season's fashions, and we're glad, because how it glorifies a girl! Anna May Wong lends her unique allure to the dinner gown pictured at the right. The neckline is interesting, as is Anna May's necklace.

THE FASHION SHOW

Hat hints
from Hol-
lywood
heroines!



Miss Robin Hood, alias Una Merkel! A long quill is pulled through slits in the crown of Una's fur felt hat, left.



Pan-cake beret acquires new piquancy when worn by Anna May Wong, above. Brown felt fashions it and matches the Wong eyes.



Topped by a pan-cake beret, Jean Parker's tunic dress with fringed scarf and skirt of brown wool combined with brown and green checks presents a perfect ensemble for the college girl who's aware of charm as well as the classics!



Left, Cecilia Parker, who plays Greta Garbo's sister in "The Painted Veil," shows her new costume jewelry; old-gold flowers with black bead centers.



If you're young and pert, as Jean Parker is, perhaps you'll like Jean's severe black felt hat, pictured at left, with a black gros-grain ribbon band its only trimming.



Veils are very much in the fashion picture. Una Merkel, above, wears an "all-around" veil with her black cut-velvet turban.



The bird on Una's hat, left, is fashioned from black feathers and perches far back on the crown of her fire-engine red felt.

Right, Ann Sothern is wearing a modernized tricorne with a dashing eye veil and a green-feathered bird.



Anna May Wong, above, selects a cobwebby veil to complete her off-face turban.

Return of the tricorne! Jean Parker's, right, is trimmed with metal and ribbon.



Huge wooden beads and half silver discs unite to create the interesting new bracelet worn by Cecilia Parker, right. Do you think Cecilia resembles the great Garbo?



Sylvia Sidney, right, models for you her favorite new suit, of navy blue and white flecked woolen, with sleeves of black seal-skin which also lines and trims the three-quarter coat. Shoes, hat, and handbag are of navy kid, and a lacy white blouse adds a soft feminine touch.

Authentic fashions take on added interest when posed by popular Hollywood stars

Miss Merkel is noted in Hollywood for her good taste in hats. At left she wears a black velvet dream with tiny ostrich plumes.



Above, a five-point hat, worn by Una Merkel. Fashioned from brown suede felt, it has a pert feather trim in brown and orange.





Wide World

"Midsummer Night's Dream" at Hollywood Bowl, and here are Charles Chaplin and his leading lady, Paulette Goddard, occupying a box at the event.

Wide World

Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Frenke, are snapped together for the first time at a Hollywood party given by Director Rouben Mamoulian.

News-beats and gossip about the film stars

By Weston East

ELISSA LANDI has had several court battles with her agents. According to her charges, Elissa landed, (not a pun), all the jobs herself—but had to pay the agents full commissions.

A few days after she started work on "Enter Madame," Miss Landi encountered her agent on the lot.

"Hello," she greeted him. "Are you here to see about getting me a rôle in 'Enter Madame'?"

HIGH tides and amazingly huge waves that scared silly the beach-dwellers at Malibu and Santa Monica, caused much damage at the seaside homes of several stars. Edmund Lowe, Constance Bennett and others lost outdoor furniture worth thousands of dollars. Near-tragedies occurred when Ted Healy and Raquel Torres, working feverishly in their respective backyards to save their belongings, were almost washed out to sea.

ANDY DEVINE sneers at the "yes men." He says: "There are too many men giving the best years of their life to the movie business!"



Wide World

Beats the Champ! Max Baer and Gary Cooper matched arm reaches. "Coop" won by an inch in a smiling finish.

JOAN BLONDELL has completed the building of a nursery addition to her mountain-top home. A special feature of the new suite is a burglar-alarm similar to those installed in banks.

The doors and windows of the nursery are so constructed that once they are set, their slightest movement arouses an alarm bell loud enough to be heard on the next mountain-top, three miles away. Simultaneously, the entire estate is flooded with light from a series of powerful searchlights.



Wide World

Hollywood night life booms! A new, very swank club opened with a blaze of light and many screen luminaries, and none more luminous than Helen Hayes, Clark Gable and Norma Shearer, whom you see above, participants in the fun.



International

Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna attended the dinner given in tribute to Max Reinhardt, whose spectacular presentation of "Midsummer Night's Dream" drew all Hollywood to the famous foreign producer's pageant at the Bowl.



Wide World

What, another Davis Cup? Is Fred Perry, who wins Davis Cup matches for England, and tennis tournaments everywhere, trying to talk Bette out of her cup of water in the little scene above, snapped at the new Hollywood night club?

WHEN Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller applied for passports for their visit to Europe, they had no idea that Uncle Sam's employees would not accept a check. So between them, they didn't have the two dollars in cash necessary for the fees. They did manage to raise \$1.95—and a nearby newspaper man loaned Johnny a nickle.

"THE height of inaccuracies," Herbert Mundin murmured one dull (until then) day, "was the fellow who took a secluded seat in a restaurant, announcing that he wanted to dine in silence—and then ordered celery!"

DID you know that the finest dentists in the world are in and around Hollywood? Probably not, for why should you know such a fact? Still, it is true.

The reason is that there is a constant call for new teeth, straightening of teeth, re-modeling, and other intricate dental services. Not the least important of these is the replacement of teeth for youthful actors and actresses—youngsters at the age when their baby teeth are falling out.

Film companies were once held up for days at a time when such minor tragedies occurred. Now dentists make duplicates of every tooth in the boys' and girls' heads. These duplicates can replace lost teeth on a moment's notice.



Acme

When Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks met recently! At a directors' meeting of the United Artists company you see them, above, with Joseph M. Schenck, Charles Chaplin, Darryl Zanuck and Samuel Goldwyn. Everybody looks happy.



International

Dixie Lee, (Mrs. Bing Crosby), takes her first-born, Gary, to Louella Parsons' kiddie party.

FUNNIER things have happened—but not much funnier. Loretta Young built a new swimming-pool. For weeks, during excavating and concreting and tiling, Loretta was excited as a child at Christmas. She could hardly wait for the day when she could put water in the new pool.

Well, that day arrived, and Loretta invited friends—and then was she embarrassed! For believe it or not, in the excitement, Loretta completely forgot that she didn't know how to swim, so she could only wade around in the shallow water at her own swimming-pool party.



On the dotted line! Miriam Hopkins signs a long-term contract to star for Samuel Goldwyn, right. Eddie Cantor looks on in evident approval.

Tennis fans at the recent tournament in Los Angeles: Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan, and Ronald Colman, at right. Ronnie's next is "Clive of India."



Wide World

ANOTHER near-outburst on the part of the fiery, (but oh, so nice about it usually), Ginger Rogers had her studio on needles and pins just before the start of her new picture.

The Rogers lass announced herself tired of song-and-dance pictures, and she went straight to the head man with her demand for a dramatic rôle. She was rewarded with the lead opposite Francis Lederer in "Romance In Manhattan."

But when Ginger went to the studio for wardrobe fittings, the first outfit she was given for a try-on was a chorus-girl's costume. She blew up, refused to don it, and again rushed into the head-man's office, this time for an explanation. The episode ended happily; the chorus-girl costume was only for a brief flash in the picture.



International

Penelope plays, and enjoys it, at the recent baby party in Hollywood. Penelope's daddy is Fredric March.

JEAN HARLOW thought she had established a home for orphans when she returned from the studio one day and found her hill-top swimming pool brimming with children. There were about a score of the kids plunging, diving and playing in the water.

The explanation is amusing: It seems that a neighbor-boy asked permission to swim some day when Jean wasn't using the pool. Of course, Miss Harlow gave her consent—she would. She also added: "Bring your little friends, if you wish."

The youngster took her at her word. He invited not only his friends but his friends' friends. In true Harlow fashion, Jean ordered the cook to prepare ice cream, cakes, and lemonade.

EMBARRASSING, yet funny, was that situation at a Hollywood benefit when Ruth Roland, presenting the various celebrities present, made the *faux pas* of introducing Adrienne Ames as Loretta Young. Later, when she presented Toby Wing, Miss Roland called her "Jackie Coogan's fiancée."

Of course, Miss Roland was reading from a script that had been given her to read, nevertheless, it was all too amusing—especially Toby's loud guffaw when she was mentioned as Coogan's fiancée.

A PHILADELPHIA mother has named her baby *Myrna Loy* Goldberg. . . . According to reports from London, Dorothea Wieck is saying she left America "because Hollywood people bored her to distraction." . . . Ann Shirley, who changed her name from Dawn O'Day, liked the new one so well she adopted it legally. . . . Hollywood has a new kind of movie theatre, a drive-in place where people may sit in their cars and watch pictures. . . . Mary Brian's suggested changes in the house Dick Powell is building have already cost Powell about \$2500. . . . People who say Franchot Tone won't look at girls, (except Joan Crawford), when he poses for pictures with them must not have seen the stills from "The Girl from Missouri." . . . Shirley Temple receives about 600 fan-letters weekly—but she can't read. . . . Joe E. Brown ran away from home and joined a circus when he was a boy, so he approved when his own son, Don, (18 years old), recently did the same thing.

ONE of SCREENLAND's big monthly close-ups goes to Audrey Ferriss, for personal courage and determination.

A few years ago, Audrey was in the movies. Talkies forced her out, because she lacked training. To earn money for room and board, Miss Ferriss obtained a stenographic position in the offices of the Los Angeles District Attorney.

While she was a stenographer, Audrey kept up her study of elocution and dramatics. Recently she asked for and was given a screen-and-voice test. Her studies had worked such fine results that she won a new movie contract with M-G-M.

HAS Gary Evan, Bing's eighteen-month-old son, a sense of humor, or is he giving his father a ribbing? Bing would like to know the answer.

Crosby took his wife and little Gary Evan to the tot's first circus when the "big tent" was in Hollywood. Young Crosby watched the parade of animals with staring eyes, until the elephants came along.

Whereupon Gary Evan pointed a chubby fist at the biggest elephant, and cried: "Daddy!"

JOE PENNER, the movie actor—well, he is one at the moment—has parents who, typical of many mammas and papas, worry over their son. For this reason, he rarely tells them of his mishaps, hoping thus to spare their nerves. So it happened that they read in recent newspapers about Penner's sprained ankle. Subsequently, Joe received a letter from his father. It read, in part:

"Dear Son: You should be ashamed, spraining your ankle, and then not telling your mother. You know she likes to worry about you. Now your ankle is well, but in order to catch up on her worrying, mother must spend the next ten days or so fretting about what might have been.

"However, one good thing has come of this incident. That is, your mother and I can now worry lest something will happen to you and you won't tell us. In order to prevent such worry-without-cause, let me caution you to immediately inform us when anything happens to you."



Wide World

Besieged by autograph hounds, at the Reinhardt pageant in Hollywood Bowl, William Powell and Jean Harlow were smilingly good-natured about it all.



Acme

Four generations! May Robson with her son, grandson, and great-grandson at the baby's christening, which Miss Robson journeyed East to attend.

THE tragic death of Russ Columbo, by accidental shooting, adds one more name to the appalling list of famous motion picture stars who have died during the past few months. This list includes Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody, Dorothy Dell, Karl Dane, Alec B. Francis, director George Hill.

Funeral services for Columbo were attended by more than three thousand friends and fans. Women, most of them in tears, predominated. Carole Lombard and Sally Blane were also present, and perhaps the most beautiful floral offering was Carole's huge blanket of gardenias, bearing the one word—*Russ*. One of the pall-bearers was Bing Crosby, rumored by gossips to be Columbo's enemy. Actually, the two were good friends.

JIMMY DURANTE and Ted Healy are engaged in a "pun duel"; they wise-crack each other at every opportunity—all in fun, of course.

However the score may have stood, Healy took a big lead with his latest crack at Durante. It seems that one night both attended a game of "donkey baseball." This is a silly pastime in which the players ride on donkeys; it's riotously funny, too.

Well, on this night a player yelled to Durante; "Hey, Jimmy, why don't you join us?"

"Aw, Durante can't get in the game," flipped Healy. "Who would ride him?"

THE eyes of autograph-seekers grouped outside the Fox studios popped almost from their heads when, almost in procession, cars bearing Greta Garbo, Mae West, Charles Laughton, Wallace Beery and Lupe Velez passed through the gates.

In fact, the autograph-hunters were so dazed that they forgot to ask for signatures—which was just as well, because those "stars" were not the real thing; they were all impersonators, hired for a picture.

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN is filmdom's richest colonist. Mary Pickford is second, and Douglas Fairbanks third. These facts are gleaned from Los Angeles County tax reports.

Chaplin's property is assessed at \$3,279,230; "Our Mary" owns about \$1,950,770 worth of estate; Doug's *mite* is \$1,065,530. Harold Lloyd's wealth is assessed at \$864,545. Richard Barthelmess pays taxes on \$409,340, Constance Bennett on \$190,025, and Joan Crawford is rated at \$65,965.

Will Rogers is the richest land-owner. Harold Lloyd's furniture is worth most. And far down in the report, as if the tax assessor might possess a sense of humor, Greta Garbo's ancient automobile is assessed at \$80.

YOU may be closer to your favorite movie star than you suspect; in fact, when you motor tonight, your idol may ride with you. All waste film, cut from pictures or left over when productions are completed, is sold to a salvage company in Hollywood. This cast-off film is melted, and the various elements are separated. One element, celluloid, is used to make automobile paint. Even at this moment, Clara Bow may be on your fender, and that may be Clark Gable's nose you scratched when your hood dropped!



Acme

Above, Onslow Stevens and his bride, the former Phillis Cooper in Hollywood after their marriage in Yuma, Arizona.



Conchita Montenegro supplies the love interest in a new war romance in which Warner Baxter plays an aviator.

Carole Lombard and Roger Pryor form one of the new romantic teams. Right, you see them in a scene together.



Fans wanted Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle in another musical, and here they are in "Here is My Heart."



SOME letters from fans are entirely too exacting. A recent letter marked "PRIVATE-IMPORANT-RUSH" was delivered to Joan Crawford, because it looked like the sort of missive that should be delivered directly to the addressee.

Joan opened the envelope—and found another, across the face of which was written: *Please! I said Personal.* Miss Crawford opened that envelope, and found still another, marked with: "To be opened only by Joan Crawford."

Joan says her hands trembled as she opened the third envelope, because she thought it must be of great importance. Instead, it was only a request for an autographed picture!

Fans who resort to such tactics only spoil their own cause. A few such "Wolf! Wolf!" letters, and Miss Crawford's secretary will refuse to pass along any unopened mail to her employer. It stands to reason that stars haven't time to open all letters, and only the most important requests should be sent with so many such urgent pleas that such letters be opened only by the addressees.

THE latest fad to sweep into Hollywood (and how fads do sweep that town!) is badminton. Years ago, Douglas Fairbanks tried to popularize the game, but failed. Now it has caught on feverishly.

Jack Oakie refuses to exert himself to the extent of playing strenuous badminton. When Dick Arlen invited Oakie to play, the comedian sniffed.

"Badminton?" he said. "That's nothing but shrivelled-up tennis!"

THE current cycle of personalities on the screen is constantly reflected in the show-windows of stores along Hollywood Boulevard. When Clara Bow was the rage, shops exhibited photographs of "flaming girls" wearing hats, clothes, and other articles to be purchased inside. The Sue Carol era, the Marlene Dietrich period, and other star-cycles were thus temporarily commemorated.

Right at this moment, the boulevard windows are featuring baby portraits. Banks, stores, drug-stores—all have displays of children, ranging from a few months to ten or twelve years of age.

Of course, it's the Shirley Temple influence. Since Shirley made good, hundreds of fond mothers are striving to get their daughters before the eyes of producers.

FEW people realize that television is about to become a common, everyday factor in modern life.

A French inventor has perfected a device which is the most advanced step in television. It is a traveling car, fitted with cameras, sound equipment, film developing tanks, and (most important) television projecting outfits.

One day last week, during an experimental test, this traveling studio photographed a motor accident with sound, developed it, and radioed the entire sequence to a theatre screen five miles away. The entire process, from the moment the camera started grinding until the scene was shown in the theatre, required seventy-five seconds!

CHARLES FARRELL has been successful in acquiring movie-star tenants for his realty holdings. Bette Davis is now living in Charlie's Beverly home. Bette formerly lived in Mr. and Mrs. Farrell's Toluca Lake home—she must have found him a good landlord. George Brent now lives in Charlie's Toluca house, and neighbors say that Greta Garbo has dined there with Brent on several occasions.

MARY BRIAN has a suh-well "boy-friend-holding insurance" idea. She goes out with so many chaps, that before she has a date with one, she repeats his name over and over again. Thus she avoids the tragic mishaps of calling Dick, John or Bob or Gene, or vice versa. If you are popular, girls, and if you often make this same mistake, try Mary's system!



Eyes across the sea! Anna Neagle and Fernand Graavey co-star in a new English film, "The Queen's Affair."



Brian Aherne and Madge Evans in a whimsical moment from "What Every Woman Knows," starring Helen Hayes.

Beauty in nurses' uniform, personified by Joyce Compton, Loretta Young, and sister Polly Ann Young in a new film.



WHO said "a prophet is without honor in his own home town"? Dick Powell has disproved that adage, once and for all.

When Powell returned recently to Pittsburgh to make personal appearances in the theatre where he first won notice as an orchestra leader, police reserves were necessary to save him from the clamoring crowds. Several thousand people stormed the theatre, practically clawing each other to get seats for the opening performance. Those who failed to get inside went around to the stage entrance, and they made a rush for Powell the minute he appeared, thus necessitating the police guard.

In a letter to Hollywood friends, Dick estimated that "he had signed three thousand autographs on my first day in Pittsburgh."



When young fellows get together, there's likely to be hot competition for the older stars, especially if the boys are Baby LeRoy, right, David Holt, seated, and Billy Lee, left, above. All are currently working at the same studio.



In Dutch! Alice Faye looks charming at that in her costume for a comedy scene in "365 Nights in Hollywood."

BING CROSBY might have won a bet had he not been double-crossed. The bet was that he could get into Paramount studio without being spotted by the autograph-hunters who maintain a constant guard at the gate.

Bing donned a set of false whiskers, dark glasses, and a handsome mustachio. Thus disguised, he managed to get past the crowd of signature-chasers. That is, he almost got by. But the fellow with whom he wagered suddenly screamed: "Hey, Crosby!", and through force of habit, Bing stopped and bellowed, "What?" Of course, everybody recognized the voice—and the Crooner lost his bet.

BEHIND THE SCENES:

FOX executives refused to permit Alice Faye to play opposite Rudy Vallee in his newest picture. The reason, they stated, was that they didn't want to depend upon romance for publicity for Faye. What those same officials may not know is that the studio's own publicity department is responsible for some of the stories linking the Vallee name and Alice.

Reports that Jayne Shadduck, stage and screen actress, has reconciled with her husband, writer Jack Kirkland, are as wrong as a Socialist with millions. Their separation is permanent.

George Brent may fly to South America, according to well-laid plans, and during his absence Ruth Chatterton will file those long-delayed divorce proceedings.

The reason Janet Gaynor hurried home from Europe weeks before she intended is that gossips are as obnoxious "over there" as over here. Couple of them saw Gaynor and Charles Farrell at luncheon, and right away tried to make something of it.

CHARLES LAUGHTON went to a Los Angeles hospital with a slight ailment, which confined him there for a few weeks. On his return to the studio, he told about the day he said to a nurse: "Will you please get me a glass of water, interne?"

The white-clad girl smiled, and replied: "Nurse, to you."

Figure it out for yourself.



Evelyn Laye, English beauty and stage star, is welcomed in Hollywood—where she will star in a musical film opposite Novarro—by Frank Lawton, whose next part is *David Copperfield*, and Director Dudley Murphy, who will direct Miss Laye and Novarro as a co-starring team.



In flounces! Evelyn Venable as a belle of 1910 retains her eye appeal in her "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" costume.



See what Hollywood missed? Had Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes had a formal wedding instead of eloping, the bride would have looked as you see Heather at the right. But they're happy, as you see in the picture above.



THE stars often do for fun what they refuse to do for money—BIG money! Both Robert Montgomery and Chester Morris have been offered vera, vera large sums to make personal appearances in Los Angeles theatres. They've refused all such offers. But during a matinée performance of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey circus in Hollywood, the opening parade was graced by the presence of two strangers—yep, Bob and Ches! Dressed as Arabians, they rode horses around the arena and, believe it or not, they weren't recognized. Two Arabian girls in that same parade were Mrs. Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Chester Morris.



There'll be romance as well as "Music in the Air" when Gloria Swanson returns to the screen. Above, is a sample of what we mean—one of the scenes in which Douglass Montgomery and John Boles become dramatically involved. Like Gloria's costume? We do!

THELMA TODD has gone into the café business; her roadside restaurant is doing so well that she contemplates opening a string of eateries. . . . Neighbors kicked about Bing Crosby's singing until they learned that it actually was Bing—then they applauded. . . . Mary Astor has a strange pastime; it is watching her husband, a doctor, perform operations. . . . Joan Crawford and Claudette Colbert have one custom in common—after each picture, they climb into their automobiles and leave Hollywood for destinations unknown. . . . Robert Woolsey, who always smokes a cigar before the camera, has the butt of the first cigar he smoked on the stage; it is his good-luck piece. . . . The height of something: Pat Paterson, wife of Charles Boyer, is taking French lessons so when she joins her husband in France, she can converse with her mother-in-law! . . .

"SKEETS" GALLAGHER tells it proudly on his little son. It seems that the boy came racing home one day to tell his mother that he overheard two men plotting to kill his father.

"One of them said that he'll shoot 'Skeets' when he gets a chance," young Gallagher cried.

Of course, Mrs. G. investigated. She found that "the two men" were Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. They had been discussing skeet shooting, a popular Hollywood pastime.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Roberta G. Although I'm not a mind reader or a palmist I'd say, off-hand, you have a fully developed case of admiration for Anna Sten. She is under contract to Samuel Goldwyn at United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif. You might drop her a line and tell her the things you have written me about the "fascinating, gorgeous, and bewitching Being." Her new picture is "We Live Again" from the Tolstoy novel, "Resurrection." Co-starring with her is Fredric March. Anna was a waitress at 12, a newspaper reporter at 13 and an actress at 15. "Nana" was her first American picture.

Mary Al. As I write this, Greta Garbo's next picture is still in production. Appearing with her in this new vehicle, "The Painted Veil," will be Herbert Marshall, George Brent, Jean Hersholt and Warner Oland. Herbert Marshall is just now one of the most popular and sought-after leading men in pictures. Some of his films have been "Trouble in Paradise," "The Solitaire Man," "I Was a Spy" with Madeleine Carroll and Conrad Veidt, and "Riptide" with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Ralph Forbes.

Marge. As long as you read my answers to everybody you now have an opportunity to read one to Marge—and I hope you like it. Dolores Del Rio was born on August 3, 1905. She has beautiful brown eyes, jet black hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and was married to Cedric Gibbons on August 7, 1930. Her voice was first heard in "Evangeline." Her other earlier films were "Resurrection" and "Loves of Carmen" in 1927; in 1928 she made "Gateway of the Moon," "Trail of '98," "No Other Woman," "Red Dance," "Revenge," and in 1929, "Evangeline." Her latest is "Madame Du Barry," for Warners.

Edith M. I love to settle arguments, so I'm at your service. The principals in the cast of "Smart Money," starring Edward G. Robinson, were Evalyn Knapp, James Cagney, Ralf Harolde, Margaret Livingston, Noel Francis and Gladys Lloyd, who is Mrs. Robinson in real life. Heather Angel was born on February 9, 1909, in Oxford, England. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. She was married in August, 1934, to Ralph Forbes, the former husband of Ruth Chatterton. Heather's latest releases are "Springtime for Henry" with Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll, and "Romance in the Rain" with Roger Pryor.

Mayone M. C. It's a refreshing sight to see our old friend William Farnum among those present in several new pictures. He plays with Colleen Moore in "The Scarlet



Richard Bonelli, famous baritone and latest operatic star to be drafted for the screen, snapped by a still camera on a set for "Enter Madame," which gives Miss Landi her first screen singing rôle.

Letter" as Gov. Bellingham, and appears in "Are We Civilized?" with Anita Louise, and in "Happy Landing." Constance Bennett was Carla, a Russian spy, in "After Tonight." Playing opposite her was Gilbert Roland. The little blonde who played the part of Sigrid Hanson in "Servants' Entrance" is Astrid Allwyn. She is Swedish, as you have guessed, and has ash-blond hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, and weighs 117 pounds.

Edith Pansy. Don't tell me that is your real name—all right then, mine is Memory Buttercup! Warner Baxter was Alessandro and Roland Drew was the brother Felipe in "Ramona" with Dolores Del Rio. Picture was released in 1929. The picture public have been demanding more and more of Warner Baxter. There is proof a star does not have to be single to be popular. He has been married to Winifred Bryson since 1917. Some Baxter releases have been "Such Women Are Dangerous," "Stand Up and Cheer," "Penthouse," "Grand Canary."

Miriam S. You didn't expect to see your name in print so soon, did you? Demonstrating the fact one never knows how soon one may become famous, or something to that effect. No, Gene Raymond did not play in "The Secret of Madame Blanche" with Irene Dunne, but Phillips Holmes was Leonard St. John, Madame's son. Phillips appears in "Caravan," a Fox production of great splendor. He rates a place along with Charles Boyer, the European star, Loretta Young, Jean Parker, Louise Fazenda and Aubrey Smith in "Caravan."

A Manners Fan. Of course you mean David. You are not the only fan in the world who is "cur-azy"—about David, I mean. He was born Rauff Aklom in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, and has brown eyes and brown hair. His hobbies are astronomy and exploration, and he also likes to play tennis. He created quite a stir with his rôle in "Journey's End" both on the stage and screen. He supported Elissa Landi in "The Warrior's

Husband." "Mother's Cry" was released in January, 1930, with Dorothy Peterson, Helen Chandler, Evalyn Knapp, David Manners, and Edward Woods.

Mary Lou. You are not alone in wanting Diana Wynyard to appear in the best stories her producers can buy—pictures like "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna." Her latest release is "One More River," from the novel by John Galsworthy. Frank Lawton, the English actor we girls have been raving about, plays with her, also Colin Clive.

Maxine. So you are all agog about Hollywood's new male, Hugh Williams. Hugh was born in England, at Bexhill-on-the-Sea, Sussex. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 154 pounds, and has black hair and hazel eyes. He has been on the London stage, made pictures there, and finally Fox signed him, and we hope he likes us as well as we like him. If you'll read the October issue of SCREENLAND, you'll get James Fidler's slant on new girls and new boys and the low-down on Hugh Williams and other new faces on the screen. You'll see within the coming year, M-G-M's production of "David Copperfield" and Fox's release of "Elinor Norton" with Hugh in the casts, so look out for them.

Hope C. N. It is interesting to watch a star's climb to fame on the screen and we have a lot of them to watch, haven't we? Edward Robinson was well known on the stage before doing picture work. Here are a few of his films "Dark Hazard" with Genevieve Tobin and Glenda Farrell; "Little Giant" with Mary Astor and Helen Vinson; "The Hatchet Man" with Loretta Young; "I Loved a Woman" with Kay Francis and Genevieve Tobin; "Silver Dollar" with Bebe Daniels and Aline MacMahon; and his latest, "The Man With Two Faces," with Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez. "The Woman Spy" was the first title of "After Tonight," starring Constance Bennett. Here is the entire cast, including La Bennett—Gilbert Roland, Edward Ellis, Sam Godfrey, Lucien Prival, Mischa Auer, Ben Hendricks, Leonid Snegoff and Evelyn Carter Carrington.

Screen and Radio Fan. You'll have your wish granted when "College Rhythm" is shown, for Mary Brian is in the cast, so look out for it. Playing with Mary will be Joe Penner of "wanna buy a duck" fame, Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie, Helen Mack, Lyda Roberti, and a long list of well-known names.

Gargan Fan. "British Agent" has a splendid cast, for there's Leslie Howard, Kay Francis, William Gargan, Phillip Reed, Irving Pichel, Walter Byron, Ivan Simpson and Halliwell Hobbs. Gargan's first picture was "Animal Kingdom" in support of his very good friend, Leslie Howard. That was followed by "Rain" with Joan Crawford.

Mickie. You can't fool me—where's Minnie? Ginger Rogers was christened Virginia but that name didn't stick long when the red-haired youngster began to grow up, so Ginger she is to this day. She was born in Independence, Mo., on July 16, 1911. Joan Blondell was born in New York City on August 30, 1909. James Cagney was born in New York City on July 17, 1904.

Harlow Fan. You want Jean Harlow to have heavier eyebrows for you think she would be more attractive that way? Why don't you take up the matter with Jean personally? She may fall in line with your ideas. I wouldn't count too much on that, though, for the luscious Jean has her own

ideas about her make-up, and why not? Jean's latest release is "The Girl from Missouri" with Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, and Patsy Kelly.

Charles G. In the picture, "Hell Below," Jimmy Durante was *Ptomaine, Ship's Cook*. If you say Jimmy fought a kangaroo in the picture, he evidently did. The fight must have been a "knock-out." James Cagney was a popular New York stage actor before the movies got him. One of his best-known stage successes was "Grand Larceny," with Joan Blondell playing opposite. It was adapted for the screen and called "Blonde Crazy" with Joan playing the same rôle. James is 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has red hair.

The Saga of a Jester

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remembered that no one had been in the room "but that little Offield boy," and surely he couldn't have carried it away. Nevertheless, "that little Offield boy" walked into the house two days later, serenely lifted a pillow from the sofa and revealed the missing silverware. His eyes sparkled and his freckled face beamed in a childish grin as he looked up proudly at the erstwhile hostess. The same grin that kept him from getting spanked that day was to stand him in good stead in the years to come.

Jack learned the fine points of stage expression in his childhood. His mother—and incidentally, she always has been "Ev" or "Mom" to Son Jack—conducted the Offield School of Expression at Sedalia for many years and later was on the faculty of a similar institution in New York City.

When Jack was four years old, the family left Sedalia for Muskogee, Okla. Jack attended school there for a while, mingling with Indian children of many tribes. Here, too, the famous jokester burst out in a manner that earned him a reputation of doubtful merit with the hostesses of the neighborhood. Jack attended a party given by one of his classmates. Less than a half-hour after singing a childhood ditty in that angelic expression that only he could assume, Jack conducted several other boys to a big, new bathtub that had just been installed in the home. He must have felt an urge to display his aquatic abilities, for the hostess found him swimming merrily around in the tub. The water had overflowed to the floor. Again, Jack's likable grin saved him from chastisement.

There was the time that Jack's mother consented to a party in celebration of his tenth birthday anniversary. Jack was granted the privilege of inviting his own guests. Apparently he did a good job, for 250 boys of all description showed up for the affair!

On Sundays, the incurable joker dropped his clowning temporarily to attend church. Even there, however, he could hardly contain himself. In his serious moments he sang in the choir, and the director often praised his high soprano voice.

When Jack was fourteen, his father died and Mrs. Offield was offered a position on the faculty of Scudder School for Girls in New York City. She accepted and took her children, Jack and Alice Evelyn, (Sally to the family), to the city. Jack entered the De La Salle high school, an institution conducted by the Jesuit fathers. Again, his soprano voice attracted attention and he became a member of the All Angels' choir. For four years he sang in the organization.

Jack was graduated from the high school



Entered films via the kitchen! Above, Bobbe Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Brisson's cook, whose dance steps, as she helped her mother, won her a part in "College Rhythm."

with honors, and became a board-marker and telephone-order-clerk for a Wall Street brokerage firm. As usual, his inbred congeniality made him a favorite with his co-workers and employers. He got along then—even as he does now.

Perhaps the turning point in his career, the factor that contributed most to his desertion of Wall Street for Broadway, came when his boss asked him to do a stunt in a Junior League frolic. Jack accepted, and went over big. Other invitations arrived, and soon he was in demand at most of the charity functions.

Then came an offer for a small part on the stage, and with it a light storm of protest from Mrs. Offield. Like all mothers, she had ambitions for her son. She wanted him to be governor of New York state. His personality would have made him an ideal politician. "If you'll only listen to me," she often told him, "I know how you

can become governor of New York." Jack didn't listen. The nearest he got to that exalted position was the time he occupied the chief executive's chair at the Albany mansion. Then he wrote to Mrs. Offield: "Dear Mother—I'm doing the best I can. I'm sitting in the governor's chair."

Jack turned down a chance for a financial career. His boss had offered to lend Mrs. Offield \$80,000 to buy her son a seat on the stock exchange. But Jack was persistent in his desire to go on the stage. He had performed in many amateur theatricals. These appearances had instilled in him that strange "something" that courses the veins of all troupers, and Jack couldn't resist.

So he turned down his boss' offer and took the stage part. How he went into vaudeville with Lulu McConnell has often been told. Miss McConnell—and incidentally, she originated from an Ozarks town lying less than thirty miles south of Jack's birthplace—was an exponent of fast-talking comedy. Jack made a perfect partner.

It was then that Jack adopted the famous name of Oakie—synonym the world over for unrestrained laughter. Because he had moved to New York from Oklahoma, Jack was known as "Oakie" to his associates. This, coupled with his far-famed expression of "O.K." led to his adoption of his screen cognomen.

How Jack broke into the movies has never been clear, even to Jack himself! He wrote his mother one day that he was going on a boat ride to California. The next time she heard from him, he was playing a part in Clara Bow's "The Fleet's In." You know the rest.

In the breezy lingo that makes him the premier Hollywood gladhandler, Jack attributes his screen entrée to the fact that he "blew his own trumpet." And one must admit his proficiency in that art.

"I got in by bluffing my way through," he says. "I tooted my own horn and they heard me. That's all there was to it."

Much has been written of the loves of Jack Oakie. Plain fact or publicity, his adventures in *amour* have made news in photograph and print for many months. But—and you can take this for fact—Jack's best girl is his mother. Of course you remember Jack's mother in "Too Much Harmony." That part was played by Mrs. Offield herself. Those mother-and-son scenes you saw are typical of the affection between the two.

At thirty-two, Jack still bubbles with the boyish enthusiasm that put him over in his stage and early screen days. His perpetual good humor is well known in Hollywood. He is noted on the set for the democratic attitude with which he regards lesser studio employees.

Latest About Carole Lombard

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we left, Russ called and said he would join us in a couple of days. That night he went to see Lansing Brown and that awful thing happened!" Miss Lombard shuddered, but raised her head proudly. "But now, it is all a thing of the past, like a dreadful nightmare. I have recovered from any emotional feeling about it and can face the future happily again. It was *Fate*, that's all."

"But how did your eight months' romance fit into the picture that you and William Powell have painted of Hollywood's most successfully divorced couple?" I could not resist asking.

"Why, Bill doesn't care whom I go with—we are the best of friends and always will be. I expect some day to marry again

he knows how to plan his own meals, to order the right wines; he calls the florist every week and orders flowers for the rooms—those are the things that make a home and for which the wife is usually responsible.

"I am glad of the experience of having been married to Bill and would not change it for the world. I am glad of everything that has ever happened to me—for it is through the past that I have attained my present happiness.

"Today, I have everything! Work that I like, loyal friends, money enough to assure my independence always, and the whole world before me!" she sighed exultantly.

"I want to remain in pictures for a few years more—I am just approaching the

—which training, by the way, she considers invaluable. However, an automobile accident in which she was badly injured ended her association with the Sennett Studios, for she was unable to work for nearly a year.

When she returned to the screen, it was to the Pathe Company—and with an "E" added to her first name, for luck. Her time with Pathé she considers a huge tea-party, as work came second to pleasure on that lot, and players spent more time in playing practical jokes on each other than in learning their lines.

Hollywood still roars over the recollection of Miss Lombard's most famous prank, of which John Loder was the victim. When that Englishman arrived on the Coast, he achieved distinction because of the frequency with which he sprayed his throat with a well-known antiseptic. His co-workers were amused.

Then, Miss Lombard had a brilliant idea—and she persuaded a "prop" man to fill Mr. Loder's atomizer with a mixture of onion juice and vinegar. Imagine Mr. Loder's embarrassment!

But all good times must end eventually, and about three years ago Miss Lombard migrated from the happy-go-lucky Pathé lot to that of Paramount, hard work, and success.

"My career is the most important thing in the world to me," she explained in throaty tones. "When I started in pictures I made up my mind to reach the top and that I would let *nothing* deter me—*nothing*! I have kept my promise to myself!"

Something in her words and manner was reminiscent of another girl I had known. I groped about for a moment, then realized that Miss Lombard was in looks and attitude, in the way she talked and gestured, the exact prototype of Lilyan Tashman.

"Many persons have noted the resemblance," she admitted. "Even Lil herself and I used to talk about it. She was a great person—and now that she is gone, it is amazing to see how many of her characteristics have been transferred to Ed. It is as if she lives again in him!" Miss Lombard's eyes seemed to grow a deeper blue until they matched the enormous star sapphire, gift of Mr. Powell when Carole was his wife, which adorned her right hand. I have never seen such a stone—literally it was the size of a half-dollar in circumference, and an inch high! It was her only ornament, and added to the quality of her natural artificiality.

She was really lovely-looking, with her pale fair hair brushed from her brow, her skin smooth and devoid of make-up, her lips a vivid scarlet—lovely and young—very young to have conducted her life and career with such financial and emotional success.

"I inherit my business sense, that's all," she admitted. "My grandmother used to manage an estate back in Indiana (no, I'll never go back there), and my mother has always been financially independent. It's always been easy for me to discuss salary and contracts and such things.

"As to achieving happiness, I simply believe in taking every experience, pleasant or not, as part of the training an actress must undergo in order to attain sympathy and understanding—and greatness.

"I never let anything bother me for long—I don't take anything or myself seriously. I think that's the first rule for being happy, and the second one is to try always to be a good sport and give the other fellow a break!"



Mrs. Nathalie Bucknall, head of the M-G-M research department checks the costume Elizabeth Allan will wear in "David Copperfield," and you get a slight idea as to the job it is to get authentic production detail.

and still remain friends with Bill. And if we should not see each other for years at a time, we would still feel close to each other and would always understand each other.

"I don't care whom he goes with; in fact, he tells me all about the girls he takes out and asks me what I think of them. And the funny part of that is that while I don't resent them, *they all resent me!* When I meet them any place they lose their composure and giggle and talk nervously."

"But don't you think any other woman who likes Bill Powell has a right to be jealous of you? This very bond that you admit exists between you may prevent his ever caring deeply for someone else—yet you don't want to be married to him yourself. Isn't that a little like a 'dog in the manger'?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. I really wouldn't mind if Bill married again—though I don't think he should. For he is not meant for marriage. He has lived alone so long that he doesn't need a woman around him always—that is why we are divorced today, and are so happy about it.

"Bill can run his own home perfectly—

peak of my success, now. I want to enjoy the short period allotted any of us at the top, then I want to retire and watch youngsters have their chance. I love to see youth succeed—I've been through so much struggle myself and I know the pleasure of 'arriving.' I want to see others have the same joy."

This, then, is the remarkable philosophy of the little girl from Fort Wayne, Indiana, who came to Hollywood as plain Jane Peters and remained to become the beautiful Carole Lombard, one of the screen's most potent stars.

It was when Jane was quite small that the Peters family moved to the cinema capital and she received her early schooling in the shadows of the studios, later attending Hollywood High School from which she frequently "played hooky" in order to call upon casting directors with pleas that she be given a chance in pictures. At last her "break" came—when she was fifteen, as Carole Lombard she was given her first part, a lead opposite Edmund Lowe in a film made at the old Fox Studio.

Other rôles followed and she remained on that lot for a year, then going to Mack Sennett for several years' training in comedy

From Usherette to Millionaire's Wife

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explanation of what she has to face, you must not, however, judge that Raquel has never enjoyed advantages of any kind. She is not a little barbarian, without the slightest knowledge of formality and the laws of etiquette. Nor is she one devoid of all sense of propriety, to whom money is a god, wealth to be snatched up wherever it may be found. Rather, she is a carefully reared young woman of breeding, whom Fate decreed must earn her own living at seventeen.

Half-German, quarter-French and quarter-Spanish, Raquel was born Wilhelmina Ostermann in Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico. Her father was a mining man. At the age of a year and a half, the mother died and Wilhelmina, or Raquel, as we'll call her henceforth, was brought up by a Mexican nurse.

When she was seven, the Ostermann family moved to Los Angeles and Raquel went to live at the Sacred Heart Convent, to be educated and acquire a knowledge of the duties expected of a good wife. Neither Raquel nor the good sisters who taught her, however, were to guess how well she had to prepare herself in later life to be the wife of a rich man. She remained happily cloistered at the convent until she was sixteen.

Living in the midst of the studios, Raquel naturally was eager to gain access to them and work as an extra. But her father, then in the real estate business, refused her pleas for a career, even forbidding her to think of acting as "Atmosphere" in any of the film plants.

Her father suffered a stroke and was taken, seriously ill, to the hospital. The possibility of his recovery seemed doubtful indeed. Raquel, then, decided that the time had arrived for her to think of finding work, to support her sister, Renée, and herself. Accordingly, she secured a job as usherette at the Chinese Theatre, where she could see at first-hand her favorites of the screen, as well as earn needed money.

Several months at the Chinese convinced her she could make no headway as a theatre usher, so she appealed to her father's business partner to aid her. He promised to introduce her to Al Christie, the comedy producer, whom he knew.

On the drive to the studio, her friend suggested she change her name, since her own was not suitable for an actress. The sound of Wilhelmina Ostermann scarcely intrigued the imagination. He thought Toro would make a nice cognomen, but Raquel indignantly declared everyone knew that meant "bull."

"You introduce me as a popular dancer from Mexico City and I will have a new name ready when you introduce me," the little dark-eyed señorita said.

The realtor extolled the ability of the newcomer to the producer and when the latter asked her name, she answered quickly, "Raquel Torres." In those moments did she forever cast aside Wilhelmina Ostermann for the more colorful Raquel Torres.

For three months, she appeared as a bathing beauty and played small parts in Christie Comedies with Bobby Vernon and Billy Dooley. Her father, meanwhile, was sinking, rapidly getting worse, and the strands of the family exchequer were badly strained. Most of Raquel's salary went to pay the father's hospital and doctor bills, and little remained for herself and Renée.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, at this time, started searching for a girl to play the native lead in "White Shadows in the South Seas." Two hundred and fifty girls

were tested and rejected. The studio, in desperation, asked the Mexican consulate in Los Angeles to help them in their quest. Not long before, Raquel had won a beauty contest sponsored by the Mexican newspapers published in Los Angeles. The result was that the consul's office telephoned Raquel and suggested she try out for the rôle.

Looking back, Raquel is vastly amused by what happened. "Christie was planning on making me a leading lady," she explains, a dark smile lighting up her beautiful face. "So when I went out to the studio for an interview and met Hunt Stromberg, the producer, I felt very independent and announced I wouldn't make the test unless Mr. Stromberg himself directed it. It's customary, you know, for a director or assistant director to make such tests, but I insisted on having Mr. Stromberg. He laughingly agreed, and several days later the studio phoned me I had been selected for the part of the native girl in the picture."

What should have been a joyous time for Raquel turned out to be a sad experience.

Her father died the day before the "White Shadows" company sailed for Tahiti and the South Seas, and his funeral services had to be deferred many months until the little actress returned to Hollywood. As a result of her splendid performance, Metro gave her a long-term contract. Then, and only then, was she able to indulge in expenditures other than the bare necessities of life—the first time since her father had gone to the hospital nearly a year before.

Raquel met Stephen Ames while the latter was visiting in California. They were introduced at a party, and to her he confided many of his then domestic woes. (They were drawn to one another from the start.) They didn't meet a second time until a year later in New York, when Raquel was appearing on the stage. Meanwhile, Ames had been divorced.

When the dusky, starry-eyed actress went to London for personal appearances and to make a picture—"The Red Wagon," soon to be shown in this country—Ames literally burned up the cables and trans-Atlantic telephone in daily communication. He begged her to return immediately, to



A pedestal for Lili Damita seems entirely warranted, don't you think? Above is the bewitching Continental star, who will be seen again on the screen in an English production of "Brewster's Millions."

become his wife. So earnest was his pleading, so convincing his arguments that Raquel relented from her oft-repeated assertion she would not marry for many years and considered his proposal. She placed her name on the marriage license, though, only when she thought she was going to a lawyer's office with Ames, then discovered it was the license bureau. They were wed last April, the ceremony being solemnized just before the boat on which they were to journey to Hawaii on their honeymoon pulled out.

With a full and complete comprehension that she must do much to develop herself as Stephen Ames' wife, Raquel first of all has turned her attention to her accent. It is a fascinating accent, but she is attempting to rid herself of it entirely. To do this,

she goes to a voice teacher three times a week, and Ames helps her with a lesson two hours every day. By reading aloud, constant observation, diligent study and continuous repetition she hopes to be able to speak perfect English within a few months. But it is and will be a struggle.

The study of French occupies attention, too, as well as daily lessons in singing and voice culture. She is curbing a certain shrillness, and in its stead her voice is now well-modulated and musically soft.

Much of her time is devoted to reading books—not the best sellers alone but those calculated of value in a cultural way. Only small, intimate parties thus far have been given, so that she can act as hostess with a poise that might otherwise be disturbed were the affair over-large. With Ames

ever by her side, to aid her and guide her, she is blossoming forth with a new confidence, an air of assurance.

When their home, which they are planning now, is built in Bel Air—an exclusive residential district of spacious homes and grounds, reaching toward the sea from Beverly Hills—Raquel will be prepared to fill her throne with the ease and grace of a queen. Her effervescent personality, delicately-moulded features and native intelligence will serve her well in the accomplishment of that which she has set out to attain, and as Mrs. Stephen Ames she is destined to go far. It is a long stride upward from usherette to millionaire's wife, but Raquel has bridged that gap with the most exquisite charm. Cinderella come to life—that's Raquel!

Do You Want to Raise Your Child to Be a Star?

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twinkling of an eye; how business men with fine, well-prepared minds find themselves unable to cope with economic problems. And, most pathetic of all, women accustomed to wealth left penniless and helpless. So many tragic examples have come to our attention, we wouldn't dare let our children grow up without trying to give them resources within themselves, so they will never be completely whipped."

Joan has two little girls, Diana, known as "Ditty" to her family, Bennett Fox, five years old; and little Melinda Markey, born Feb. 27th, 1934. They are not publicized in any manner. Their photographs cannot appear in newspapers and magazines. They never accompany their parents on anything that might seem like a publicity appearance. The desire is to keep them absolutely free from anything that would make them unlike other children.

When you saw Joan as *Amy*, that distinctive bit of femininity in "Little Women," I know you couldn't believe she was more than fourteen. You began racking your brain to think of what Bennett girl it was that married Gene Markey. You just knew it couldn't be *that* girl! Francis Lederer, with whom Joan plays in "Pursuit of Happiness" and I both agreed that she doesn't look over sixteen off the screen. But this young lady has serious ideas in her head.

"When I say," she continued, "that it will not displease me for my children to become actresses, I do not mean for a moment that I will do anything to direct their urge in that direction. It is not unlikely that Melinda will inherit some of her daddy's love of writing and select for herself a literary career. If so, I will not put any stones in her way. I can imagine now that I see signs of the actress in Ditty. She's quite a mimic for a girl of five. When they are older, I shall, of course, tell them the advantages and the exactions of this work as compared to others, and they will choose for themselves.

"Above everything, I want them to live normal lives, just as they would if Gene and I were not connected with picture work. They must have a well-balanced education. I shall naturally include in this all the things that will be of help should they decide upon a professional career, but they should have much more besides. I want them to know languages, literature, and art. I want them to dance, sing, and play. I want them to know the importance of keeping their bodies in perfect physical condition and also *how* to do this. And I want them to indulge in such outdoor sports as their fancy dictates. Personally, I have never cared about the more vigorous and exacting sports for girls. It is

likely to develop their muscles, when what they need is utter femininity and perfect health. All of this, you see, would be a part of their training for any kind of work."

These remarks of Joan's brought forcibly to my mind how each of the Bennett girls, Constance, Barbara, and Joan, possesses in a marked degree this "utter femininity." These children of Joan cannot escape great charm, methinks. Joan and her sisters have always been considered irresistible to men and Gene Markey possesses much more charm than is allotted to the average man. His intelligence and grace made him much sought-after even before he came to Hollywood.



Virginia Weidler, prominent member of the Legion of Youth which now is storming the heights for screen honors. Virginia scored as Europa, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Both of Joan's parents, Adrienne Morrison and Richard Bennett, in addition to their acknowledged histrionic ability, are exceptionally charming and attractive to the opposite sex. I seem to be repeating on this subject of *charm* but it is obviously so important a factor in the essential requisites for success on screen or stage that I cannot pass without stressing the natural endowments that Joan's children undoubtedly have, should they decide on a screen or stage career.

Joan says, "I want them to be, first of all, understanding individuals. I shall never even attempt to influence them in the line of their expression. Because I have found so much satisfaction and happiness in my screen work, I shall not be unhappy if my girls decide to adopt it also. They will be prepared, if possible, for whatever they want to do. Certainly if they want to be nuns or doctors instead of actresses, I shall not stand in their way. But they will enter any work with their eyes open.

"We shall begin then from there. I shall with the help of their father point out to them, as nearly as I can, what they would get from each vocation. As I see it, the overwhelming compensations for work in pictures will surely be convincing to them—if they have any bent in that direction.

"I shall never minimize the amount of work they will have to do—probably more than would be required of them in any other line of endeavor. I shall explain that many times there will be no rest for months; they will work sometimes both day and night. They may finish a picture on Monday night and start another on Tuesday morning. They may have to give their evenings and Sundays to the publicity department, the hairdresser, or the dramatic teacher. Not much of their time will belong to them.

"But I will tell them also that life will have a zest that is never-ending. Never will there be a dull day. Every morning they will awaken with eagerness for what the day holds, knowing that no two days will be alike.

"I shall tell them first that so far as money is concerned, there is no other occupation in the world that will yield such a large income. No women in America have earned as much as motion picture stars. Many women are wealthier by inheritance, but none have earned more. I use the word *earn* advisedly. They are not just paid large sums. They *earn* them.

"Really," she continued with a smile, "I think one of the most attractive features about this life is that actresses never grow old. A body will not become old unless the mind accepts the limitations of age. An actress never does, so old age is de-

ferred. They are compelled to keep a mental elasticity equal to youth. And I won't ever want to see my little girls grow old, no matter how inevitable it seems. I am doing all this talking about their future. Do you know we mothers almost hate to see our babies grow up? There are times when we wish we could keep them just as they are.

"But, wait a minute!" Joan interrupted herself. "There is one thing I had better straighten out now. I am saying a lot about letting them do their own choosing when they are grown, but I don't want you to get the impression that I have that attitude toward them while they are children. That seems a little silly to me. The people who are holding responsible positions in the State to-day were not allowed to do as they pleased when they were children. They were disciplined, and learned things they disliked as well as things they liked, and their foundation is right. If our children are not taught likewise, they will be soft—a generation of weaklings, unable to fill any useful place in society.

"Getting back to the advantages of a professional life," she said, "as picture stars they would contact the finest minds of the country. They get an outlook on life that only the alert, broad-minded picture players can supply. And they will have great opportunities to travel, as one picture may be laid in Spain and perhaps the next in Canada. They naturally absorb the knowledge of many peoples and countries.

"This profession also means that they will acquire charm, if they do not already possess it. Most actresses have an ease of manner and an attraction that makes them sought after everywhere.

"You think I am not naming many disadvantages to this profession?" she asked. "As a matter of fact I had a hard time thinking of the disadvantages that I named! You see, I love it and the people with whom I associate. You know I believe in them and admire them or I would not be willing for my little girls to take it up also.



Famous in Hollywood, and all former star members of gridiron varsity teams that made football history. Top row: Nick Foran, John Braue, John Mack Brown, Fay Wray (mascot of the team), Pat O'Brien, John Wayne, Charles Starrett. Bottom row: Norman McLeod, Lee and Dale Van Sickel, Andy Devine, William Bakewell.

"I think the Hollywood actresses are the most fortunate people in the world. If they spent fortunes securing college degrees, and years of study and travel to prepare them for a profession, they would not be rewarded as generously as they are now. Fame, prestige, and wealth, and the loveliest spot in the world in which to live.

"No conquering hero ever received greater acclaim than do the stars when they make public appearances. Magazines, newspapers, and the radio are all eager for news of the minutest details concern-

ing picture players. Their clothes, their homes, their cars, their very habits are publicized and avidly copied. And they work with the most interesting people in the world—clever people whom all other men and women of the world crave to meet.

"You probably are about to gather that I would like my daughters to become actresses! Better come back ten years from now, Maude, and I may be able to tell you more about it!"

And she rushed into the house to give Melinda her bottle.

Dates Under Guard with Janet Gaynor

Continued from page 17

is also a guard—that he kept in the mid-street line of traffic. That was so nobody could get on his left and force his car toward the curb. Also, he paced the speed of our car so that we never remained alongside another automobile for more than a few feet. That was so that no possible kidnappers could drive beside Miss Gaynor's car, and make any audacious moves. I also was aware that he maintained a goodly speed from the moment we passed through the gates of the Gaynor wall until we reached the theatre. Another thing that I heard later is that Hollywood police, aware of kidnapping dangers to persons of wealth, (and this certainly includes Janet), are lenient in the matter of speed; they realize that more plots can be worked against a slowly-driven motor than against one that is moving swiftly.

The return to the Gaynor home, following our date, was rather ceremonial. As we drew near the house, the driver gave a series of shrill toots on the peculiar horn that is a part of the car's equipment. It was a signal, evidently, for the gates opened just in time to admit us. The chauffeur stopped inside, long enough for the guard to close and bolt the entrance. This done, the guard stepped on the running board of the car and accompanied us on the brief journey to the side door. As

we moved up the driveway, lights flashed on suddenly, and the entire exterior of the house was bathed in a glare as bright as day. At the side door stood the second guard.

Both men stood quietly but alertly to one side, and the chauffeur sprang from his seat and opened the car's door. He too stood there until our party had entered the house. I turned to see what else would happen.

The guards and the chauffeur exchanged a quip or two. Then the chauffeur resumed his seat behind the wheel and moved off toward the garage. One guard walked down the driveway; the other raised his hand toward a set of electric switches. There was a quick snap of his fingers, and darkness again.

"Do all of your 'dates' go through this same ritual?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, of course," Janet said, then explained. "I've only had these guards a few days. After a while, when you've come once or twice more, they'll recognize you. Tonight you were a stranger. They are paid to guard against possible burglars or kidnappers."

"In other words," I commented, (dryly, I hope), "I look like a kidnapper or a burglar."

Janet looked me over carefully, only the

twinkle in her eye giving her away. "I'd say—a burglar," she decided. "I imagine kidnappers are more refined."

I made it a point to question Gene Raymond when next I met him. I asked him if he had yet been accosted by the Gaynor "army."

"Sure—but they know me now," he said. His answer didn't surprise me, because Gene is a steady caller at the Gaynor home.

"About the second time I went out to see Janet after she'd taken on the guards, I had been taking a test at the studio," Raymond said. "I still had on my make-up, which included a rough set of clothes and a dirty old cap. When I told the gateman that my name was Gene Raymond, I thought he was going to sock me. So I said in a hurry that I'd been at the studio, and I took off my cap. He flashed his spotlight on my hair, and then he recognized me."

Strangely, Janet is one of the screen stars who has never been visited by burglars, ransackers, or kidnappers. Many of the movie-famous have experienced marauders in one form or another, but aside from the threatening notes, (which most authorities agree with Miss Gaynor, were from fanatics), she has never been molested. Perhaps her sweet and appealing personality accounts for it!

"Life Begins" for Bill Powell

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Note the technic! W. C. Fields at a favorite pastime, and as famous at baking as eating 'em, too.

Evidently there are pests even in paradise!

There is a decided lilt to Mr. Powell these days. He isn't the sort of star who says, "Oh, well, I'm drawing down a big pay-check, so why worry?" He has an acute sense of responsibility to himself; he takes pride in giving a genuinely fine performance. A year ago, a series of mediocre pictures had him lower than low.

"I was miserable when I was assigned stories that couldn't possibly turn out well," he recounted. "It was stated, when my vehicles were excessively poor, that I'd had my choice on stories. The same charge was levelled at Ruth Chatterton. Bosh! We were simply allowed to choose one out of every three proffered plots; it was a case of picking the best 'lemon!'"

He argued himself blue in the face, endeavoring to protect the star name he had diligently developed. At nights he went over the lines and scenes for the next day, attempting to strengthen them by rewriting. When he left the studio where he'd been so discontented, he vowed never to tie himself to another long-term deal. But two pictures at M-G-M on a free-lance arrangement so impressed him that he relented and signed with this organization.

He is very modest about his renewed vogue.

"I attribute it to the dearth of mature, romantic men. Don't misunderstand me; I'm as astonished as any one else to find myself a hero! I classify myself as a 'done-over heavy.' I've had romance thrust on me because talkies are in an odd spot. Most of the leading feminine stars of today are thirty or more; they require romantic foils older than themselves. Hence the studios are utilizing old character actors like me!"

The modest Mr. Powell is perfectly content with Hollywood and acting. "I have only prayers of thanks for what's happened to me here. Once I dreamt of retiring when I earned a certain sum. Well, I've changed my mind. Four years ago I tried being a Riviera playboy; I lounged around Europe in the society manner and I never was so utterly bored! It was climbing off a hot griddle to discover that when the heat was gone you yearned to be burned anew.

"One is never positive how long he'll

last since talkies came in. Folks used to applaud their favorites in anything; now real entertainment is demanded and too many 'lemons' are fatal for a star. But I intend to continue acting until I'm too aged to wend my way across a sound stage!"

Glimpsing the wide, wide world sold him completely on Southern California as headquarters. He has built a beautiful new place in the most exclusive section of Beverly Hills, and moves into it shortly. It's the symbol of the new phase he's entering. Elaborate Early American with William Haines' interiors, it has all the trimmings. A sixty-foot swimming pool dominates the gardens.

I know that Bill Powell would rather sit than swim. When I asked him why he had constructed the largest private pool in Beverly, he revealed that one of the main things in his future is to be—*fatherhood!*

He has a nine-year-old son, who has been little mentioned. "I've not tried to keep Bill, Jr. a secret; I've merely thought that publicizing him would be bad for him. Ballyhoo is apt to make him conceited. As it is, he is attending public school and growing up a regular boy." (When Powell was acting on the New York stage he fell in love with his leading lady. Their marriage was dissolved before he came to Hollywood.)

"Junior lives in North Hollywood with his mother, who has retired. He spends his week-ends with me. I take him to track meets and all the sporting events; we ride together. He has a big playground at his home, with a trapeze and swings and everything kids enjoy." And have you guessed yet why the extra-length pool?

"It's for Junior's benefit. I've had racing lanes marked in it, and an intercollegiate diving board installed. Junior entered two swimming meets at the Hollywood Athletic Club and I want him to have every opportunity to be healthy and husky."

Bill Powell as a *father*—! You never fancied this urbane gentleman in this light, did you?

"I believe in encouraging a leaning in a child," he asserts, pride exuding as he talks of Junior. "My boy is quite a lot like me. He'll never be good in anything scientific or mathematical; he's inclined artistically, and displays particular aptitude for the piano. His mother takes him to hear all the finest pianists who come to Los Angeles; he copies their style and even composes. I tell him that if he learns to play the piano, and can hold his own at tennis and cards, that he will possess the door-openers to social good times.

"Personally, how I wish I'd been compelled to practice on the piano! Ronald Colman, Dick Barthelmess, Warner Baxter and I are always searching for an accompanist. We get a kick out of singing, but we're a quartet in constant search of a pianist. Each of us regrets we weren't far-seeing little tikes!"

Bill Powell was an only child. His parents moved from Pittsburgh, where he was born, to Kansas City. His father was an accountant, of middle-class means, and Bill was slated to be a lawyer.

"Because when I was a baby I'd stood up in my high-chair and bellowed authoritatively! My parents assumed I was fit for the bar and I blindly accepted their decision. That is, until I was eighteen and suddenly sensed that law and I had nothing in common!" Sent to the Univer-

sity of Kansas, Bill looked it over hastily and slipped back to his home with what was considered a revolutionary idea. He wanted to be an actor!

"That was absolutely fantastic to a Missouri family," he recalls. But he wasn't to be sidetracked. He proceeded to get a job in a telephone office, resolved to earn his tuition at New York's most famous dramatic school.

"Tuition for the two-year course was \$1400. I earned \$60 a month at the 'phone company. It was my plan to save \$50 and at this rate I'd have enough for the first year in fourteen months. I didn't have to pay for room or board at home, and my mother put up my lunch daily. I took it to work in a paper bag!"

Unfortunately, he fell in love with a girl who resided in a suburb of Kansas City. Visiting her was death on his savings. "After I'd been working a couple of months I found I was getting farther and farther from the school at a fast pace. Finally, I resolved to appeal to a rich old aunt in Pennsylvania.

"I composed a masterful letter. Actually it was twenty-three pages long! I dis-coursed upon my fitness for an acting career; I begged her to loan me the money to go to New York and the dramatic school. I assured her that if she failed to succor me that she'd be in remorse even beyond the grave! She had aided a number of relatives with rather disappointing results, but the very zest of my epistle overwhelmed her. I boldly asked for \$1400; she sent half that amount."

Flash-back to Bill Powell, deserting Kansas City for Broadway. He studied like mad for a year, then was out in the cold, cruel world trying, literally, to become an actor.

"I landed a part at \$15 a week. It didn't last long." The winter of 1912 is indelible in his mind. "I was so unsuccessful as an actor that I walked around in a sad state. An artist was a pal of mine. We existed in an attic apartment with the minimum of accessories. We touched the depths when we went hungry for two days, the electricity was disconnected, and the roof leaked unmercifully!"



David Holt goes west for a character to impersonate just to prove that he can look the part in any rôle.

If winter comes, spring isn't far behind, provided you keep on existing. Bill Powell somehow managed and blossom time brought a part in a roadshow. *He played forty-two weeks of one-night stands.* Don't tell him about the gruelling hardships of climbing the stellar ladder!

Stock engagements in various cities followed. It was six years before he won a supporting rôle on Broadway, and two years more before he stepped into his first Broadway lead. This, if you're checking, was eight years after he'd started acting! "It was thirteen years before I could repay my aunt," he admits.

In 1921 Bill made his film début in an Eastern studio. It was in a John Barrymore production. Gradually he began to stand out as a villain. Then, stamped as a picture-stealer, he was eventually rewarded with top billing himself. And his versatility transformed him into a sympathetic lead.

He judges his performances severely. His four best, in his own estimation, were in "The Bright Shawl," "Beau Geste," "Interference," and "Street of Chance." Deliberate about learning his rôles, he detests being rushed into a part for which he has not prepared at length.

Exceedingly bashful by nature, he has cultivated a mask of suavity until it has become almost real. But his practical jokes with his pals show that he is still a kid at heart. I am wondering if the venerable painting of Barthelmess is to hang in the swanky new abode? What, you haven't heard of Bill's prize possession?

It seems that a fan sent Barthelmess a fine painting of Dick at his best. When going to Europe a few years ago, Dick thought it would be a nice present to leave Bill. When he came back to Hollywood, he was more than startled to find his portrait hung above Bill's bar, with a fearful mustache decorating his erstwhile smoothly shaven face. Bill dignifiedly wiped off this adornment, and does so every time Dick Barthelmess pops over—which is often. It's gone on and off so frequently that the very lips are practically in shreds!

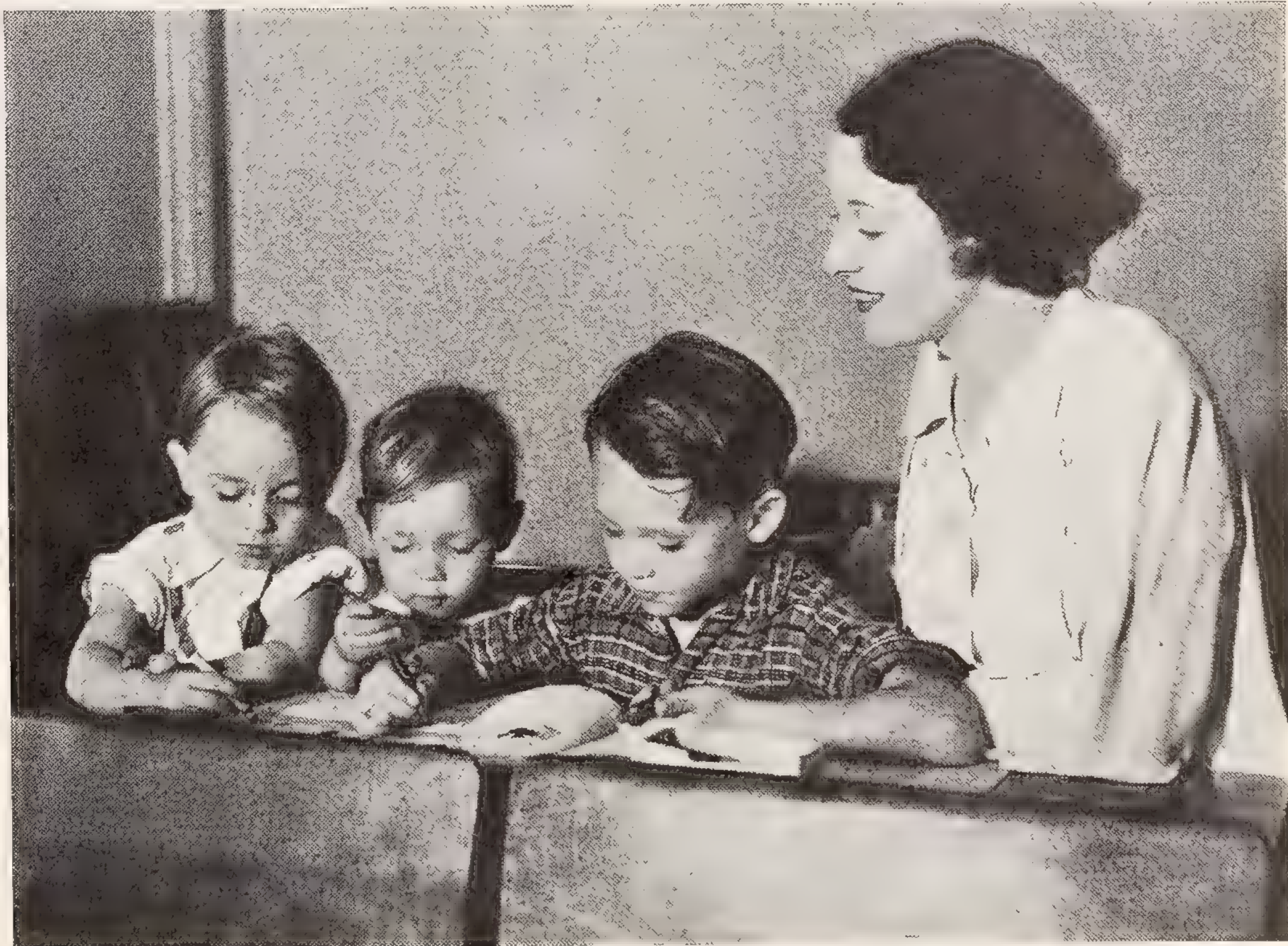
Worrying has always been Bill Powell's hobby. Now that he doesn't have to fuss over where his next check is coming from, or fume over his rôles, he is worrying

about where the screen actors of tomorrow are to get started.

"At least when I started we had a wealth of stock companies to practice on. But today the stage is more difficult, for amateurs anyway. I think we old-timers are in the money because we're staple products. We've had a great deal of experience, years either on the stage or in pictures and generally in both mediums.

Nevertheless, granting the tribulations of getting a break and succeeding today, remember, too, the odds Bill Powell himself was up against. His charm is undeniable, but sheer determination carried him to where he is. And has the battle been worth the strife and sorrows, the climaxes and anti-climaxes?

"Emphatically yes!" he exclaimed as I was departing. "As for whatever I have failed to acquire or hold, I have just my-



Movie stars, but they go to school just like any other boys—or rather school goes to them. But it's the same thing—lessons every day. Above, Billy Lee, Baby LeRoy, David Holt and their teacher, Rachel Smith.

"Becoming a star has always been the toughest thing in the world, for the odds are a hundred-thousand-to-one. Now, with the talkies demanding fine diction and the 'color' which is gained only by much actual acting, it's more difficult than ever! We must find some solution. Right this minute my only advice for aspiring young players is—'God help you!'"

self to blame!" That I took as a reference to his two unhappy tries at matrimony. Spoken like a gentleman and a scholar—and this man Powell is both. He deserves having reached his current enviable spot where—wealthy, worldly and wise, beyond the elemental struggle for existence and the passionate heartbreaks of youth—*life begins!*

How Hollywood Came to the University

Continued from page 25

ences, and they must take examinations."

"Then I'll do those things," she answered.

And she does them. What is more, she does them so much better than the average college student, that, as my acquaintance with her grew and the keenness of her mind delighted me at every new comment upon old material, I began to realize that as we rate intelligence in a university, this girl was well within the upper twenty per cent. I actually felt cheated that she could not go to college—not that she needed it, particularly, for books are open to everyone—but that it needed her. Think of the jaded, weary professors who were missing the liveliness of her remarks and the revivifying effect of her exuberant youth; think of the young and vital ones who would have found an appreciative audience in her—not to mention the pleasure of getting befuddled with their notes through looking at her! If you have gone through the mill of English literature, you will remember how you struggled from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon period through the Middle Ages,

and greeted with thanksgiving some gleam of light in the Renaissance. Paulette had no such difficulties. Beowulf, (you know, he comes first in the text-book), she translated calmly to a modern chest-thumper.

"He thought he was good, and he *was* good. He was always thumping his chest and saying, 'I can do it.'" (This with appropriate gestures.) "All of his men peeked through the keyhole—if they had keyholes in those days—but they wouldn't come in to help him—oh, no!"

But for that beautiful, melancholy lyric of our ancestors, "The Wanderer," she had nothing but reverence, reading the lines with the combination of intelligence and high esthetic sense which makes me shift all the necessary reading to her—for my own pleasure.

"I'd like to have this book," she decided. Always now, when we find an author that she likes, she must have the book for her library. It is a fast-growing one, containing not only the books which she finds for herself but the autographed copies of

modern writers who have met her and found her as vivid and appreciative as I do.

"I was reading Spengler's 'Decline of the West' yesterday," she will remark. "He covers a tremendous amount of material with his beautiful style." Then suddenly she contrasts an earlier author. "He's not a bit like Macaulay though; I can't read Macaulay." (I secretly sympathize with her.) "I have just received Will Durant's new book. He has style, too," she will add. Then we talk of all the modern authors who have contributed signed copies to this library she is accumulating.

One of the most gratifying things about Paulette Goddard is the fact that precedent does not dictate her favorites among books. A sample of Malory's "Le Morte D'Arthur" sent her post-haste for a copy. Stories of *Tristan and Iseult*, of *Arthur, Guinevere*, and *Lancelot* found an echo immediately in her. And why not? She is, after all, sister to these women, *Iseult* of the dark hair, *Elaine*, the lovable, and the grey-eyed

Guinevere. The romance of "Aucassin and Nicolette" delighted her also; again, I could see her kinship with the maiden *Nicolette*, 'bright of brow.' Had she lived in those earlier, simpler days of the worship of beauty, she, too, would have been a legend. Yet perhaps, even in our complicated day, which she understands better than do many students of political science and economics, she may be a new kind of moving picture legend. I hope so, because of her rare sense of values. Of course, I am chiefly delighted with that sense when it is applied to literature, when it renders to Geoffrey Chaucer the deep chuckle that is his due, a sound that should stir his dust pleasurably in the grave; when it gives reverence to the sonnets of Shakespeare, and glorious youth to the rolling lines of Marlowe. However, that same sense of values regulates her personal life and her outlook upon the world.

Now all of this talk of Paulette Goddard's mind may seem irrelevant to the beauty-hunter who has not yet learned that the rarest type of beauty, and the most permanent, is that combined with the highest intelligence. He may also doubt my word and demand concrete evidence. Well, I too, wanted concrete evidence of my pupil's superiority; and, consequently, I

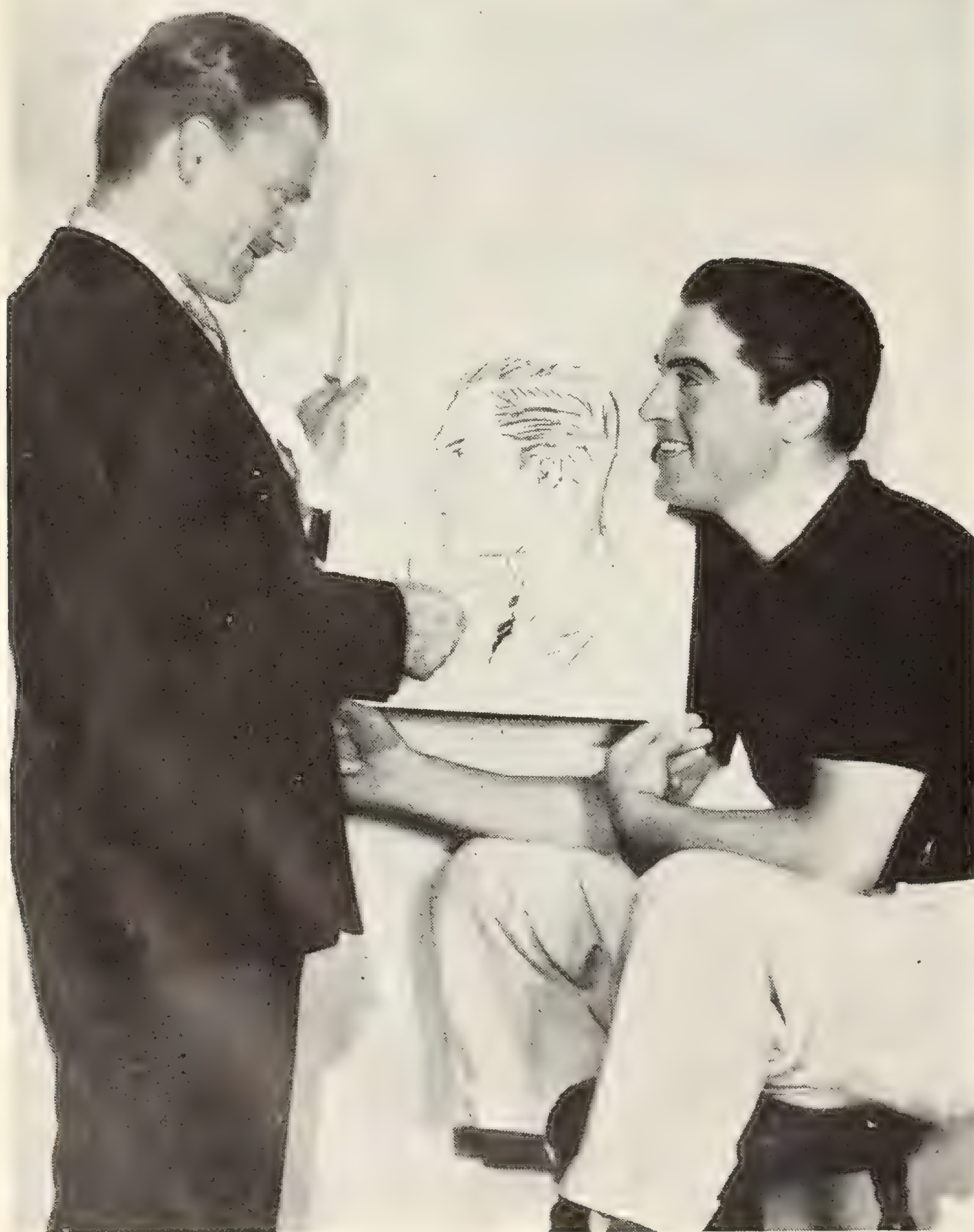
conceived the idea of a battery of intelligence tests such as are sometimes given to freshmen entering the university. These tests, you understand, are highly perfected. They are intended to judge a student's thinking powers, and they are limited to that province. In our grammar schools such tests segregate students into super-bright, average, and sub-normal. In case you distrust such ratings, I can tell you that their predictions have been found to be eighty-five per cent correct! That is a terrifying accuracy for mere tests. Of course, we do not claim that they can judge character: persistence, integrity, or caniness that often make successes of men who have little native endowment. These tests are indices of native intelligence; they will tell the parent or the teacher whether a child has a "genius intelligence quotient," is merely average, or below average, but the accomplishment of all that his native ability would prophecy depends upon many other qualities and circumstances.

For those unfamiliar with intelligence tests, let me explain that an "intelligence quotient," or I.Q., is taken from the mental age of a child divided by his physical age; that is to say, if he is ten and reacts like a child of sixteen, his score will be very, very high, in the genius class; if he is six-

teen and answers on the ten-year level, the less said the better! Of course, the tests are most valid during the grammar school and early high school years. When a student is of college age, he is usually given a score in a percentile grouping with other students' scores rather than an intelligence quotient.

Paulette Goddard is young enough so that her rating can be of significance. I shall not tell you her age. It is sufficient to say that she falls within the group where a score can still be given with meaning. I brought the tests and told her to put away her knitting. (When she recites, she knits, makes all of her own sweaters until she has so many that she will never in the world be able to use them all!) She gladly abandoned knitting for this new game. I held the stop-watch and glanced from it now and then to her excited face as she moved her lips over difficult answers and raced through the simpler ones, for these tests are really something like hurdle races. At all events, I expected results, and I got them. Paulette made a score of sixty-two out of a possible seventy-five. That is a remarkably large number of correct answers. It is above eighty per cent of students registered in colleges; it is above ninety per cent of the general public. A score of forty-two is the average for non-college people, while fifty-two is the average of college students. Since, although you may doubt me, it is seldom that a student arrives as far as college with an I.Q. lower than one hundred and twenty, you may see that, had Paulette been tested during her grammar school days, she would have been rated perilously close to genius. Really, she had not the advantage of the child who has been taking such tests in the grades, who knows the general processes and is set to react in a certain way. She was meeting this cold, impersonal judgment for the first time in her life, knowing that she might be sadly disillusioned about herself—but, this time, there was no disillusionment, but rather the highest encouragement.

Perhaps these findings do not seem, at first glance, to be important. The fact that Paulette is young, beautiful, and of the upper twenty per cent of college students in intelligence may be comforting to the teacher but of little value elsewhere, you will say. Personally, I feel that the intelligence score of Paulette Goddard is of far more importance to her art, or profession, than is her beauty. Whatever she may or may not become, she is a person for whom we should have been glad in any walk of American life, with her mind that turns klieg lights on everything it encounters, and the remarkable discrimination that makes it possible for her to reject and approve on her own responsibility. Fortunately, she will be in a position where her accomplishments and personality will reach a far greater number of people than does the Phi Beta Kappa. Whether she will fulfill the prophecy of genius and become one of our great actresses depends upon many factors besides intelligence. But this should be the primary one. Place with it her persistence, charm, and joy of living; remember that even if all the actresses in Hollywood have these things, her mental equipment would be rare even in a highly selected group, and you have the possibilities of this girl who is soon to be seen in Mr. Chaplin's picture. I would not say of her merely, as did the New York critic, "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships," but, this face and mind may launch new ships in the motion picture stream, and as more and more like her follow the art, the story of how Hollywood came to the university may well be how the university went to Hollywood, even more blithely than it sometimes goes now!



James Cagney's gifts for artistic expression are not restricted to histrionics, as you see above. Caricaturing is another Cagney gift. Note the sketch he is completing of Phil Regan. Jim and Phil are fellow-actors at the same studio, where Cagney stars in comedy and Regan as a singing juvenile.

You Don't Know Norma Shearer

Continued from page 29

sort of made a catalogue of the Shearer personality. She has a passion for exquisite nighties with lots of frou-frou, and for new shoes which she adores "breaking in," and for expensive perfumes and flowers. When she was a kid and her mother would give her a quarter for a movie and a chocolate ice cream soda little Norma would invariably stop at the florist's on the corner and buy herself a lovely fragrant rose. She likes to stand on her head, (much to the delight of Irving, Junior, who thinks his mother is better than the man on the flying trapeze any day), and she likes to make resolutions, nice upright, moral resolutions—but she never keeps them. She adores going under an anesthetic because it gives her such a delicious feeling of floating on clouds, and she simply dotes on lying in a bathtub full of warm water and sometimes stays in the tub for hours and hours.

Every morning she makes out a schedule of her appointments for the day, and she really means very conscientiously to keep each and every one of them at the hour designated—and then she jumps into that tub of warm soapy water, and all her good intentions are forgotten. The whole day gets confused and Norma is just keeping her luncheon date when the guests are arriving for tea. I asked Norma once if this little trick of always being late didn't bring on major difficulties when she and Mr. Thalberg were "sparking." "Heavens, no," Norma replied with a giggle. "Mr. Thalberg would 'phone that he was com-

ing to take me out to dinner at seven, but invariably he would be detained at the studio with his conferences, and he would appear in my living-room looking most dejected and fully expecting me to go into a dramatic tirade with tears and gestures because I had had to wait two hours for him. But you see my day had become all involved as usual and I hadn't gotten home myself more than a bare twenty minutes before he arrived. There was never any ranting around about lateness in our courtship—we were both always late."

Norma has several very quaint superstitions. For instance, she always takes the same road to and from the studio. She has the same make-up box she has carried for years, and the same dressing-room on the Metro lot she has always had. (The dressing-room superstition is the one most often met up with in Hollywood). I have never heard of any star, except Claudette Colbert, who was willing to change her dressing-room after she had become famous. Norma believes in certain pieces of apparel being lucky. If she wears a new dress and has a good time in it, or something grand happens to her while she is wearing it, she will call it her good-luck dress and if you're one of her close friends you are destined to see that dress again and again. But if she has had luck in a brand new and expensive Patou model back it goes to the clothes closet and she'll probably never wear it again. She thinks red clothes are bad luck for her and consequently she never wears red. Green, blue and white, she believes, are her lucky colors. Friday is her lucky day—and she offers up a little prayer to the gods of the Metro studio that her pictures will be previewed on Friday.

Sophisticated in a delightful way, Norma is still just as sentimental as a rose pressed in a memory-book. She has kept everything that Irving Thalberg ever gave her, even the most trifling of his remembrances. And naturally she has kept everything of her little boy's from his first baby shoes on. One of her hobbies is to keep her old stills and she has a perfect set of them from every picture she has ever played in. She doesn't at all mind recalling her first days in pictures when she was rather a chubby country-maidish-looking young girl—those are her favorite stills.

Norma has a habit of washing her hands a hundred times a day. Even when she is on the set in the midst of a dramatic scene her maid will bring a bowl of warm water and soap every quarter of an hour. She just can't bear to think that there might be some dirt on her hands. (I can't explain this hand-washing complex unless Norma's mother attended a performance of "Macbeth" before Norma was born and was much impressed by Lady Macbeth's "Out, out, damned spot. Out, I say!") But Norma's passionate love for warm water and soap is certainly reflected in her daily life, for no one has ever seen her that she didn't radiate cleanliness. Her face always looks as if it had just been freshly scrubbed. But—*tsh, tsh, tsh*—Norma bites her nails, won't go to sleep so long as she can hear a clock ticking, and is a terrific liar. She very frankly admits that at sometime or another she has lied to everyone in her life—except her husband.

But even if she does bite her nails, and tell lies, and stand on her head, I am fully convinced that Norma Shearer is the most glamorous bit of femininity in Hollywood. Possibly because she is a little bit mad. Possibly because she is so utterly



Now it's fingerprints as well as signatures the autograph hounds want. And Jean Harlow, above, obliges.

and divinely unconscious of herself, of her beauty and her charm. Unlike most of the exotic stars, Norma Shearer's glamor is the vital kind, and not the languid kind of a Garbo, a Dietrich, a Crawford or a Bennett. Her excessive vitality is her dominant trait. She just can't be rational about it.

Helen Hayes likes to tell of the weekend she spent with the Thalbergs on somebody's luxurious yacht. Everyone was quite content to relax on deck and gaze dreamily at the sea for hours—but not so Miss Shearer. She disappeared for a couple of hours and when Helen found her below deck late in the afternoon she was busily stretching a clothes line. "I've washed the entire Thalberg laundry," Norma announced happily. "Thirty-seven pieces in all. Now I think I'm going to clean out that closet."

I talked with Helen Hayes on the "What Every Woman Knows" set recently, and as usual the conversation eventually turned to Norma Shearer. She is one of Helen's best friends, and Helen insists that the trip the Thalbergs and the MacArthurs took together to Europe was the maddest, merriest vacation she's ever had. "Norma is so utterly unaware of the people around her," Helen said. "I think her glamor lies in that complete lack of self-consciousness. For instance, one day on the Conte di Savoia Norma and Irving, Junior, and Mr. Thalberg and I were walking around the boat and found ourselves at the swimming pool. The people in the pool all recognized Norma, but she was simply oblivious to their stares. Little Irving wanted to go for a swim, and he wanted to go at once, so Norma, polo coat, beret, sport shoes and everything, jumped into the pool with him and proceeded to paddle around on her stomach in the shallow water. Some of the swimmers seemed quite horrified. Mr. Thalberg and I pretended that we didn't know that awful woman."

"Norma is an extremely glamorous person—and you should have seen the men on the boat flop over backwards every time she entered a room—but with all this poise and glamor she has an endearing lack of surety in herself. I love her for this. For instance, one night in New York we were getting ready for a formal dinner party



"Not so hot," says Mary Livingstone, as Jack Benny shows off a new hat he brought from Hollywood.

when Norma was taken with a sort of stage-fright. 'I can't go to the party,' she said. 'I haven't a thing to wear. I can't face those people without a new gown.' Of course if the famous Norma Shearer appeared at the party in an old sackcloth she would still be the belle of the ball, but I couldn't convince her of that. So, although she had seven trunks full of clothes, and although it was six o'clock and the dinner was at eight, there was nothing to do about it but put in an emergency call for Hattie Carnegie and have her send up her most devastating new models at once. As soon as Norma, like any other

woman, had a new dress she regained her lost confidence and went to the party and had a grand time.

"And there was the morning in Cannes when Norma came into my room, looking mournfully dejected. 'I hate my face,' she announced. 'I want to look entirely different. I'm going to Antoine's and have him cut off my hair, or bleach it, or something.' I nearly fell out of bed. Here was Norma Shearer, famous motion picture star, envied by the women of the world who would give their dearest possessions to look like her—here she was hating her face and her hair and wanting to look like

somebody else. Fortunately for her public Antoine assured Norma that her hair was already perfection itself and definitely refused to try any tricks."

Well, you can have your languid ladies of the screen if you want them but me—me, now—I'm the kind of a gal that likes a little vitality in my glamor, a little lack of surety, and a big dash of madness. So I choose Norma Shearer to play Elizabeth Browning, Marie Antoinette, and all the famous heroines of history. I'll be mighty happy to see her Marie Antoinette—at least six times happier, I should say, than I am now.

Here's Important News If You Would Have a Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 57



Franchot Tone goes collegiate—to say nothing of going for the most attractive girl—in his new picture in which Margaret Lindsay is Tone's love interest. Above, a scene which seems to indicate it's a good idea to team Franchot and Margaret.

chair. Sit straight in the chair with the back pressed against the back of the chair. Draw the abdomen up hard and press down with the elbows, holding the position until aware of the muscle stretch. This can be practised anywhere and eventually becomes a habit, resulting in stronger breast muscles, reduced abdomen and slenderer waist.

Do not expect immediate results. Anything worth while takes time.

Another excellent exercise is crossing the hands in front of the chest and violently throwing the arms out to the side and back again. This should be done in moderation at first, gradually increasing the strokes up to thirty. Ten strokes are enough at first.

Or you can vary it with these exercises: 1. Cross hands in front of chest. In one motion, hurl arms to the sides and up above your head. Stand erect while you do this, steadying the body with the abdominal muscles. 2. Make your hands into fists and stretch them straight out in front of you; press them hard together and draw them in toward the chest. Watch yourself in the mirror as you do these exercises; the breasts should be raised almost an inch.

For girls who wish to develop their busts, there are a variety of exercises. Since many of them require that the arms be

raised above the head, I put in a word of warning for those who have even a slight heart affection. Raise your arms only to the horizontal plane until your doctor advises you that it is safe to do more vigorous movements.

There is an exercise with a rod that is graceful as well as beneficial. If you do this to the radio or a good record, you can get fun out of it as well as benefit.

Stand with feet wide apart, holding the rod in both hands, well toward the ends. Bend forward, swinging rod down. Straighten and swing rod up above the head. Swing arms backward, lowering rod behind you. Raise right arm, lower left; then raise left arm and lower right. Bring rod back above head, and swing down to first position again. Repeat.

This is an old army routine, but it exercises all the chest muscles.

Stand with feet well apart, as before. Raise the arms sidewise over the head, inhaling through the nose; lower the arms to first position while exhaling through the mouth. This will expand the chest and exercise the pectoral muscles.

Feet still apart, raise arms forward and upward with palms facing up, inhaling deeply through the nose, as before. Exhale

through the mouth as you bring the arms down, but when you reach the horizontal plane, turn the palms downward.

Now sit against the wall, making your spine touch the wall all the way down. Raise arms, palms upward, inhaling deeply; then slowly lower them, as you exhale. The arms should be slightly more than the width of the shoulders apart.

1. Stand erect, with head thrown back, feet together, elbows raised on a line with the chest. The arms are bent, the hands in front of the chest, palms downward, thumbs touching the chest. Inhale deeply while you open the arms firmly, describing the half-circle with the hands until the arms are in a perfect line with the shoulders, outstretched. At the same time throw the weight of the body forward, rising on toes, the lungs being fully inflated; the upper trunk muscles are used. In that position pause a second or two, then relax, falling back on heels. Exhale naturally, and bring the arms back to the chest again. Repeat ten to twenty times. This exercise should be taken regularly night and morning.

2. Fold arms over the chest, raise elbows to shoulder level, clench fists. Now pull the arms apart out straight at the sides, keeping the chest muscles tense all the time. Reverse motion, and repeat.

3. Stand erect, feet together, chin in, chest elevated, arms hanging relaxed at sides, palms out. Raise right arm up over head and swing it backwards in a wide circle, straightening the arm on the downward pull with palm facing front. Repeat the movement with each arm alternately, and with rhythm, wind-mill fashion. This can be done to music with good effect.

Several correspondents write asking if they are too old to have any hope of acquiring a decent figure. Their ages, as given, vary from 29 to 42. One woman, who is 34, gives her weight as 135 pounds; her measurements: hips 36½, waist 26, bust 33. She thinks herself too flat-chested. Some of those who write do not give any measurements, others approximate the ones given here, so we will take these for discussion.

Many of our Hollywood stars' measurements run rather like these. Their hips are usually between 34 and 36, and waist measurement is about ten inches less. Movie stars don't weigh 135 pounds, I grant you, but I have no way of knowing how much this correspondent's bones weigh. If the weight is in muscle and bone and not in fat, she need have no concern. If it is in fat, it can be reduced. As for the bust measurement, one inch is all you need and that shouldn't be hard to develop, if you go about it seriously.

In following a course of exercises, please stick to the routines published in the various articles in SCREENLAND. I am selecting these routines for the perfect development of the entire body, so don't devote all your

exercise time to perfecting one set of muscles.

Playing tennis is good exercise, but remember that it develops just one side of the body. Have you ever noticed that a wrestler's neck is always short and squatty because certain other muscles are over-developed? A lumberjack is always top-heavy.

Be careful in swimming to swim correctly. Use either the Australian crawl or the breast stroke for exercising. The breast stroke accomplishes simultaneously everything you want. You form the habit of keeping the chest expanded and raised, of keeping the back contracted and flat.

Girls who need bust development are often underweight and of a nervous disposition. Remember, girls of this type, that you must have sufficient rest. Don't let anything interfere with eight or more hours' sleep every night. Nothing will pull you down so quickly as loss of sleep. Don't let yourself worry just before you go to bed. It's hard to stop fretting after you get into bed if you've worked yourself up. That little line that is supposed to have been a favorite with Abraham Lincoln: "This, too, shall pass away," is a good thing to repeat to yourself when you are faced with some distressing situation. And don't forget that what looks black in the evening will look brighter tomorrow morning, as a rule.

Have a comfortable bed in a well ventilated room, and learn to relax. Don't rush during the day. That harried feeling can be offset by deciding what it is possible to do and then not attempting to do more. Get up in time to do your morning exercises without haste, to eat your breakfast calmly, without eying the clock between mouthfuls and working up nervous indigestion. Do the things that must be done, but don't exhaust yourself worrying because you can't do more.

Plenty of fresh air is essential to the thin, nervous girl. Try walking short distances instead of getting on a bus or taking out the car. When you walk, hold your head up, breathe deeply and evenly, and walk with a swing from the hips. Enjoy your walk.

Here is another fine exercise for developing the chest and bust: Stand erect about

three feet away from the corner of a room. Place the palms of the hands against the two walls at shoulder level and about one foot away from the juncture of the walls at the corner. Lean forward, keeping your body straight from the shoulders to the ankles, until your chest is on a level with your hands. Push back and repeat ten times.

Round shoulders and shallow breathing go hand in hand, as I believe I told you before. Most people are not conscious of

the fact that they do not breathe deeply, but if you have a narrow flat chest and stooped shoulders you can be fairly sure that that is what is wrong. The exercise given above will do a lot for this condition.

Here is the bad news about bust development or reduction: It will take you about a year to get real results, so you must be patient. I know that a year is a long time to wait for results, but I can't help it. It will be very much worth your while to give the time.



Standing-by the "stand-in." Jane Clark, Verree Teasdale's stand-in, does many favors for the stars. Now they reciprocate, as Verree plays hair-dresser and Lionel Atwill manicurist, on the set for a new picture.

James Davies' Answers to Letters

Barbara Marie Sorinski, Paterson, New Jersey. Do not attempt to massage your abdomen. Unless you are very skillful you will injure yourself. Don't worry, exercise regularly taken over several months will help. Two weeks is too short a time to expect results. I am devoting an entire article shortly to reducing the hips. Try rolling on the floor with arms crossed on chest night and morning, for hip reducing. For abdomen, try lying on floor and raising legs, one at a time and then together. Let them down slowly—doing it *slowly* gives the necessary pull.

Mary Lou Brewster, Colorado, Texas. Relaxed muscles cause dropped stomach. Regular exercise to strengthen and build up muscles will gradually pull the dropped organs back into place. Do the abdomen flattening exercise recommended above.

Mrs. L. Miller, Emeryville, California. You say you eat one meal a day and yet complain of overweight. I would advise you to split up the meal. Evidently your

digestion cannot take care of a heavy meal and the food distends the stomach and causes you to take on fat. Try eating three smaller meals a day. Take fruit juice after each meal to help digestion.

Mrs. B. Salmon, New York City. In place of shellfish, try small piece of broiled chicken. From your letter I should judge that you had best consult a physician about your condition before adopting a diet or attempting to exercise. Do not pinch fatty tissues. If you do you will break the tiny blood vessels on surface of skin. Use the cupping method of massage given in my articles. This will accomplish the result you seek and do no harm.

Edna Ward and all the others who ask for building-up exercises and diets will be fully and extensively answered later in an article.

Cleon Lee, Clayton, Wisconsin. Your weight should be ten or fifteen pounds less than it is. Because you are only 16, I do not recommend diet, but you should go in

for the exercises recommended in my article in the October issue.

Alyce Miller, Trenton, New Jersey. You are ten pounds too heavy. Try the above exercises for hips and waist and look out for the article soon to come.

Elida Tanti, Swayerville, Pennsylvania. Your correct weight is 127 pounds. But you are still growing, so don't fret too much if you are a bit over or under weight. At your age, it is well to go in for good outdoor exercises.

Anne Vagenas, Boston, Massachusetts. You will catch up to your height presently. Fifteen isn't very old. My article in the November issue dealt with legs.

Nella Carafa, Ardmore, Pennsylvania. You are twenty pounds overweight. I believe you will find the bust reduction exercises given in this month's article just what you have been hoping for. Write again if your particular problems do not seem to be taken care of. First, though, give the exercises a fair trial.



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Seeing Stars with a Young Old-Timer

Continued from page 53

York? The building is still there, and I am just sentimental enough to wish that it might be preserved as a motion picture shrine; it was the training school for so much genius, with David Wark Griffith as headmaster, and that was long before 'The Birth of a Nation' came to give him worldwide fame. The Gish sisters, Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Henry B. Walthall and many others climbed the fine old winding stairway to sit at the feet of the master.

"We were a young group, given to hero worship, and D. W., who aimed at sartorial perfection was, of course, our hero. Many of us followed his leadership in the cut of our clothes and some daring color combinations of neckwear and shirts, a silent tribute which the director accepted complacently. Then one sizzling hot day in a July hot spell, Griffith appeared at the studio with his head shaved. This was a bit too much for even the most imitative of D. W.'s admirers with the exception of Raoul Walsh, who turned up the next day with his head bare. Raoul did not know until later that the director had dispensed with his hair as part of a scalp treatment and had no intention of setting a hot-weather style."

Hale selected a briar pipe from a pipe rack beside the mantelpiece, filled it, and lounged in a wicker chair. He jumped from the early Griffith era to the discovery of Valentino by June Mathis when 'The Four Horsemen' was being cast.

"There was one side of Valentino," he continued, "of which little has been said. Had Rudy not been an actor and a dancer, he might have become an expert mechanic. I recall one day, when I was standing at the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, my attention was attracted by a frightful din. A moment later I beheld a strange contraption approaching under its own motive power. It was a quaint monstrosity, a cross between a motorcycle sidecar and a racing automobile. As it passed, I recognized the driver, whose white teeth glistened in a face smeared with dirt and oil. Rudy waved at me and shouted 'Isn't it beautiful? I made it myself.'"

"He never lost his taste for mechanics, even when he was living in his luxurious home on Whitley Heights. Once I found him stretched on his back beneath a car of expensive make. He was wearing the dirtiest overalls imaginable. He poked his head from under the car and proudly asserted that he was making a real automobile out of it. Like a little boy, he wanted to see the wheels go 'round. He enjoyed taking things apart, just for the pleasure of putting them together again.

"The screen missed Rudy for his romance and glamor. Those who knew him well missed him for his youth, gaiety, and spontaneous laughter; qualities that never deserted him in his days of stress, or when he was the idol of the world. He loved everyone and everything."

In the course of his reminiscing, Hale passed from Valentino to Darryl Zanuck, the spectacular young producer.

"When I first knew Darryl, a jovial youngster, it never occurred to any of us that in a few short years he would develop into a Hollywood power. His most conspicuous characteristics were a driving energy and a taste for practical jokes. We vaguely understood that he wished to become a writer. Then one day he published a book of short stories, and not long after that an excited young man informed us that one of the stories had been purchased for a picture. From that time on,

Darryl Zanuck was really off to the races!

"Myrna Loy was brought to me by Natacha Rambova as an extra girl to play in Valentino's 'The Hooded Falcon,' which I was scheduled to direct. She was red-headed, freckled-faced, with no outstanding commendable feature other than an innate charm and grace of movement. Then, as now, she was reserved. But when she received her first picture opportunity, everyone about the studio, from 'grips' to directors, fell in love with her, a sincere tribute to a truly sweet personality.

"About the same time Natacha introduced a shy sensitive youth named Adrian. She insisted that he had a genius for costume designing. Her enthusiasm was so contagious that I spent weeks in persuading DeMille to give him a job. He made good from the first, and today stands supreme.



Binnie Barnes, above, English actress who has completed her first Hollywood film, displays a satin gown.

"I recall Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., when his dad used to worry about his falling out of the car. He was a chubby chap and something of a Beau Brummel. If I am not mistaken, he wore a derby hat at the age of four years. At the age of twelve, when he made his first picture for Paramount, he was almost uncomfortably well educated. At fifteen, still precocious, he appeared to be undecided whether to pattern himself after John Barrymore or Jack Gilbert. But all the while, he was developing a personality of his own, that has given him well-merited distinction.

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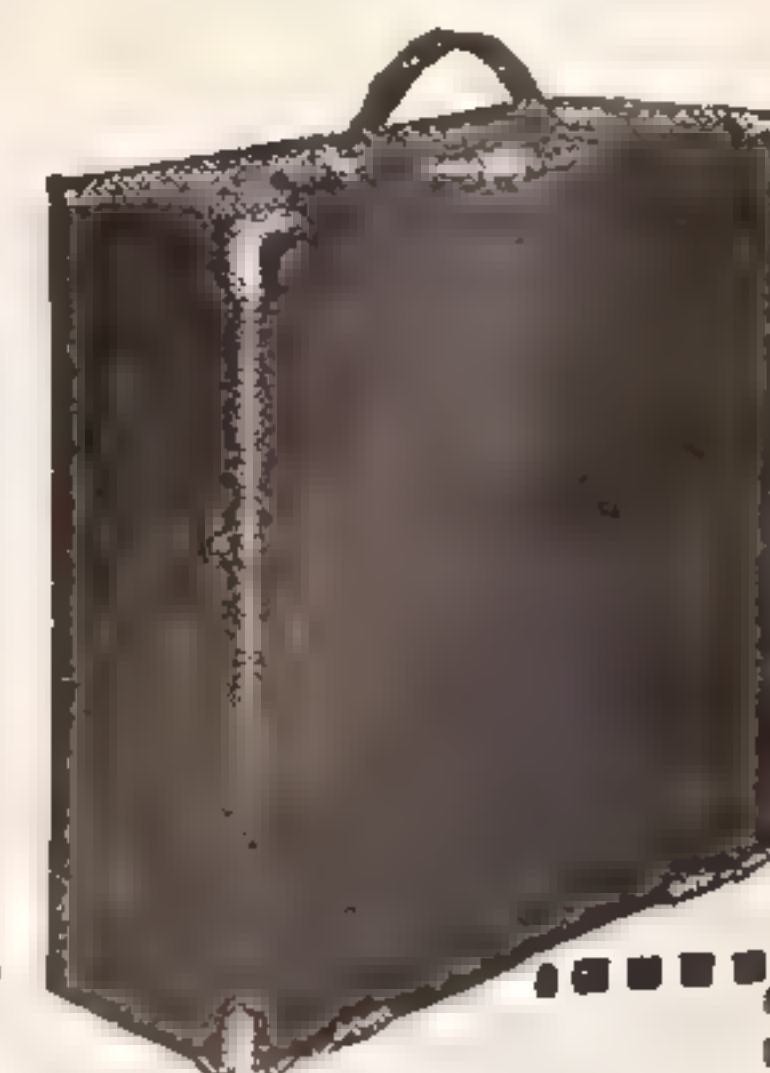
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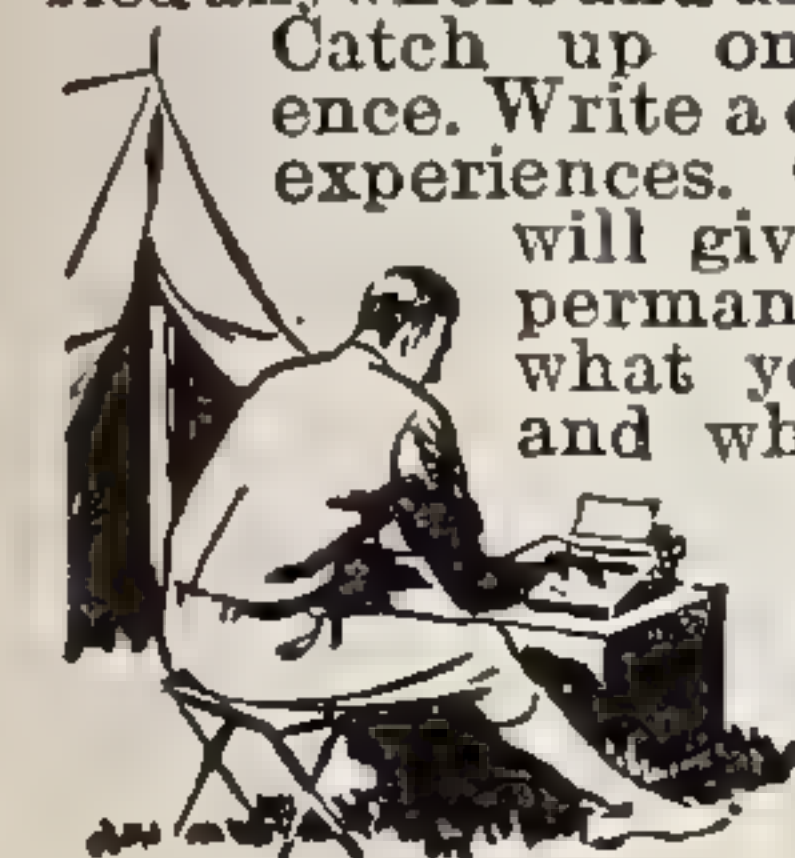


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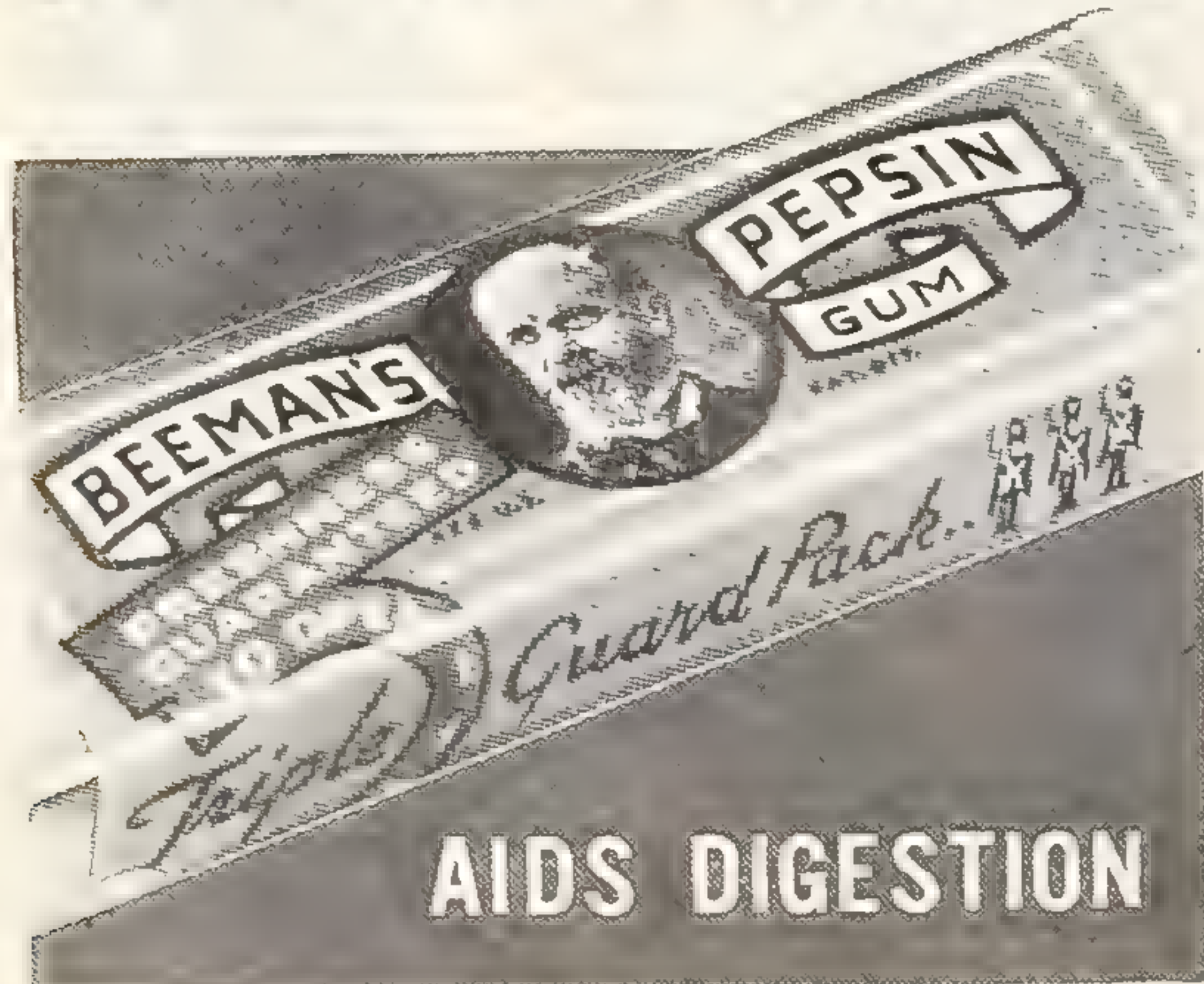
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"The story of Josef von Sternberg is a familiar one, but there is one little-known incident in von Sternberg's career. It illustrates the man's amazing resourcefulness. He was working in what used to be known as Poverty Row, a group of producers with more ambition than cash. Von Sternberg had come to the end of his bankroll and was unable to pay his full force of actors. Did this stop him? Not much! He took what remained of his cast, made them up to resemble the missing members, and got away with it; yet they say that the camera never lies."

Hale refilled his pipe, handed me a cigarette and continued to reminisce.

"When I first met Jack Oakie, he was much the same as he is today, only not so fat, either in body or purse. I never knew anyone more eager for action. We were on location at Santa Cruz when he came to California fresh from a New York musical comedy. He had been given a small part and was like a restive race horse, rarin' to go. Most of the company, (for it was a lean season), hoped for rain, which would mean an additional day's pay, but Jack almost literally prayed for sunshine, in order that he might see himself on the screen that much sooner.

"Speaking of enthusiasm, I think that word sums up Jack Gilbert's outstanding characteristic. He has a simply amazing capacity for enthusiasm, whether it be in work, play, or romance. He arrived in Hollywood, a slender, intense youth. His nervous energy brought something electric into the room whenever he entered. I think the same quality was communicated from the screen and accounted for his hold over audiences.

"I remember Adolphe Menjou when he aimed to be the best-dressed man in New York and harbored a like ambition in Hollywood. I recall how he would enter the Armstrong-Carleton Cafe, (a favorite hang-out of those days), immaculate in his best sweater and 'trou.' For hours he would entertain the assembled guests with his impressions of well-known people, given in Yiddish dialect. Before he came to Hollywood, I knew Adolphe in New York as a pearl salesman, although I never knew him to sell any pearls. His great asset always has been, and I suppose always will be, an infectious charm that is a natural part of himself.

"George Duryea, or Tom Keene as he is known now, first came here from the theatre, a shy young personality with the reputation of being a fine stage actor. His first big rôle was that of the god-like boy to the godless girl, Lina Basquette, in the DeMille production. I can't help but wish he'd never turned cowboy.

"I knew Carole Lombard when she was Jane Peters, and received her first lead opposite Eddie Lowe at Fox. She didn't think anything more of herself in that picture than they thought of her. But after she decided really to get down to business and go to work with her mind, instead of just her face, she really went to town.

"Lionel Barrymore and I became buddies about the time he lost over a hundred pounds in weight. Conservatively, I should say he was about Paul Whiteman's size before the latter went on a diet. Lionel, strangely enough, had always wanted to be a prizefighter; but the nearest he got to it was cuffing about with me and sketching pugilists in motion during his leisure.

"As a fighter, he was the hardest hitting man of his weight I ever boxed with. On one occasion we were sparring about the sets playfully, when I forgot about the loss of weight, and knocked him across the room into a water-bottle.

"I remember Bill Wellman when he used to comb his hair—and that is remembering! I think Bill was supposed to have followed in the footsteps of his forebears—which would have made him a Boston broker, but he chose a more exciting life and came to Hollywood to become one of the industry's greatest directors. I've always said, and to his face, that I would be very pleased if he would invite me to one of his weddings sometime.

"Personally, I think Jean Hersholt's ambition has always been to be the Danish consul—but then, he hasn't done so badly as an actor! I knew Jean first when he played my son in 'The Four Horsemen.'

"All of these personalities have worked like the devil for that well-known break. They deserve everything they have achieved, and more. I like to know in seeing them now that they have, with rare exceptions, retained their perspective. Fame came to them, and they accepted it. They had learned to live without success, and greatest of all, they have learned how to live *with* it!"



They're all young and happy, especially happy, is the Robert Young family pictured above in the patio of their new Beverly Hills home. Robert Young, daughter Carol Ann Young, and Mrs. Robert Young.

This Year of Grace

Continued from page 30

families. They hadn't pretty names, but the little girl liked them too, and there was something amusing about such cognomens as "Zekeny" and "Solinsky."

As she swung back and forth, she waved once in a while to friends as they "tied up" their mules and assorted vehicles to board fences and pickets along the street and wended their way into the various stores and markets of the small but beautiful and quiet aristocratic town. Strange that a place could be so quiet! Inactivity irked her. Gracie wished that her small sisters and brothers would finish their afternoon naps. Or that her mother hadn't forbade her going wading in the icy streams that were really melted snow from the mountains surrounding the town, but which looked warm and inviting to a child on the first soft, spring day.

Then came inspiration—and to think was to act. The small Grace Moore giggled as she made one last wide swing on her gate and let go, dropping in the soft turf where the frost had left it moist and almost boggy after the thaw.

A half hour later the town was in an uproar. Miners' mules and farmers' nags, braying donkeys and the few sleek horses of the country gentry were racing through the streets. Startled owners left their bargaining and rushed pell mell after them. The little girl with blond hair did not return to her gate! Loosing all the animals "hitched" along the street had brought startling results—far greater than she had ever anticipated. However, the day was no longer dull, even for grown-ups with spring fever. That incident of Grace Moore's childhood is remembered to this day, and Jellico still chuckles over the kid who refused to be bored.

That Life is meant to be lived fully, vividly, and with a purpose is Grace Moore's simple credo. For her there are no half-way measures. Some say the mountains of her native village inspired her rise to the heights; some that it was early religious fervor. Whatever the reason, the impulse for achieving is innate.

In Jellico, Tennessee, her family was known as "rich." When she was born her father, R. L. Moore, was already a banker, merchant, and owner of cotton mills and coal mines. The Moore family owned the first Cadillac car ever driven in that section of the country and Grace, when a mere slip of a girl, took it out over dangerous mountain roads when she went to visit poor families and carry baskets of food from her mother's kitchen, to the old and ill.

Religion was the warp and woof of her early environment. In school she studied of the world outside. Beyond her mountains there were big cities and vast countries with people, many people. She loved people and when missionaries came to the First Baptist Church of Jellico and told of foreign places, it is natural that her earliest ambition was to become a missionary. Nor was this an idle desire. Grace Moore had attended Sunday school when a mere infant of three. She could quote her Bible texts glibly, and as she grew into girlhood she worked and planned carefully against the time when she could take her place in the ranks of those who battle for souls. As she grew older she became a Sunday school teacher and presided at meetings of the Baptist Young People's Union. And how she sang! She led the children's choir at morning services and was soloist at night. In her own way she felt that anyone who had not learned of a God who marks even the sparrow's fall had been singularly de-

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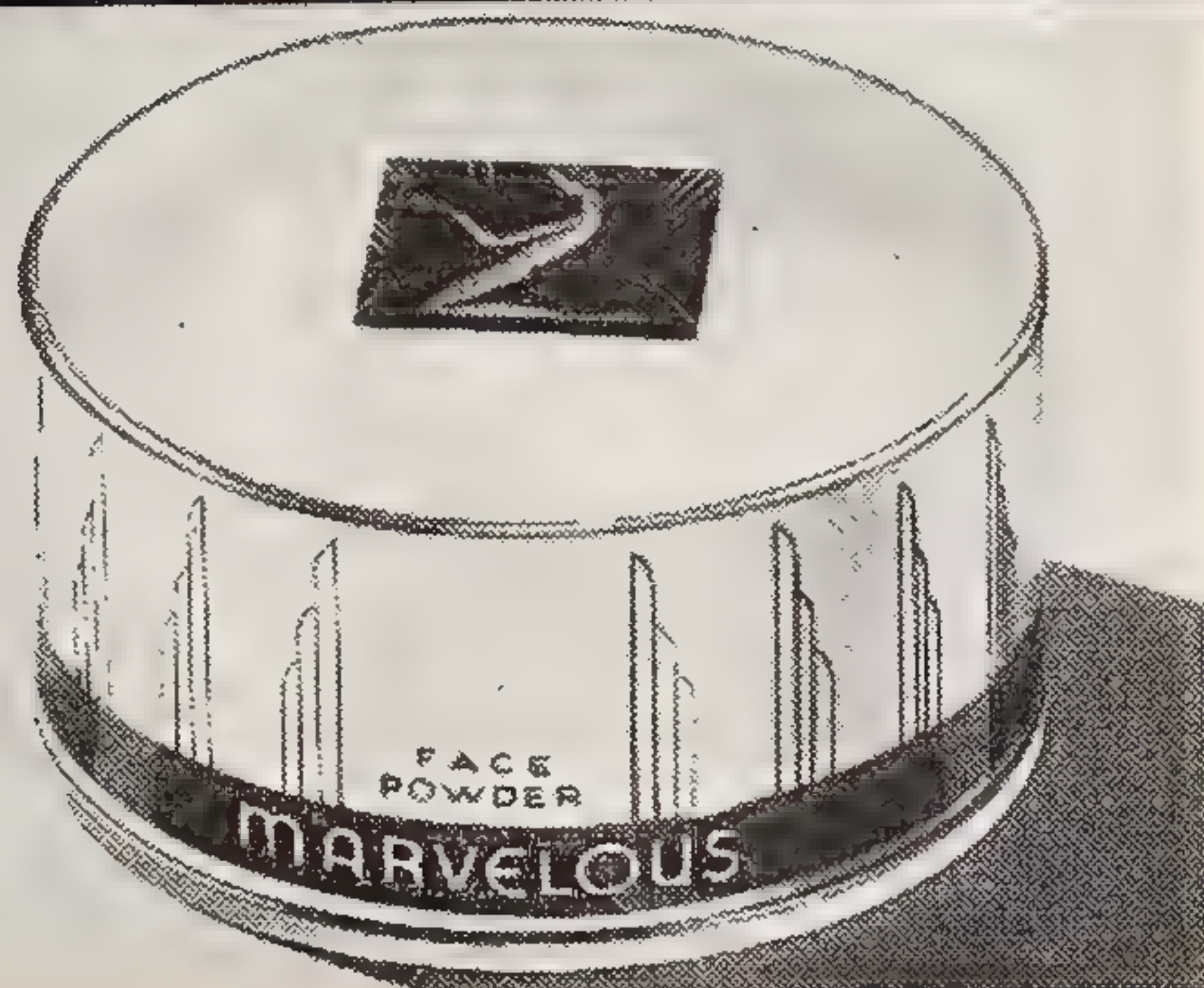
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prived of all that made life worth living. She longed ardently to tell them just that. And Grace Moore has exactly this simple faith even now.

Her diploma from the Southern Baptist Convention as "King's teacher," is one of her treasured possessions. That, and a certain prize she won at the fair for the best cake baked in Campbell County, Tennessee!

Of recent years the radio has done much to bring grand opera within reach of music lovers, especially singers, who live in remote places. However, even today, the average country village child has only a vague idea of opera as it is given in the Metropolitan and other big city opera houses. So Grace Moore in Jellico, Tennessee, knew about opera only from books. She studied piano and singing from the town's best music teacher. She read the "Etude" and—she wrote long, long letters to Mary Garden! She loved to sing, and because she believed that her naturally beautiful voice would be of inestimable value to her as a missionary, she practised assiduously. When she sang, the sensation of flying that had thrilled her as a small child, returned and made her joyously happy.

Ward-Belmont is one of the most exclusive finishing schools of the country. Grace Moore, as did many other daughters of wealthy families, especially those south of the Mason and Dixon line, registered there as a pupil. Early in her freshman year, Grace was electrified by the announcement that her heroine, Mary Garden, was to sing in Nashville and that the student body would attend. To this day she has never been able to remember much about the concert, for her entire life changed from the moment she heard the great diva's voice. Emotionally she was swept entirely out of herself. It was—she thought—"like flying"! She left the concert hall surrounded by her classmates, yet oblivious to anything but an overwhelming desire to sing, to sing with all her heart and soul—to sing like Mary Garden had sung—so that people wept, and laughed and prayed and loved, as she willed it, through her gift of song!

There was scarcely less consternation in the town of Jellico, Tennessee, the day that Grace Moore, aged eight, loosened all the horses and mules in the streets of the town than there was when her first letter arrived announcing her intention to study for grand opera. To her people the stage by any other name was still the stage, and the pitfalls for young people in that profession were considered gravely dangerous. In the end, however, her parents compromised, and so the eldest of the five Moore children left Ward-Belmont for Wilson Green Music School in Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C.

To the girl with the new-found ambition, this was making progress slowly. She who longed to fly must find her wings, and after her second taste of grand opera—Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen"—she launched herself into concert work, making her debut with Giovanni Martinelli in 1918. The Washington critics praised the young singer's voice but were amused at her over-zealousness in appearing in joint concert with such a famous person as Martinelli.

But the die was cast. With parental disapproval ringing in her ears, Grace Moore and a classmate ran away from school. In New York City they lived in Greenwich Village on what they earned. Grace Moore sang every night for her supper at the Black Cat restaurant, and so determined was she to devote her life to becoming a prima donna that when her father came to take her back home, she refused to accompany him.

Her overwhelming ambition entailed work and sacrifice. Grace Moore was willing to

pay the price. Hers is not a Cinderella story by any means and in retrospect it would seem that she has accomplished the impossible. For example, her soft, southern accent, so much admired and foolishly cultivated by those who haven't it naturally, nearly wrecked her career. Too young to differentiate between good teachers of voice and bad ones, she was pushed ahead rapidly because, she tells us, "I could sing things like 'Lindy Lou' and people loved them. As a result, I was always on my teacher's programs. When other pupils were learning voice placement, I was singing in public." And so, after a few months of forcing tones, her delicate vocal cords were seriously strained. Without warning, Grace Moore discovered that she had no voice with which to sing! This was stark tragedy. She had turned her back on her family and friends; she had made her choice; but it was impossible for her to go on with her career.

Feeling like a bird with clipped wings, she called at the office of Dr. Mario Marafioti, famous teacher and voice specialist. Pitifully young, hoping against hope that her fears were not well-grounded, she waited all day. The busy and important man's preoccupation; the secretary's curt "Unable to see you today. Come back tomorrow." And so on for three days in succession, she waited to hear her doom. There was a chance—a ray of hope. Just one in a million, and she probably wouldn't be able to follow instructions, the doctor finally said. Eagerly she grasped at the straw. She would do anything, no matter how difficult, how painful, how terrible.

"ABSOLUTE SILENCE FOR SIX MONTHS!" That was her prescription. Not a word, not a sound, not a whisper must escape her lips for one hundred and eighty days! Toward the end of the last month, on a tiny island in the St. Lawrence River, with one faithful old attendant who cooked her food and watched over her, she checked off the longest moments she has ever lived. They totaled 259,200!

Never one to brood, Grace Moore returned to New York more eager for life than ever before. Her harrowing experience was forgotten in the glory of song. Like a lark on the wing, she sang. The tones had gained in depth, in richness of timbre—and she had a glorious array of new, high clear notes that seemed to touch the sky. Perhaps the greatest result of her long silence, however, was her ability to restrain her ambition. For the first time she was content to go slowly, and her first engagement was as understudy to Julia Sanderson in "Hitchy Koo." On Thanksgiving night in 1922, because Miss Sanderson was indisposed, Grace Moore had her first opportunity to sing again in public. Her first really big part came later in "Up in the Clouds" which ran for seven months at the Lyric in New York.

In 1923 she had saved sufficient money to go to Paris, as her desire to become a prima donna had never waned. While there she met Irving Berlin, who requested her to return to New York for the leading part in his "Music Box Revue." A brilliant success, she played in the same "Revue" in 1924 and 1925 and then, asked for and received an audition at the Metropolitan Grand Opera. She was given an enthusiastic reception, but wishing to remain a little longer on the musical comedy stage, made the mistake of requesting the postponement of an engagement at the Metropolitan for another year. Just exactly what happened when she went for her second audition Miss Moore doesn't know. Perhaps she was fatigued after a long season; perhaps a slight cold. At any rate, she was told that her voice was not quite up to standard.

Disappointed but still confident, she

vowed she would return in two years to make her debut in the famous opera house. To lend authority to her boast, she made a \$100 wager with her friend, Otto Kahn.

In Italy, Grace Moore sought out her early inspiration, Mary Garden. The diva gave her much valuable advice. Finally, with some diffidence Grace inquired whether or not Miss Garden recalled having received letters years before from a little girl in Jellico, Tennessee. "She told me she had spent hours trying to figure out answers to the hundreds of questions that child had written her, asking how to learn to sing," Grace Moore laughs. Apparently, even as a child, Gracie wrote letters that were unique; and to her joy, Mary Garden proved to be the kind of person who takes such youthful queries seriously. Under the expert advice of her new-found friend, and constant study with Marafioti, who was then in Europe, Miss Moore's voice gathered greater brilliancy.

Gatti-Cazazza heard her in Milan. He complimented her highly but insisted that she was not yet ready for New York. However, her will prevailed. On February 7, 1928, exactly two weeks before the time limit set by her wager, Grace Moore made her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in "La Boheme."

A "Grace Moore Special" train from Tennessee carried family and friends to her premiere. The Governor of Tennessee, on whose staff Grace Moore's father was a colonel, lent official prestige to the excursion. Otto Kahn acclaimed hers the greatest reception since Rosa Ponselle's appearance and the papers called it triumph. But Grace Moore admits now that she "should have waited a little longer. I wanted to fly too soon." For three seasons she was with the Metropolitan, singing "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "Manon," and "Pagliacci," "Tales of Hoffman," and "La Boheme." After the second winter, she toured Europe. Her Paris debut at the Opera Comique in "Louise" was a sensational success. Before the end of the first act, the composer Charpentier had sprung from his box and, grasping the baton, personally conducted the remainder of the opera in honor of the brilliant American.

Concert tours throughout the United States; another European tour; the greatest romance of her life, followed by a happy marriage to the handsome Spanish actor, Valentin Parera, in Cannes; and Grace Moore seemed to stand on the very pinnacle of her glorious career. A triumph on the stage in "The DuBarry"; another round of concerts and a trip to California, this time to make her Pacific Coast debut in "I Pagliacci" with Lawrence Tibbett in the title rôle. But still another laurel waited to be won.

Motion pictures for years had little or nothing to do with grand opera. Then came an invention that set the world on fire. The screen of early days took on new life. The moving shadows spoke! Grace Moore was one of the first opera singers to experiment with talking pictures. She and Lawrence Tibbett pioneered. To the prima donna, the cinema was not just another field to conquer. Here at last was the means of bringing the full glamor of grand opera, not only to her beloved home folk of the South, but to all others who live in remote places. She wanted to do for the coming generation something worthy of a little girl named Grace Moore who once lived in Jellico, Tennessee, and who had only been able to dream of opera and prima donnas.

But three years ago musical pictures were still "Mo'om pitchers" to Hollywood producers. So, through no fault of her own, Grace Moore's first films failed to attain her high, self-set standard. The mis-



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Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

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To a Lady in Green



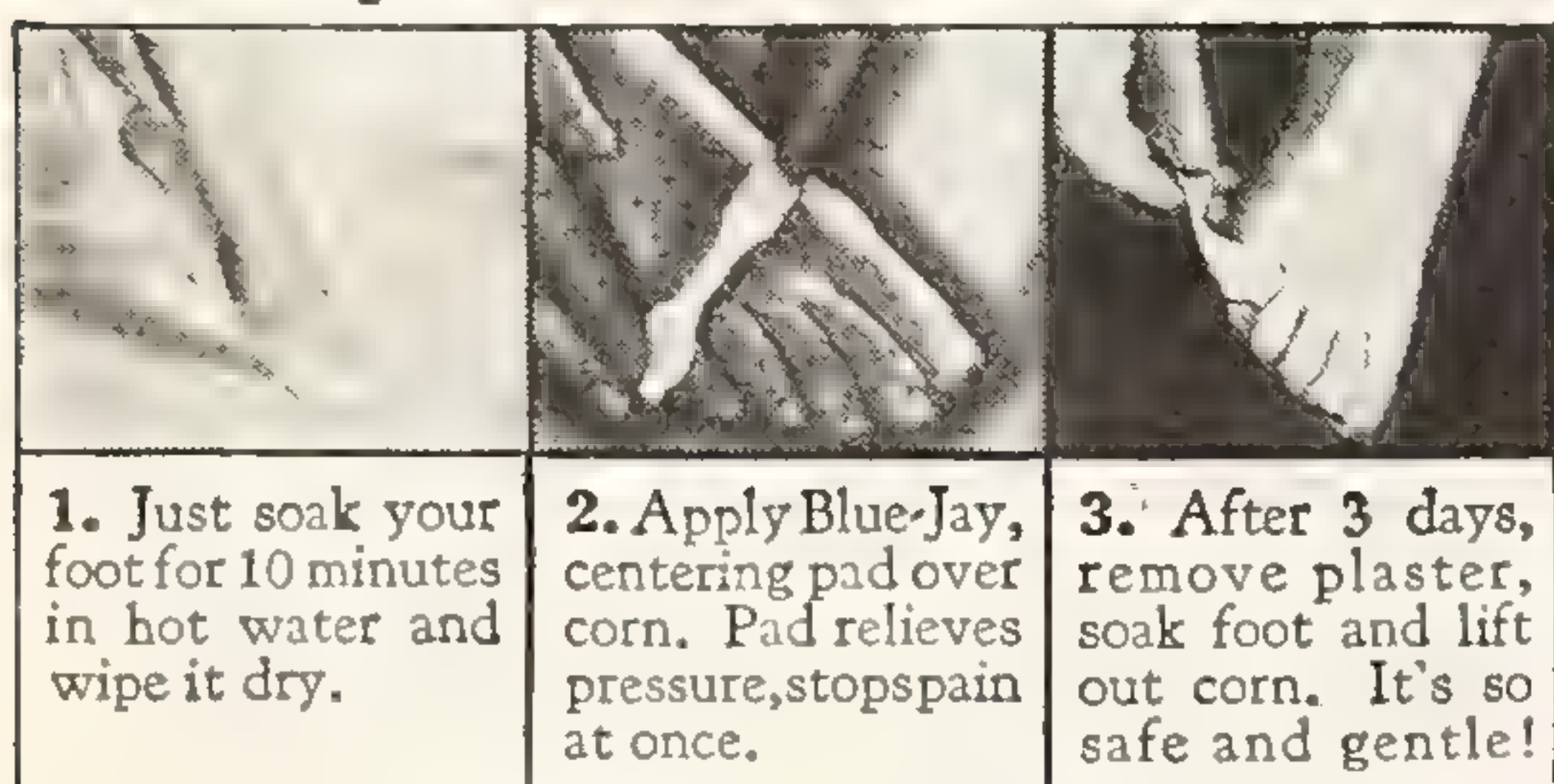
You were beautiful last night at the theatre. I sat across the aisle from you . . . an ardent but unknown admirer.



I liked the music of your laughter . . . the flash of your smile. I liked your glamorous hair, your



But when you walked down the aisle, I felt sorry for you . . . and I was disappointed. Please, Dear Lady, if you have a corn, use Blue-Jay.* It's so safe, so simple!



1. Just soak your foot for 10 minutes in hot water and wipe it dry.

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c is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

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sionary spirit had been thwarted. She felt that in a measure she had let her people down. Moreover, she had learned that electricians totally ignorant of music, could—as she expressed it—“change my tones because they ‘like it louder,’ simply by turning a gadget or screw between their fingers!”

Last winter an opportunity came to make another picture. At Columbia, the smallest studio in Hollywood but one that has grown rapidly into prominence recently on account of a succession of splendid pictures, producer Harry Cohn installed some amazing new sound equipment. When it was pronounced technically perfect, after many, many tests, the singer consented to try again, in the hope that she could fulfill her desire to send real opera to those who live outside of great metropolitan centers. She completed “One Night of

Love,” and the success of her picture is still being proclaimed by the public as well as critics.

Hailed as sensational, there is no doubt but that Grace Moore's picture marks the beginning of a new era for the cinema and perhaps for opera as well. In Hollywood the singer is being hailed as a new and glamorous screen star. This praise, appreciated though it is, means not so much to Grace Moore as the fact that through her unconquerable desire to sing—sing with the full glory of her God-given voice for which she has worked and sacrificed much—she has opened a path to those who long for music of the highest type. And down in Jellico, Tennessee, her success means—she is still just “Gracie” Moore, the little girl who liked to fly on her own wings, and has never tired of trying!

Will He Rival Chaplin?

Continued from page 33

Russian buffoon who runs a one-horse circus. His troupe shattered by the revolution, he hires a fleeing noble family who claim to be actors, and maybe they are. Naturally, he falls in love—hopelessly—with the booful young princess of the tribe, and after adventures grave and gay he and his horse wander off into the good old sunset.

It's all pantomime for little Savo. He has a handful of lines, but his eyes, his pathetic little body, and his fluttering hands tell the story.

Having star and story, the Hecht-MacArthur troupe moved quietly upstate, like a tornado. They turned a whole county first topsy and then turvy. Twelve rural inns were commandeered to house the troupe. A nearby orphanage was calmly absorbed, and 600 fatherless and motherless kids had the time of their lives racing up and down hill for the camera. They got a quarter a day a piece, plus a noble box lunch, but they would cheerfully have been movie actors for nothing at all.

And what a company surrounds the silent little man! There's Nikita Balieff as a Russian general. Famous as boss of the “Chauve Souris,” he's been coming to America since 1921 and his English gets worse each year. He sounds like a bunch of firecrackers. You'll howl at his big moon face. There is the honored vet, Cecelia Loftus, and the beautiful Whitney Bourne of “Crime Without Passion,” and Edwina Armstrong as the princess with whom Savo falls dumbly but desperately in love.

And the wrestlers—oh, the bone-crunchers! As huge Russian military men the producers signed Sandor Szabo and Hans Steinke, well known professional burpers, each 225 pounds of lard and gristle!

And as to Savo. I saw him at work on the set—a tiny, browbeaten sparrow set upon by huge and cruel men who meant him no good. Beyond the camera lines were fifty directors, actors, technicians and general loafers, and Jimmy held 'em like a vise!

I talked to him. Naturally, he's happy at this big movie shot, but he takes it in stride. He's been in show business too long to dither about anything, even new fame.

Here's for your dope book, you fans. He got his fun, when a lad, on the w.k. sidewalks of New Yawk. One day he saw a street juggler, and ambition bit him on the ankle. He would juggle, too, and he did. Remember that another Great Man, one W. C. Fields, got his start juggling cigar boxes. And that still another, one Joe Cook, juggled Indian clubs before he jug-

gled the risibilities of millions. Maybe we should all juggle.

Anyhow, Savo did, and passed through “amateur nights” to the usual wandering life of vaudeville. In 1924 he got his first revue job, and began his greater career as a pantomime artist. Soon he discarded juggling altogether. Broadway has known and loved the droll little bird for a decade. When the call came, he was ready to be offered to the biggest audience of all—us film fans.

Jimmy's a married man, and his wife and son live on a ranch at Van Nuys, California—a walnut farm, of course. (It would be a nut farm!) And it's odd to note that Savo, whose silent work is the sort that Europeans adore, has never been outside the United States.

Well, consider yourselves properly introduced to this great little man, Mr. Jimmy Savo. Of course, like the hippopotamus, he must really be seen to be fully appreciated.

A master of the comedy of pathos—of the pathos of comedy. His big brown spaniel's orbs can pour tears over his bootless adoration for the little princess—and the next minute sparkle devilishly as he sets a booby-trap for one of the huge rasling Rooshians.

Savo's comedy is of the real royal line. His work is not concerned with the struggle of man against man, nor even of man against a Nubian lion, but it is of Man against Fate—that inscrutable, irresistible Something that pushes men around in this world.

It's Chaplin's trick, and Savo's trick, and the trick of all great artists of Dumb-Show. Any great artist's in any field, in fact.

You're going to see the names of Chaplin and Savo coupled a lot in the next few months. You're going to see and hear a lot of odoriferous comparisons made. There'll be some misguided talk of a “new Chaplin,” probably—which is like talking of a new Taj Mahal or a new Garbo. It's unavoidable.

I want no part of this. I'm content to squeeze in early in the game with the news that a great new comedian is headed your way. And I'll go so far as to say that Jimmy won't get any the worst of it when the foul comparing begins. So I urge you to welcome Mr. Jimmy Savo to the ranks of filmdom's favorite sons. The priceless makers of laughter who do so much to ease the agony of living. When you see “Little Clown, Laugh,” you won't need any hints. You'll love the little wistful wop for himself alone!

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11



Home from their first European trip. George Burns and Gracie Allen come back to help the laughter boom via radio and the pictures.

Mix together in a double boiler the flour, salt, sugar and mustard. Add lemon juice and pineapple juice and stir over boiling water until a creamy consistency, then add the butter and the egg yolks well beaten, remove from the fire and beat until cool, then add the egg whites beaten stiff and the whipped cream.

"This is our favorite tomato aspic recipe. We serve it, of course, in a ring, with the dressing in the center.

- 1 can tomatoes
- 2 green peppers
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 bunch celery
- ½ box gelatine
- pinch cayenne pepper

Put tomatoes through sieve and place on stove. Add celery and peppers cut fine, also sugar, salt and cayenne. Add gelatine, dissolved in a little cold water. Let simmer three minutes. Pour into mold.

"We like crabmeat at our house, but sometimes we serve shrimp or lobster. Here's one that combines them all:

- 1 cup diced crabmeat
- 1 cup diced shrimp
- ½ cup diced celery
- 1 tablespoon onion juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup diced lobster meat
- ½ cup diced white tuna

Mix thoroughly and chill. When ready to serve, add a mayonnaise or boiled dressing that has a good mustard

tang. Serve on cups of crisp lettuce and garnish with stuffed green olives.

"The first salad I remember noticing at all was a macaroni salad. It was served at a picnic when I was little and I was quite thrilled over it. You take macaroni, cooked and drained, chill it, and chop cheese, pickles, celery and pimentos into it. Then add mayonnaise. You can get macaroni shaped like the Shell oil sign that makes a very pretty dish.

"Another salad that men are sure to like is an apple salad. You candy the apples in red cinnamon candies, cooking them slowly so they can't fall apart; then you chill them, fill the centers where the cores used to be with nuts, and use a Roquefort cheese dressing.

"Speaking of men, there's a dish not strictly in the salad class that seems to appeal to men for luncheon in chilly weather. We call it 'Biscuits for men,' and this is how you do it:

- 2 teaspoons shortening
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- milk to make a soft dough
- 1 teaspoon cold water
- broiled bacon
- 2 cups flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- chopped celery with mayonnaise
- lettuce

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together four times. Rub in shortening with your fingers and then stir in the milk. Roll on a floured board about ½ inch thick and cut in rounds with a biscuit cutter. Bake about 20 minutes in a hot oven. To make a rich brown glaze, put the yolk of an egg in a teacup—add 1 teaspoon cold water and mix together. Brush over the top of the biscuit before putting in the oven. Have ready some chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise, and for each biscuit 3 slices of broiled bacon. Split the biscuits while hot and butter lightly. Put a lettuce leaf on half and cover it with the chopped celery; then the 3 strips of bacon and cover it with the other half. Serve while hot."

The Saunders' dining-room, where formal luncheons are served, has a studio window that looks out on the back garden, with a view of the tennis courts beyond. There's another window half way up the flight of stairs from the hall through which you can look down on the dining-room. From this level, the dining-room looks like a stage set, but there's no feeling of unreality there.

"Why salads should remind me of my bathtub is one of the mysteries of life!" laughed Fay, as we stood at the stairway window. "The new bathroom was a birthday present to me from my husband. Want to see it?"

Who wouldn't?

"Of course I would," I replied.

Beyond Fay's beautiful bedroom, with the very wide, silken-covered bed, are sunny dressing-rooms. One where Fay's wardrobe hangs is equipped with a small frigidaire. For what? Why, for her skin lotions! Another dressing-room opens onto the heralded gift-room. It's a place of mirrors, wherein the bath, a rosy affair mounted on a dias, is reflected over and over.

It's a lovely setting for Fay. Some of the rest of us, to whom even one mirror is almost more than we can bear at our worst moments, might find it discouraging. But the very real beauty of Fay Wray can take it!

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HAVE you heard all about the new Croxon Ozone Cream? If not, your Femi-nifties editor is very much at fault and the matter must be remedied at once. Just listen!

After long experiment and study, they tell us, it has been found possible to surcharge a cream with triple-strength oxygen, called ozone. Croxon Cream is the result. It wakes up your skin as a brisk walk by the sea wakes up your muscles.

It is so new all its good qualities have not been entirely explored, but it seems that among other things, it bleaches the skin mildly, discourages superfluous hair, helps nature along that intricate process of getting rid of pimples, sunburn, sallowness.

It looks, too, as if something new had come along to scare off wrinkles. The skin smooths out surprisingly under Croxon's gentle oils.

There is one perfume of which we never tire. Its name is "Miracle," of Lenthéric. Its sweetness is a "miracle" and the lift it gives your spirits is just miraculous!

It is a smooth fragrance. If you will notice, some odors are sharp, a little brazen. "Miracle" flows as smoothly around you as air off sunny, summer gardens. It brightens any winter day with whiffs of half-forgotten spring.

Mind, we don't say it is the perfume for your personality! It is our firm conviction that personal choice of that kind must be made on the testimony of such frail, uncertain things as one's own whims and fancies. One fragrance for you, another for us—and we may both be right!

But we *do* say it is a love of a perfume. It is intoxicating, guaranteed to bewitch the soberest head, and yet we believe we could take it with us to a desert island and never tire of it.

Femi-nifties

Here is beauty you can buy!



Lenthéric's Miracle, a perfume classic!



"So smooth!" that's what your skin is when you make-up with Coty's Foundation Lotion.



Heads up! And no double chins! Eunie Skelly's chin strap firms drooping muscles.

"Miracle" is a perfume classic. Test it out on the back of your hand the next time you shop in your favorite store. We'll be surprised if you do not fall in love with it!

"What have you been doing to your skin to keep it fresh and clear like that?" she demanded.

"Using Coty's Foundation Lotion," was the truthful answer.

It is made particularly for those dry skins which show fine lines and that parched, drawn look about the eyes. It gives the impression that its owner goes in for long vacations in a great big way. As if care was never spelled with a capital C. As if its wearer spent the better part of her mornings making herself beautiful.

The curious part is that it can be put on in less time than it takes to write about it. Or perhaps that isn't curious but a very big serious advantage!

Coty's Foundation Lotion simplifies the spreading of cream rouge. The color looks more natural over it. It makes the skin soft and youthful, and improves day-time as well as evening make-up. It protects the skin.

They'll all be admiring if you wear it, of that we are sure.

Heads up! Chins up! And no doubles! Those are the latest orders from the beauty front.

Double chins are un-stylish and unnecessary. Don't tell us that isn't good news! For a new kind of chin strap has been made which does away both with double chins and the tiresome nonsense of the old-fashioned chin straps. It is simple and goes on in an

instant. Clicks fast on top of the head. It allows perfect freedom of jaw movement, talking, yawning, (we hope not but you never can tell). While you talk it gently exercises those sturdy facial muscles.

It is comfortable to wear, looks nice, and is altogether a clever trick to own. A resourceful lady named Eunie Skelly, who has gone thoroughly into this business of beautiful throats and young chin lines, is its author.

If your chin is trying to double up on you, send for one of Eunie Skelly's chin straps at once.

Cohan Changes His Mind

Continued from page 19



Mary Jo Matthews, above, who broke a mirror, "for luck" before a screen test—and now she has a film contract.

where "Gambling" is being produced—to play in a picture, and be metamorphosed into a dramatic actress engaged chiefly in portraying a whole pageant of variations of the "Madame X" type of lady in whose character, and suffering, is mirrored the more sombre aspects of life, conventional and otherwise.

Far more than any urge to do a picture in her home town, was the offer to play with George M. Cohan—who, as long as he lives, will stand for everything representing the peak to anyone with a stage background. Wynne Gibson is no different than others who had their training on the stage. So Wynne came back—secretly, I think, expecting a big "kick."

"Here I am, a New York girl," wailed Wynne, "and the only thing that has given me a kick is when I walked into the same dressing-room which was my first as a movie actress!"

"That dressing-room, when first I went into it, had but lately been vacated by Gloria Swanson. I'll never forget what a thrill that was! After touring with stage shows, it seemed the very last word in luxury, the very Paradise of an actress. I hate to go 'blah' on you, and on my own home town, but that dressing-room now, after four years of Hollywood, seems so ridiculously elaborate and fussy! Not a thing had been changed in the room, but how different it seemed."

For the rest, New York no longer had the "home town" appeal for Wynne—probably because there were no immediate relatives to come back to. The Gibson family now resides in Hollywood. We would do well, however, to make allowance for the immediate effects on the lady's enthusiasm, before the conclusion is reached that Little Old New York is just another town to come back to after four years in Hollywood.

Among these brakes on the cheerful, hi-ho spirits of any human, list a cold, centering in a tooth and kicking up all the frightful pain of a toothache; the weariness which comes with reading play manuscripts in the hope of finding something good for a return to the stage, but the disappointment, and boredom, of discovering only mediocrity; the worries naturally inherent in doing a new part under a new director with a script changed considerably from the original play, and altering the character familiarized by the player on the basis of

the manuscript as produced on the stage.

It didn't take long to realize that Wynne Gibson was even more surprised, and as rebellious of the idea, as Broadway when the movie producers continued to cast a girl, who had won prominence as a stage soubrette, in the heavier types of rôles.

"I refused, unequivocally, to play the first part offered me in Hollywood because it was a heavy part. But after doing that, I found myself out of all parts for eight months," Wynne explained.

"Then I was to find out again, what I had discovered first when I was a girl in school—that whenever I put my foot down and vowed I would not do a certain thing, that very thing dogged me, haunted me and finally had me doing precisely what I declared I would not do! Curiously enough, whenever I fought too violently for my own way, I got hurt. Now, without sacrificing my own initiative, or rather to prevent that, I think twice before I resolve 'not to do' what others advise."

The old question arises "is Hollywood right or wrong," in insisting on Wynne Gibson playing the heavy type of rôle? No actress can be blamed for rebelling against that particular kind of "typing." When first the movie moguls urged her to accept the parts they were offering, they argued that she had the opportunity to become the outstanding interpreter of heavy feminine rôles. Were they right? Could Wynne Gibson have been, today, an even more prominent screen identity, had she been given the sophisticated style of comedienne parts for which she has the desire, and undoubted equipment, to portray?

But from all that, don't draw the conclusion that Wynne Gibson is just another discontented screen star! To do so would be to draw a wholly inaccurate impression of the glamorous lady you have seen in a variety of impressive, skillful and extraordinarily sincere screen performances. Wynne is not at grips, much less bitter, about the dramatic rôles she has drawn from the picture producers. It remains for you, as you talk with her, to draw the conclusion, on evidence that is unmistakable, that she would like to have the opportunity to do some smart comedy; rôles with the "meatiness" of a heavy, relieved, made more real and a trifle more sympathetic by rounding out of character, rather than the run o' the mill "hard-boiled" ladies of melodrama.

So far as her part in "Gambling" is concerned, Wynne Gibson, like George M. Cohan, also is "gambling" to a certain degree.

It's all in the lap of the gods whether this will mean a step toward those goals of artistic ambition both have in mind. Cohan probably would like to find in pictures the interest to engage his talents at writing and directing. Wynne Gibson no doubt is looking out toward a future which will demand the utmost of her histrionic gifts.

Both are giving the picture everything they have under the conditions set by their immediate parts in "Gambling." So far as an onlooker at the studio can tell, that is the conclusion of this observer. About the set Cohan is the dapper, pleasant "prince of fellows" all Broadway knows him as and loves him for; Wynne Gibson takes an intense, a personal interest in everything that goes on around the cameras.

To have "Gambling" turn out a bang-up success for both means a great deal to the fans, for Cohan, and Wynne Gibson, can do a lot to make our film fare more interesting now and in the future. So here's hoping!

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● Have you tried to lose fat and failed? Do not be discouraged. Do as Mrs. Emma Hill, R.F.D. 4, Box 341, Anaheim, Calif., did. She writes: "I lost 32 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS after other methods failed. I feel fine and have felt fine all the time I was taking them." Others tell of reducing in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while losing this excess weight, and afterwards.

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● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Ave., San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health by unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others. I lost 27 lbs. and never felt better." This Graduate Nurse knows the care with which a reducing preparation should be selected.

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Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

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The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. SL-12, Forest Hills, New York

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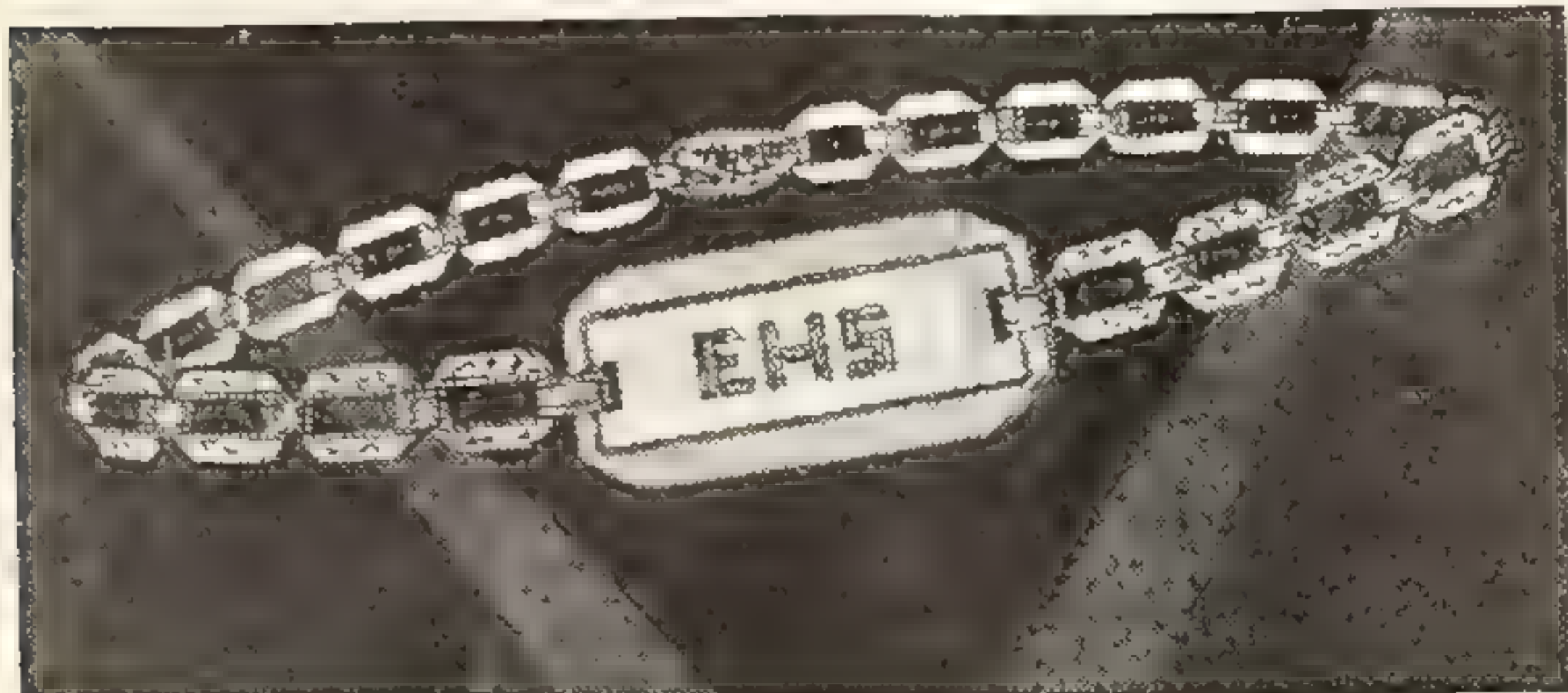
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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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A beautiful design, a little different, with a lovely rhodium finish, WILL NOT TARNISH, with three (3) initials engraved FREE, only \$1.00.

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Cash Payments Advanced Writers of Songs Used and publication secured. Send us any likely material (Words or Music) for consideration today. Radio Music Guild, 1650 Broadway, New York.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

5. Pert Kelton: Fan dancer visits the old home town in Ioway.

Ida Kaech,
New Glarus, Wisc.

WHAT LITTLE WOMEN THINK!

We young people have favorites, too! Most of us read lots and when famous books such as "Little Women" are filmed, so we, as well as grown-ups, can enjoy them, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to us. The stories really mean something to us then. More please, Mr. Producer!

Joyce Fear,
814 Hickory St.,
Compton, Calif.

"JOANIE" WELCOMED BACK!

A gardenia to Joan Crawford for looking so beautiful in "Chained." Her make-up was much improved and her clothes simply grand. It was like seeing our old "Joanie" again, and I'm thankful. Joan may be thankful too, when she knows that she is gathering straying fans, back to the fold.

Elizabeth Wennlund,
5942 W. Wells St.,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

THEY GET A BREAK!

At last we druggists get a break in the movies! Will Rogers gives it to us in "Handy Andy." There he shows the public how a real prescription druggist feels about his profession!

B. W. Wager,
453 New St.,
Lebanon, Pa.

SURE-FIRE ENTERTAINMENT!

Here's an idea! When you are feeling bored with so-called he-men, go see a picture starring Edward G. Robinson. When blue, see Zasu Pitts, and her old standby, Slim Summerville. But if you just want to see a good show, Norma Shearer won't fail you—ever!

Mrs. Bill A. Moore,
2002 Gaudaloupe St.,
Laredo, Tex.

INSPIRATION TO COURAGE!

George Breakston's brilliant performance in "No Greater Glory" gave me the confidence and courage that I needed to solve a problem that was confronting me.

I am deeply grateful to Columbia Pictures for producing such an inspirational film. It is one of the finest of the year.

Albert Manski,
66 Bowdoin St.,
Boston, Mass.

WOULD CUPID'S FACE BE RED!

I would like to see Buster Keaton, Lee Tracy, and Roscoe Ates all falling for the same girl. On the screen, of course. Some fun, eh, boss?

P. S.—If it ever happens send my deepest sympathy to the girl!

Joseph Greenberger,
1598 Chestnut Ave.,
Trenton, N. J.

ERIN GOES COLBERT!

Till lately I haven't paid much attention to Claudette Colbert, but since seeing her in "It Happened One Night" I am so struck with her ability as a grand comedienne and very finished actress, (as well as a very

charming one), that I must register this "rave" for Claudette.

Mary Campbell,
Beltany Lodge,
Mountjoy, Omagh,
N. Ireland.

GUNGA-BRENT!

You may have your Rafts and Dixes, Gables, Barrymores and Mixes, Cantors, Coopers, Tracys, Cagneys, whom you think are Heaven-sent. You may dream of Tones and Cooks, Colmans, Arlens, Boles and Brooks.

But the one I choose is sweetly tender, handsome, kind George Brent!

Elsa M. Clark,
12 Shore Drive,
North Weymouth, Mass.

SALUTES DIRECTOR CROMWELL!

For first-rate entertainment I unhesitatingly recommend any picture directed by John Cromwell! Why? Because his direction is clever and smooth, devoid of spectacular or colossal sequences, and he has the gift of unfolding a story in a way the audience cannot fail to appreciate; yet one cannot anticipate his intentions.

Albert Rimmer,
2 Nelson Road,
Liverpool, 21,
England.

ANTI-DOTE FOR TYPING!

How about a change in characterization such as:

Janet Gaynor in "Cleopatra," Mae West in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," John Barrymore in "The Circus Clown," Charles Ruggles in "Frankenstein." Boy! What acting that would be!

Viola Cramer,
Kennedy Rd.,
Morristown, N. J.

CO-ED CHEERS CROMWELL!

How's chances of us fair co-eds seeing another picture such as "This Day and Age," starring Richard Cromwell?

That boy's got what it takes to make an actor good! Give us more of him! Can't you help us, SCREENLAND? Please do!

E. Grossman,
3825 3rd St.,
Riverside, Calif.

JACKIE-SHIRLEY VEHICLE!

Why not Jackie Cooper and Shirley Temple in "Michael O'Halloran," by Gene Stratton Porter?

It has a sweet love story, pathos, tenderness, beauty, humor, and is tailored to the talents of these young artists!

Margaret M. Mullin,
2109 N-W Irving,
Portland, Ore.

HAILS QUEEN MYRNA!

Three cheers for Myrna Loy! This wonderful, brilliantly talented and versatile actress is a sure Queen of the Screen, and we want more of her over here.

What have you done with the Gish Girls, Uncle Sam? Sweet Dorothy and winsome, appealing Lillian. Let them have a comeback!

Flora M. Clitheroe,
17 Bedford Place,
Russell Square,
London, W.C.1., England.

Radio Parade

Continued from page 12

Roxy's outer office, and forthwith was signed for the Roxy Gang by the then Bishop of the Cathedral of the Motion Picture, as the old Roxy theatre was pompously labeled.

James Melton is a prime example of what radio means to the ambitious vocal talent of this country. Without radio he might still be just another good voice waiting, and hoping, for the audience, which after all, is the only real judge of the performers, vocal or instrumental, that music patrons wish to hear.

Melton is as typically American in tem-



Hollywood's new English stage star soon to be in an American film. Above, Carol Coombe, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Coombe of Australia.

perament and tastes as is his background. Born in 1904 at Moultrie, Ga., he spent his youth in the South, and became interested seriously in music while at college, where he played football, sang in the glee club, and tooted a saxophone in a college band to earn money for singing lessons. His hobby now is sailing, which he indulges with his own craft in Long Island Sound. He is a pretty good cook and specializes in several dishes, mainly southern, which guests of the Meltons roundly applaud.

He's a hard-working fellow. The musical arrangements you hear his accompanying orchestra play for his air shows in which Melton co-stars with Fred Allen, are made by Jimmy himself. He continues his study of languages—speaks French, Italian and Spanish; has memorized two operatic rôles—*Des Grieux* in "Manon," and *Alfredo* in "Traviata," and is now working on *Pinkerton* in "Butterfly," under the tutelage of a prominent operatic coach and voice teacher. So don't be surprised if you read, before this season is out, that another American tenor is to do those rôles with an important operatic organization.

The center of show business may be shifting westward to Hollywood from Broadway, but Broadway is still home—their own, the native land of their profession—for stage people steeped in a tradition

which, for all we know, may be passing.

Typical of show people who became part of the theatre when mere youngsters and at a time when Broadway ruled the theatrical world, are Jesse Block and Eve Sully—whom radio fans, and soon movie-goers, as well as the devotees of that vanishing amusement known as vaudeville, call that "funny team—Block and Sully."

I visited Jesse and Eve at their hotel "just off Broadway," the day after their return from Hollywood, whither Sam Goldwyn lured them to play in Eddie Cantor's picture "Kid Millions."

You never saw any two people gladder to be "home" than Jesse and his wife Eve Sully. It's true they were coming back to start their new radio series, in which they get top billing on a weekly commercial. But it was Broadway they were glad to see again.

Nevertheless, Hollywood had made its impression. "If," said Eve, "you could spend your days in Hollywood and evenings on Broadway, what a life that would be!" They admitted to being knocked slightly ga-ga by the lavishness with which the picture studios put on spectacles. "Why," said Jesse, still incredulous as though he had seen it in a dream, "the finale of the picture must have cost two hundred thousand to stage."

"And the things they'll do for you!" exclaimed Eve. "I was to do a fall into a swimming pool, and they asked me if I wanted the water warm, and what temperature. I said, 'just tepid.' Well next day when it was time to do the scene they asked me to test the temperature—the water was almost boiling hot, and they cooled it to 'tepid' by dumping huge cakes of ice in the pool."

Characteristic of the great majority of stage people, Jesse and Eve are intensely loyal to friends of the profession. "The Cantors were so wonderful to us, Jim Cagney was wonderful—" And so the superlatives flew back and forth across the room like a shuttlecock. Mr. and Mrs. Block, like a pair of youngsters trying to tell it all at once, told not only how wonderful the Cantors and the Cagneys and others were to them, but how wonderful the Cantors, Eddie, his wife and five daughters, and the Cagneys are as people, artists, husbands, actors, and everything else that an admirable person can be admirably.

They do owe their big chance in radio, as well as pictures, to Eddie Cantor. He put Block and Sully on his air program. Sam Goldwyn, who, even as you and I, lends an ear to the loud-speaker, wired Cantor to engage the team to do a specialty in "Kid Millions." The second time on Cantor's program, Goldwyn's agent informed Jesse and Eve they were wanted to play all through the picture, and the third broadcast brought negotiations for Block and Sully to sign up to an option for future pictures.

Jesse Block and Eve Sully met, and teamed up, after both had been on the vaudeville stage for several years. Eve was about thirteen when an act featuring Blossom MacDonald—sister of Jeanette—an eccentric dancer, arrived in Atlantic City. They needed a girl to do some dancing—high kicking. Eve could kick and she was offered the job, but her mother agreed only when Blossom and her mother Mrs. MacDonald promised they would look out for the girl.

Jesse was another one of the Gus Edwards child stars—there must be a million of 'em! "I met Eve," said Jesse, "after my act had broken up because my original partner married a broker and quit the stage.

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this
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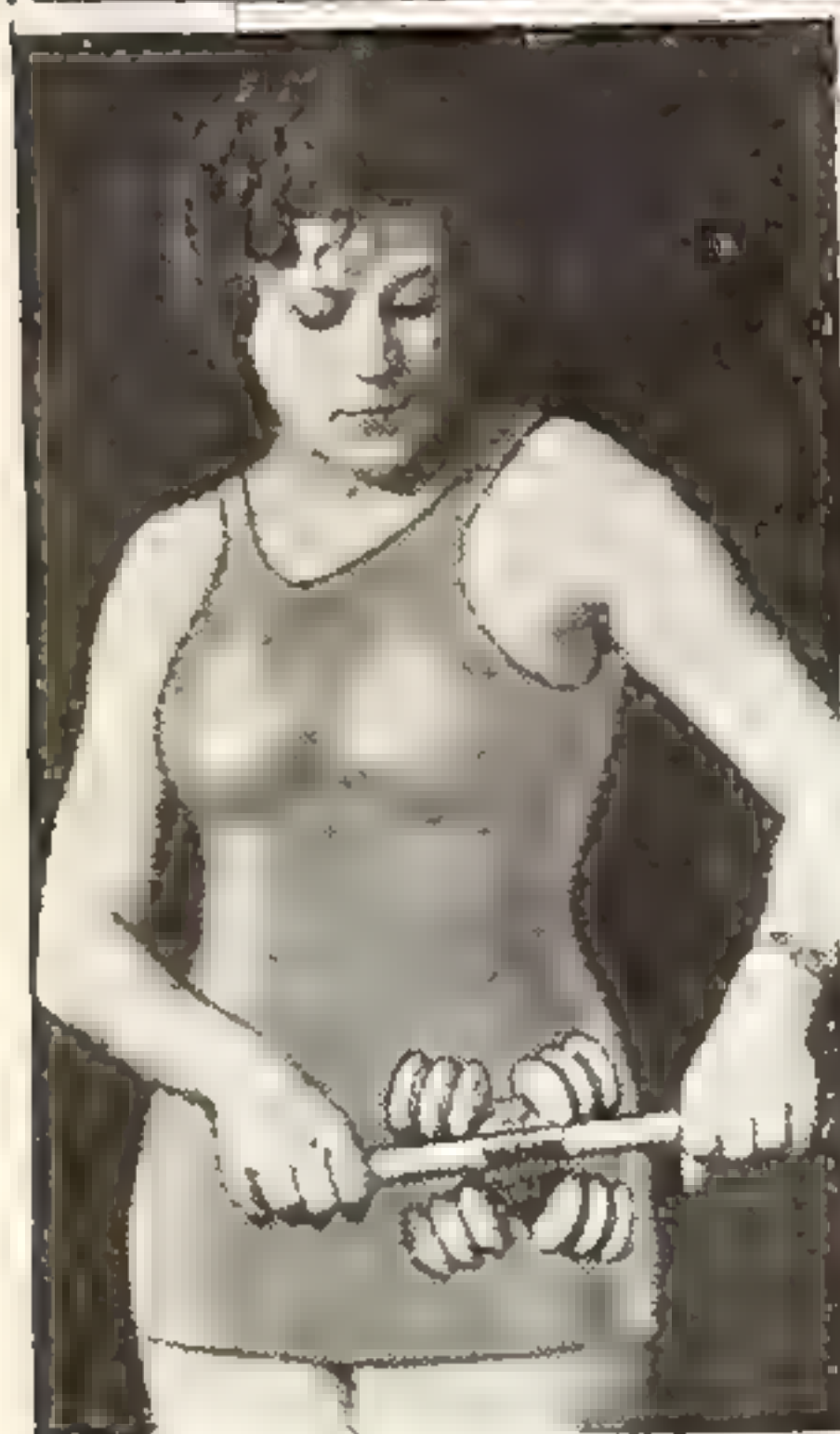
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I was so busted up about that, I thought I was blighted for life, because I had been engaged to the girl and the wedding kept getting postponed. A friend, probably anxious to shake me out of my 'heart break,' kept insisting he knew a girl who would make an ideal partner. To please him I met the girl, tried her out—and thought she was terrible. To convince her she was terrible, I accepted a booking in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. What happened was that the act got more laughs than I had ever known it to draw with my original partner. We came back to Broadway and signed immediately for thirty weeks."

There were postponements several times of the wedding that Jesse and Eve decided upon months later, but finally, in Hollywood while playing a vaudeville date, they married one morning and played their four stage shows to celebrate the day.

Perfume! How They Love It

Continued from page 13

the same fragrance on the skin. It would never do to have them clash. Clash in perfume is as bad as clash in color.

The other day I visited a perfume manufacturer.

"Have you ever seen a perfume vault?" he asked me.

I never had.

So we went down innumerable flights of stairs. Deep into the ground. We stopped before a door which opened after a twirl of a combination lock. Much like the door to a gigantic safe. Inside the vault the walls were lined with odd bottles from France and Germany, copper vessels from Italy, boxes with strange herbs, dried bark and curious looking black and gray objects.

How did it smell? Like millions of flowers? Like moonlight and mist? Like happiness and music? Not at all. It smelled bitter!

I picked up a medium sized bottle about three-fourths full of a thick, dark liquid.

"That's violet essential oil," he told me. But it didn't smell like violets.

"Is it expensive?"

"Oh," he answered carelessly, "that in your hand is worth about seventeen hundred dollars."

Hurriedly I set it back upon the shelf.

He put a black chunk of something into my hands. Light as cork to lift. My two hands almost went round it.

"That is ambergris. About five hundred dollars worth."

"Then the contents of this room must be worth a great deal," I ventured.

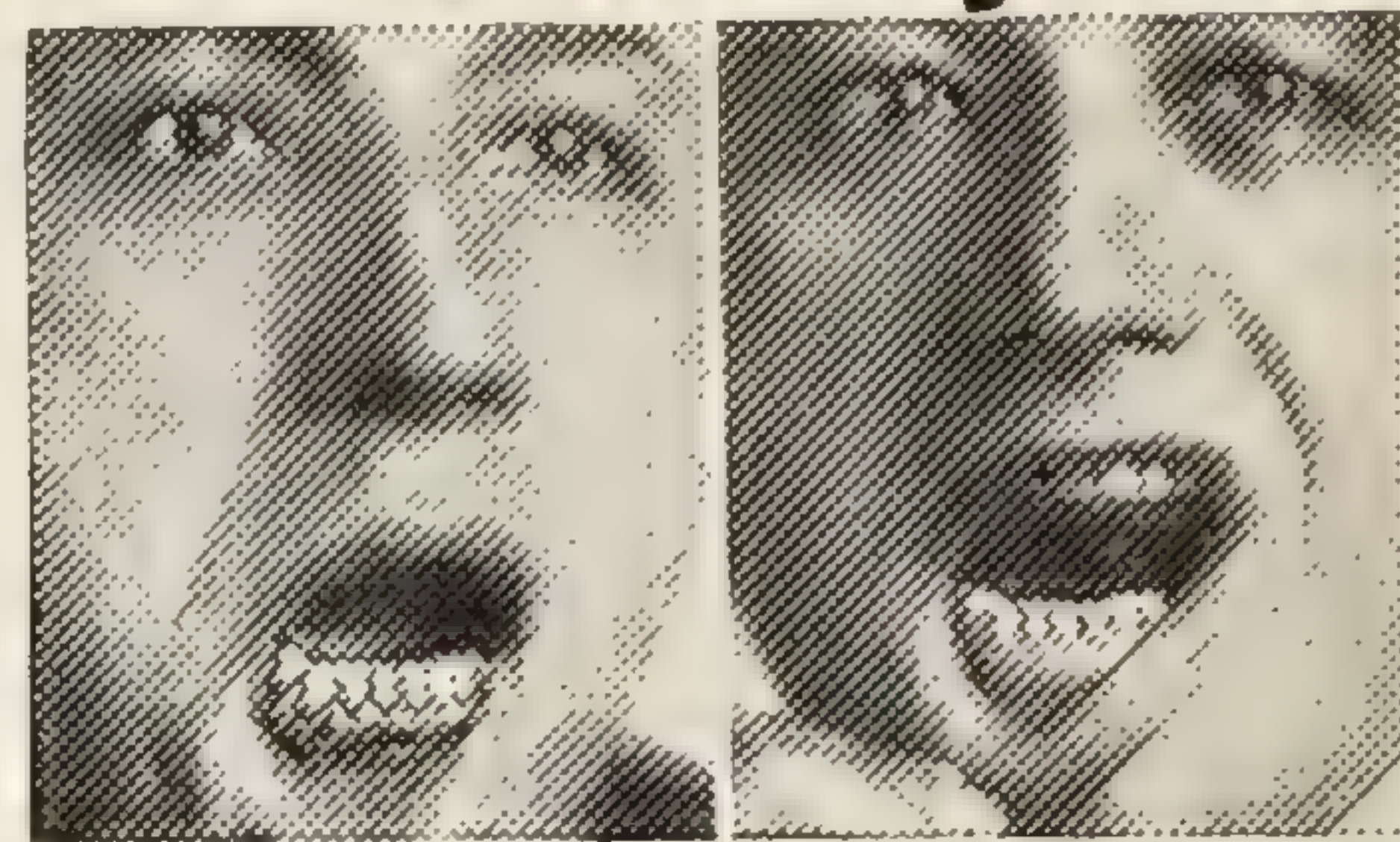
"Usually we have about a million dollars worth in this vault," he explained.

It was worth a million dollars and it smelled like that! Be warned and never combine your perfumes, no matter how expensive they are or how much you like them separately.

You see the raw materials with which creators of perfume work are not in any way entrancing in themselves. That is why the men who work with them, creating the glorious fragrances we love, are truly artists. They have to know how!

You have to know how to choose your own personal perfume too. The problem is not easy. There are almost as many theories of how to choose, as there are perfumes. Blondes, some say, must use flower odors, light, delicate scents. Brunettes should be glamorous with heavy oriental perfumes. Or, some savants tell you, you should choose your perfumes by the stars. If you are born in June you will like Shalimar; if in December, Christmas Night!

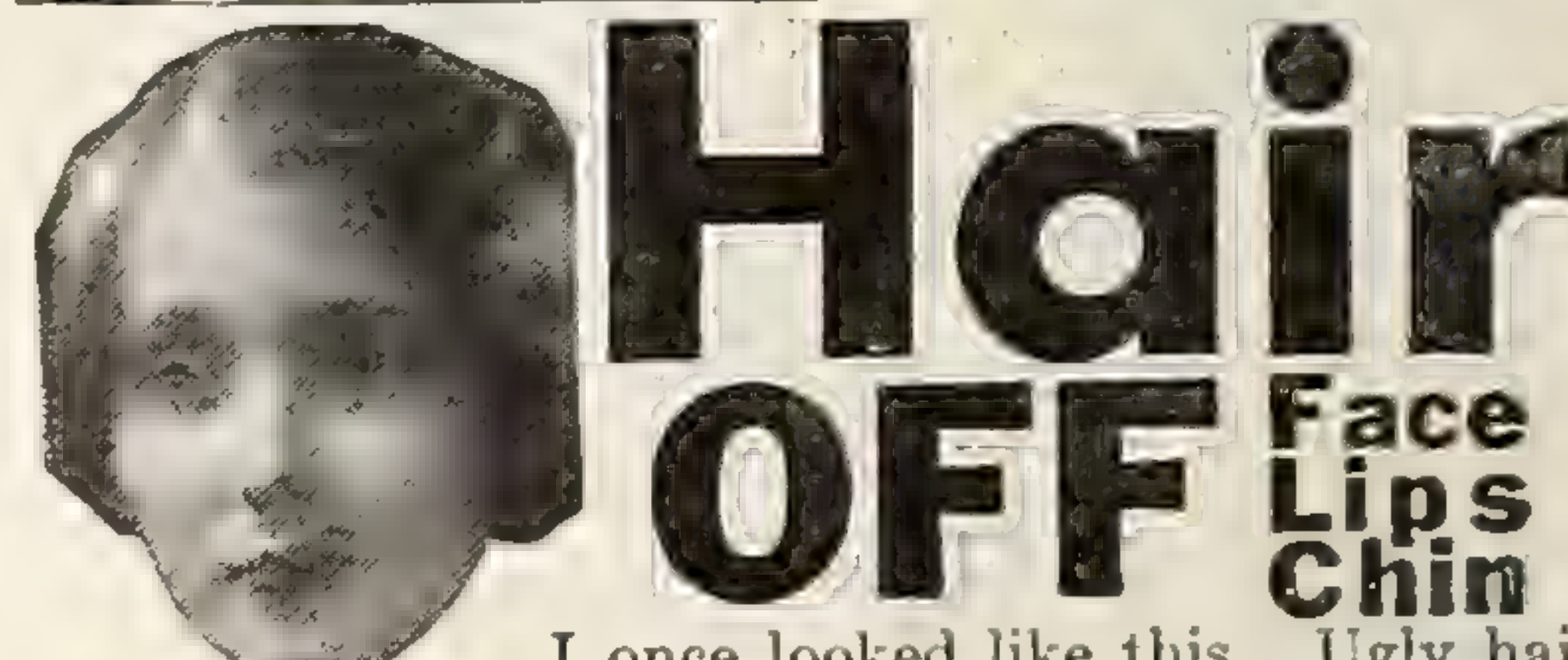
Heals Pyorrhea Trench Mouth or Money Back!



BEFORE

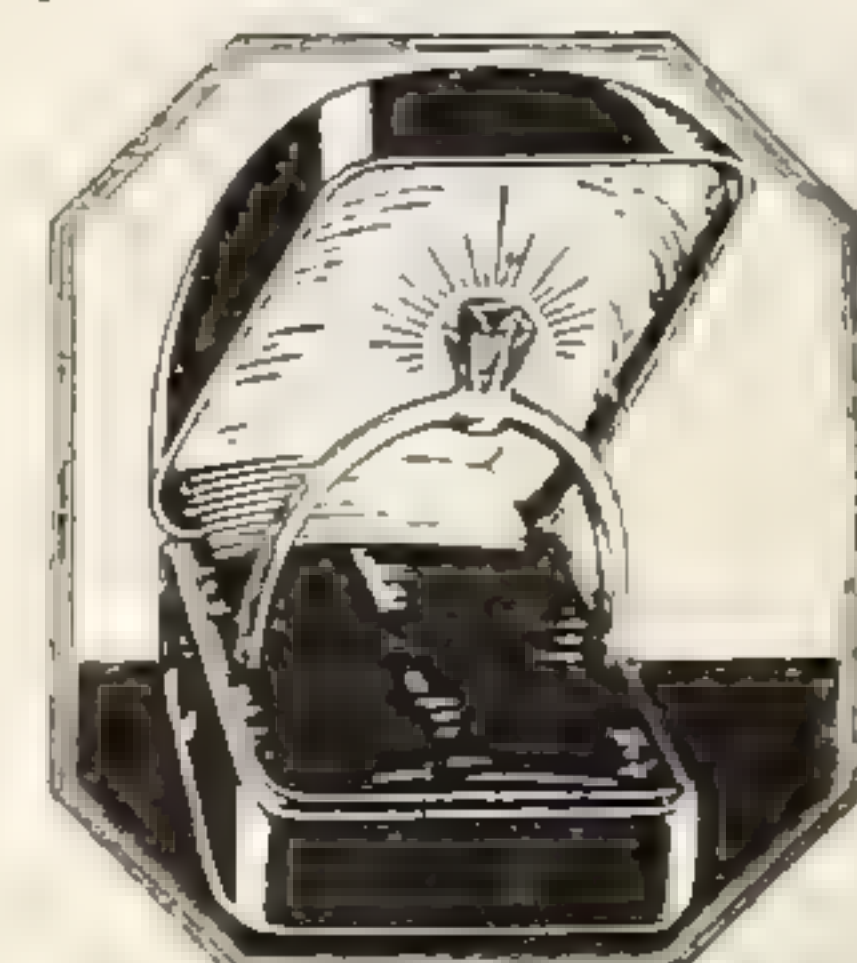
AFTER

Picture shows Mr. Rochin before and after using P. T. M. Formula. He says: "I have used P. T. M. for four weeks and the pyorrhea has absolutely disappeared, leaving my teeth and gums in a normal, healthy condition—thanks to your wonderful remedy. My dentist could hardly believe such a change possible. I surely hope that the thousands of pyorrhea and trench mouth sufferers learn as I did, that at last there is relief from these dreaded conditions."—Paul Rochin, Los Angeles, Cal. Don't lose your teeth! Use P. T. M. Formula, painless, economical home treatment. Positively guaranteed to stop Pyorrhea, Trench Mouth, Canker, Mouth Sores and restore your gums to health or money back. You be the judge—nothing to lose, your health to gain. It is a new principle, sensationally effective. If your gums are sore or bleed, your teeth loose or pus pockets have formed—use P. T. M. Formula. Even if it is in an advanced state P. T. M. gives you complete relief or your money back! Write now for full information. P. T. M. Formula Co., Dept. K-7, 4016 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.



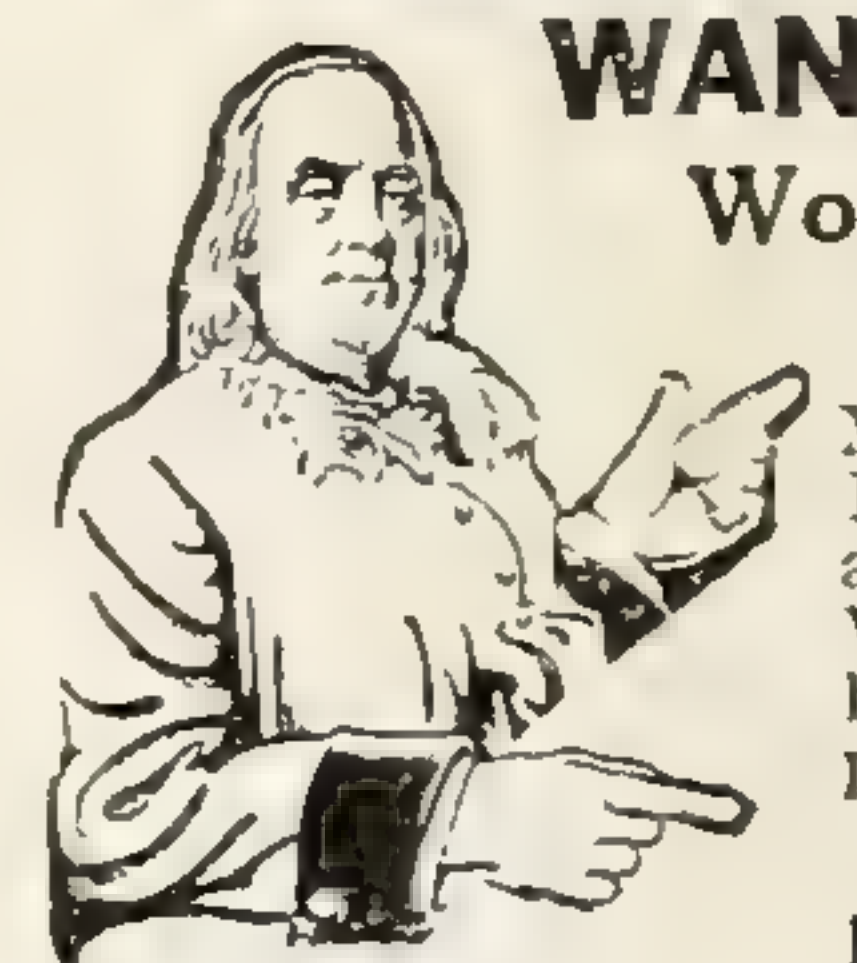
Unloved

I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P.O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 92, Chicago.



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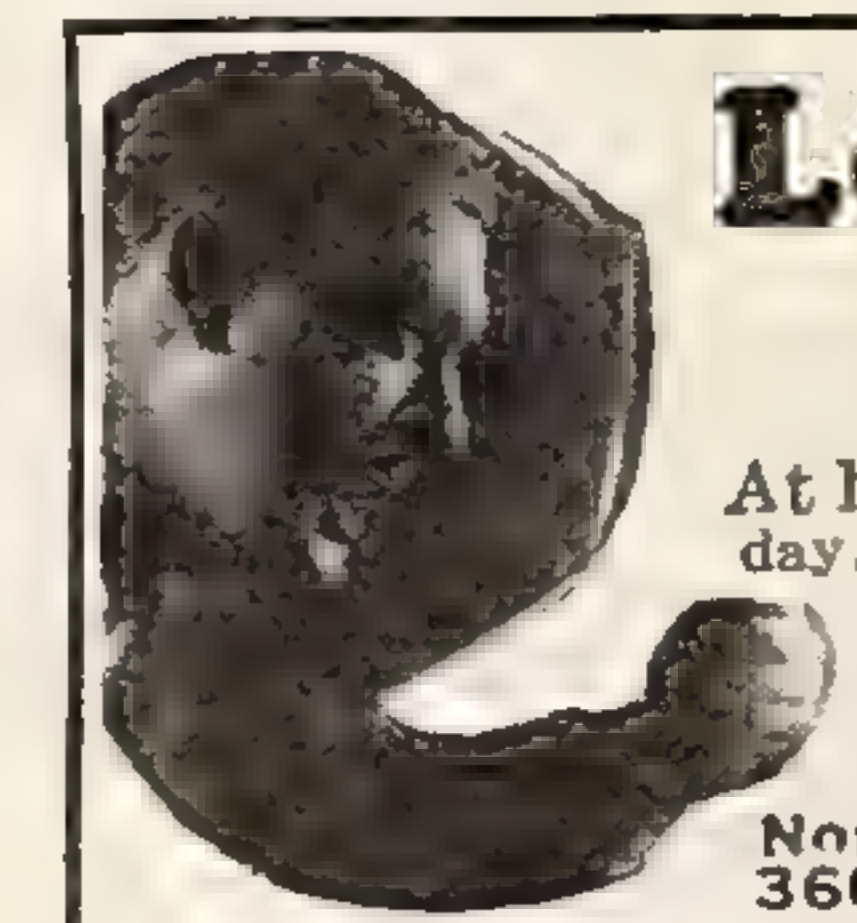
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My advice is to let your nose be your guide. Test and sniff and try. But never try more than two on one shopping tour as your nose will tire and refuse to aid you.

One perfume will repel you at once and the chances are very great that it is no soul-mate of yours. Instinctively you *know*. Another perfume you like at first whiff, like an attractive personality at first meeting, but dislike cordially on further acquaintance. That one is not for you either. But keep trying. Perfume manufacturers

are helping you do this very thing. In most stores you will find sample bottles open for you to use. It is worth trial and patience.

For some day when you are out seeing your favorite movie star in a new picture, with "him," you will notice that he is more than ordinarily attentive.

"What heavenly perfume!" he will exclaim even as Roger. "What is it? Somehow it is so LIKE you."

And that, young lady, is success!

"I'm Sorry!"

Continued from page 21

real lines and deliver the right cue to the next speaker. Sometimes the comedian finishes a long and wholly foolish speech before anyone realizes he is out of hand and "off the record."

Many players swear when they fumble their lines. One of the most dignified of the imported English actresses always snaps her fingers and says "Dem it!" when she misses a line. The mild profanity will do the microphone no damage, but the snap of the fingers, if very close to the sensitive mechanism, sometimes gives the sound mixer, in his secluded booth, the impression that the lady has committed hari-kari in chagrin over her error.

Dolores Del Rio is more careful than the average player in the memorizing of her lines. Because of her slight accent, she rehearses them over and over until she knows them letter perfect, long before she is called upon to read them before the camera. When she misses, as she does occasionally, she stands still in position and repeats the lines over several times. Her sincere "I'm sorry" is enough to melt the heart of the stoniest director.

The mild-mannered Leslie Howard has recently developed a habit of emphasizing his impatience with himself when he slips on a speech, by throwing whatever he holds in his hands, high into the air. During the making of one sequence in "British Agent," a few months ago, he threw his hat, which he was carrying, into the stage rafters several times, during the filming of one particularly difficult scene with Kay Francis.

After that the property man on the set always had a duplicate hat on hand for Howard, so that when he threw one away, the scene could be repeated without waiting for the return of that particular head piece.

Actors like Pat O'Brien and Lee Tracy, who generally speak their lines in double-quick time, naturally stumble more often than do more deliberate actors. Mechanics of speech make this natural, and directors count on a certain percentage of slips while they read their lines. Pat swings his arms angrily when his tongue gets twisted, and sometimes kicks the furniture. Before he does this, however, he manages to say, "I'm sorry."

Ruby Keeler gasps in wide-eyed surprise when she finds she has mis-cued and always says: "Oh, I missed it! I'm so sorry."

Little has been told outside of the sound stages, of Will Rogers' reactions to mistakes in lines, his own or those of his fellow players, but it is well-known that he *ad-libs* inveterately and he is one of the few stars of Hollywood who is permitted to deviate from the written script almost as he pleases.

If Paul Muni fails to correct his error on the second "take" he walks off the set and disappears for several minutes into the seclusion of his dressing-room. When the third try fails, he generally insists that the scene be skipped for the rest of the day

and filmed again another time, while he goes on to another, unrelated sequence of the picture.

Players who work with Zasu Pitts have learned that she doubles up those fluttery hands of hers into fists, after she has missed a line, and pummels the chest of the nearest fellow player.

Edward G. Robinson studies his lines carefully and seldom fails to deliver them letter perfect. When he does he is often not convinced he was wrong and has to be shown. Then he says, gruffly, "Sorry," and returns to work. John Barrymore improvises amazing and startling soliloquies about totally unrelated subjects when he "blows" a cue and nobody can stop him until he has exhausted his temper in oral fireworks.

Warner Baxter sometimes follows his lost cue without an apparent pause. "However, dear friends, including our very competent director," he will say, in a serious tone, "that is all I know of these lines." Then he will grin and add the inevitable, "I'm sorry."

Mitchell and Durant cover their frequent lapses of memory by redoubling their rough treatment of each other. It is frequently successful and in their case, the scene is not always re-filmed.

Working with the rubber-faced comic, Hugh Herbert, Irene Dunne had some difficulty during the early sequences of "Sweet Adeline," in keeping a straight face. "I'm sorry," she repeated time after time, "but I can't look at Mr. Herbert and play straight." Eventually she managed it, however.

Occasionally it is the director rather than the star who makes a show of temperament when lines are muddled. Those who work with Marlene Dietrich and Director Von Sternberg say this condition exists on their sets. Miss Dietrich remains calm. Von Sternberg does the exploding.

Long experience in stage productions in which he was allowed to improvise both lines and situations makes it doubly difficult for Al Jolson to keep in harness on a motion picture set. He is noted for never telling a story the same way twice and he seldom reads lines alike two times in succession. He gets mad at himself and everybody else when he is told he must repeat them letter perfect in each "take" but he does it finally.

All former stage players seem to have more difficulty in memorizing lines exactly than do those who have never played on the stage. There is a certain amount of leeway allowed a stage actor. He can change his lines slightly and it does not matter so long as he eventually comes back with the proper cue for the next speaker.

But in pictures the speech must be delivered in exactly the same way several times, once in a "close-up," once in a "long shot," and sometimes at other distances from the camera. Only one of these recorded speeches will be used eventually,



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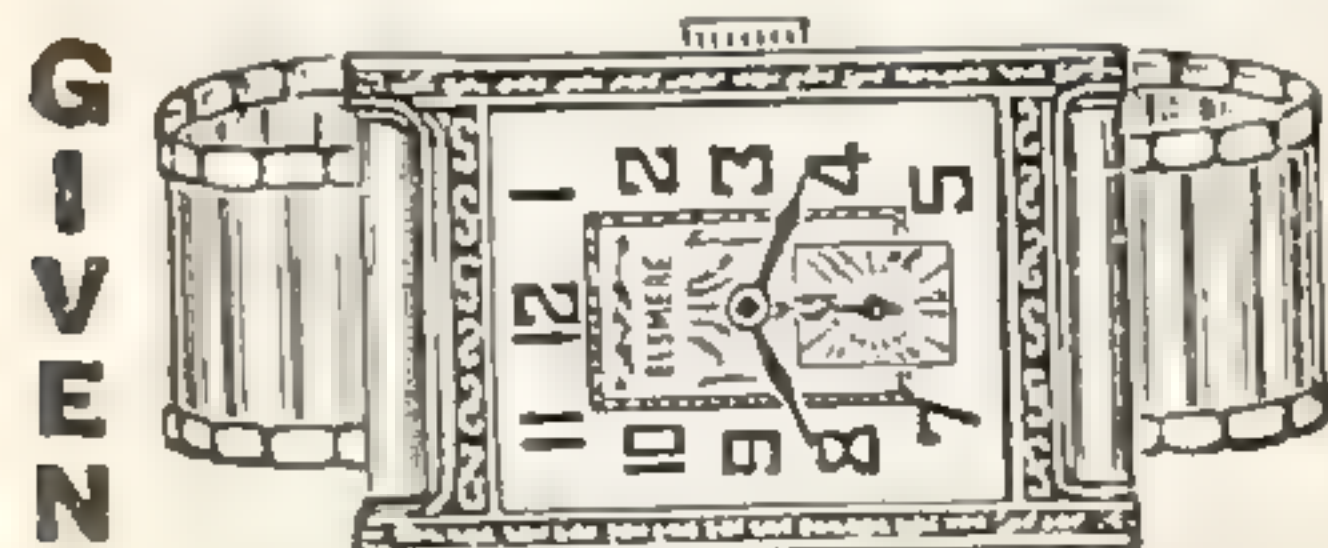
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WRITE NOW

but the words must match perfectly with the mouth movement and facial expression as the finished picture cuts from the "close-up" to the "long shot" and back again. For this reason the lines of every important speech in a picture must be learned letter perfect and must always be delivered that way.

All picture budgets allow for a certain amount of wasted film footage to provide for the "I'm sorries" which clutter every cutting-room floor. Awkward speeches are eliminated from scripts as far as possible before scenes are made, but it is humanly impossible to avoid some lapses of memory and some slips of the tongue.

Faces are not the only things found on the cutting-room floors of Hollywood. Words are there too, hundreds, thousands, millions of words; long words and short words, misplaced words and mispronounced words, unnecessary words and swear words.

If one were to bring them all back to life through a projector one short sentence would be heard a hundred times more often than any other—the costliest words in Hollywood's vocabulary: "I'm sorry!"

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 69

HOLLYWOOD always was, is, and probably always will be a "show town." Even studio previews of new movies are sometimes attended by novelty and glamor.

When "Judge Priest" was given its initial preview, studio executives notified the invited guests by means of a regular court subpoena. This summons was such a close imitation of the real thing that several invitees, (who were actually dodging court attachments at the time), hastily threw them away without discovering that the entire matter was a publicity stunt.

IS THE laugh on Bing Crosby, or Richard Arlen? These two are the greatest of friendly rivals, so when Crosby snagged a 188-pound shark, Arlen determined to do likewise.

With time off between pictures, Dick went forth in search of a bigger shark, and for seven days he fished. Unfortunately for his pride, he got nary a nibble. Making it worse, his joke was spoiled. The joke was that he intended to catch a shark bigger than Bing's, then send it to the Crooner with this note: "We are using them this size for bait!"

IF YOU live in any of the cities mentioned in the paragraphs below, perhaps you know the "secret fans" concerned. If so, will you write and tell the respective stars the names of said fans?

A Milwaukee, Wisconsin, fan writes Bing Crosby a twenty-to-twenty-five page letter every week, but never signs her full name, nor has she ever given the Crooner her address for a reply.

A girl in Dallas, Texas, has telephoned Jean Harlow monthly for more than two years. She pays the tolls for her three minute chat, but she's never told Jean more than her first name, Beryl.

A boy or man, who gives his name only as "Bob," has sent an ice-packed magnolia from Memphis, Tennessee, to Irene Dunne, every day for the past two months.

The stars would like to know whom to thank.

THIS WAY TO ROMANCE:

HOLLYWOOD is still speculating, at this writing, about the Mary Pickford-Douglas Fairbanks future. Apparently some believe they will reconcile, others that they will not. The wiser half is in the affirmative, because Doug and Mary have been indulging in some very pleasant conferences—and something may come of that.

Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes surprised Hollywood with their runaway marriage. The elopers had a novel experience when their automobile broke down, but undaunted, they hitch-hiked their way to Yuma, Arizona, where the knot was tied.

Gloria Stuart and her new husband, Arthur Sheekman, (they eloped to Mexico), have moved into a spacious new home in Holmby Hills.

The Mary Brian-Dick Powell romance continues to be a puzzler. Although Dick kissed Mary goodbye at the station when he left on his personal appearance tour, (and there were scores watching their osculatory playlet), Mary and Gene Raymond are nite-lifing several times weekly.

Sue Carol has finally divorced Nick Stuart. She asked for no alimony, and property settlement was made out of court. Most people think Sue will now wed Ken Murray, the stage comedian. They're wrong; Sue and Ken have called an end to their romance, and it's a newcomer, Howard Wilson, who's basking in the Carol smiles.

Barbara Weeks and Guinn (Big Boy) Williams have been inseparable for two years, so the announcement of their engagement was not unexpected.

Some exciting new goings-on include Ann Harding and Brian Aherne, who've been regulars of late. Patricia Ellis has swung her fancy to Fred Keating, a stage actor making good in Hollywood. Katharine Hepburn vehemently denies any idea of resuming matrimonial relations with her recently-divorced husband.

Maybe there is more than rumor to those Joan Crawford-Franchot Tone icing reports; Joan's being seen here and there with Phil Regan. Ruth Channing and director Hamilton McFadden have an-

nounced intentions. If Evelyn Venable hasn't already gone and done it secretly, she may wed cameraman Hal Mohr any old day.

Joseph Schenck reiterates his engagement to Merle Oberon—(remember her in "Henry the Eighth?")—but there are those who say it's just publicity. The wise ones point out that Merle is leading lady in the new Douglas Fairbanks picture, which Schenck's company will release in this country. Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb are seen about. Irene Hervey and Nick Stuart are making life happy for two people—each other.

APPARENTLY, some people believe the stars have nothing better to do than act as godfathers and godmothers. Every mail that pours into Hollywood contains at least a few requests for stars to christen this or that person, animal, or thing.

Mae West's permission was sought by a riverboat captain, who wanted to name his tugboat, "The Mae West." Claudette Colbert was invited to name two calves born to a cow, which a mid-West farmer had already named "Claudette Colbert."

There are sixteen babies, (to date of this writing), named after Joan Crawford. Jean Harlow was begged by the owner of a pure white horse, (its color reminded him of Jean's hair, this owner said), to pose for a picture with the steed, which already bore the name, "Jean Harlow."

TWO of the strangest mementoes in Hollywood are the hospital trophies of Colleen Moore and C. Henry Gordon. Both were in hospitals, (though at different times), Colleen with a dislocated neck, and Gordon with a broken kneecap. In both cases, the injured members were bound in plaster-of-paris casts.

Miss Moore and Gordon decided it would be great fun to have hospital visitors autograph the casts—and before they left their respective hospital cots, each had collected such an astonishing group of autographs that to throw them away would have been little short of sacrilege. Consequently, two fine Hollywood homes feature the most amazing mantle ornaments—plaster-of-paris casts!

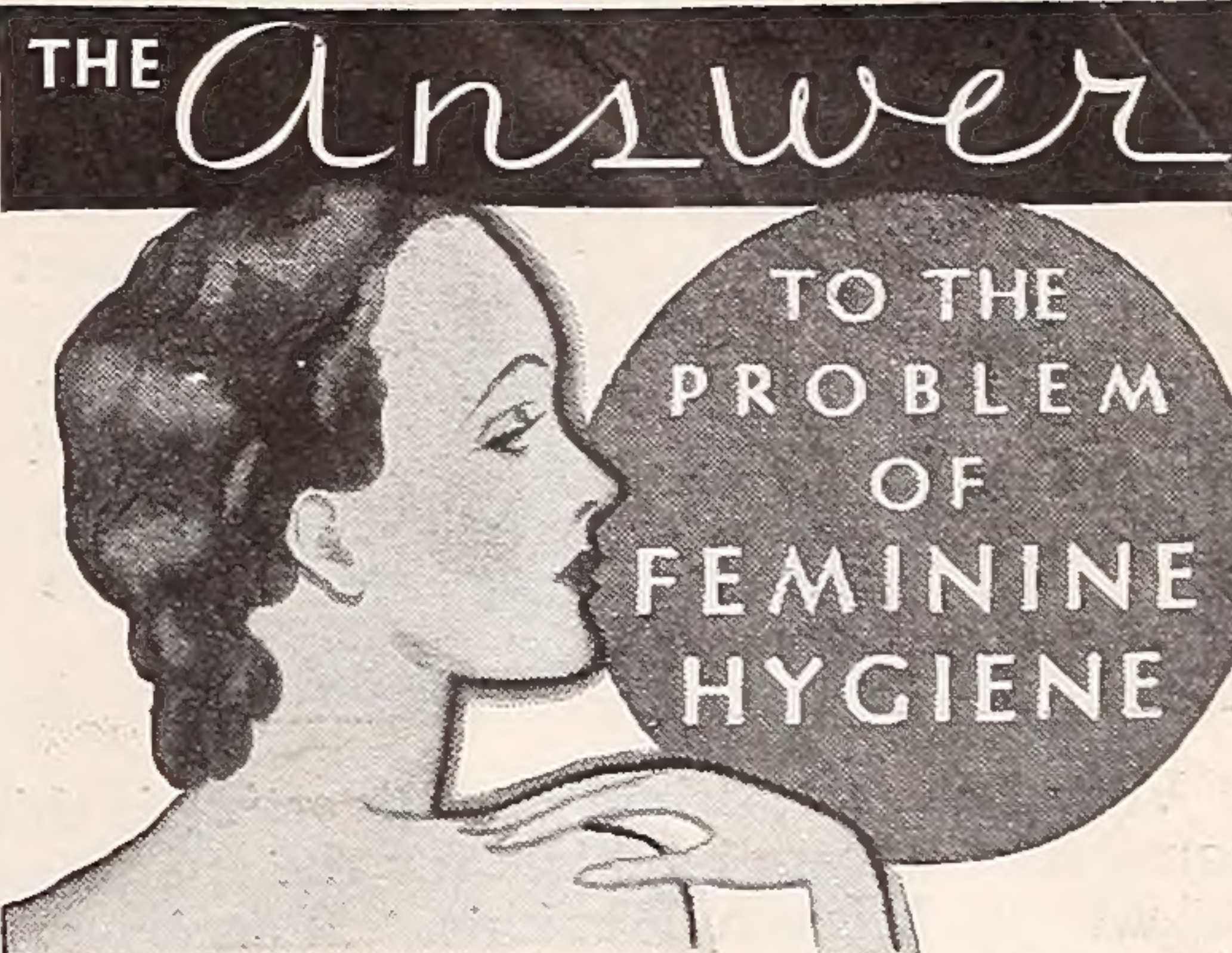
AN AMUSING story is told at the expense of director Frank Tuttle, whose wife is Russian. To please her, he is studying her language, and occasionally he attempts to talk with his wife in her own tongue.

Guests were at their table one evening when Tuttle searched his Russian vocabulary and asked, in Russian, for a spoon—that is, he *thought* he asked for a spoon. Imagine his surprise when his wife left the dining-room, to return a few minutes later with a horse.

IF A western star were a western star and no matter what his name, it wouldn't be so bad! But how we are hearing from the fans (and we deserve the chiding, we'll admit) about that error in the caption to a picture of Gloria Stuart and Buck Jones, in the last issue. We said Buck was Hoot Gibson. Now there's only the consolation that at least when we confuse things we involve only the best people. Personally, we think Buck and Hoot are totally different in everything, save that they are both real stars and regular fellows.

OF LATE, Hollywood has been undergoing one of those periodical telephone number-changing spasms. It seems as if every telephone call brings an operator to report a "number change."

Stuart Erwin, waiting for his car to be returned from a garage, became impatient. "Call the garage for my car," he told the studio gateman. "You'll have to look into the telephone book to find out what the new number has been changed from."



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The
Richest
Girl
in the
World
RKO
Radio

Very buoyant, bright and diverting is this somewhat unusual vehicle for the sparkling talents of Miriam Hopkins. It's about a rich girl who impersonates another to be sure the chap she loves does not want her for her money. That sounds very usual—but as worked out the play takes a different and quite smart turn and is studded with some hilariously amusing situations. Joel McCrea and Fay Wray are fine. Excellent.



Chu
Chin
Chow
Gau-
mont
British

A magnificent spectacle is created as background for this screen version of the musical play about *Ali Baba* and the Forty Thieves. It is eye-filling and will hold your interest from beginning to end with a gorgeous array of sequences set in ancient Bagdad. There are some stirring melodramatics and some good singing, too. Anna May Wong is the slave girl, and beautiful. George Robey and Fritz Kortner score impressively. See it.



De-
sirable
Warners

Heartily recommended to all who enjoy a well told story, intelligent direction and superior acting. Jean Muir is the girl, who emerges from the cloistered life in which her actress mother has kept her, to find herself desirable to a man who is one of her mother's suitors. Her performance is an extraordinarily fine one. George Brent and Verree Teasdale also star in the fine cast. Very worth while. Not stirring but appealing.



Young
and
Beau-
tiful
Mascot

Chiefly this is a vehicle for the display of the twelve young gals chosen as the Wampas Baby Stars of 1934. The Hollywood background, William Haines as a press agent who makes one of the babies a big star and nearly loses her thereby, plus some interpolated vaudeville, add a measure of drama, comedy and romance to the entertainment. While somewhat routine as to story, the picture as a whole makes pretty good fun.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

Gift
of Gab
Uni-
versal



Ain't we got fun! Laid in a broadcasting studio, this story follows the up-and-down career of an announcer, played by Edmund Lowe. A program director (that's Gloria Stuart) is the inspiration that brings the announcer back, after too much ego spoils his career. Two ribald sequences, one featuring Phil Baker, and the other co-featuring Chester Morris, Roger Pryor and June Knight, are worth the ticket cost.



A Girl
of the
Limber-
lost
Mono-
gram

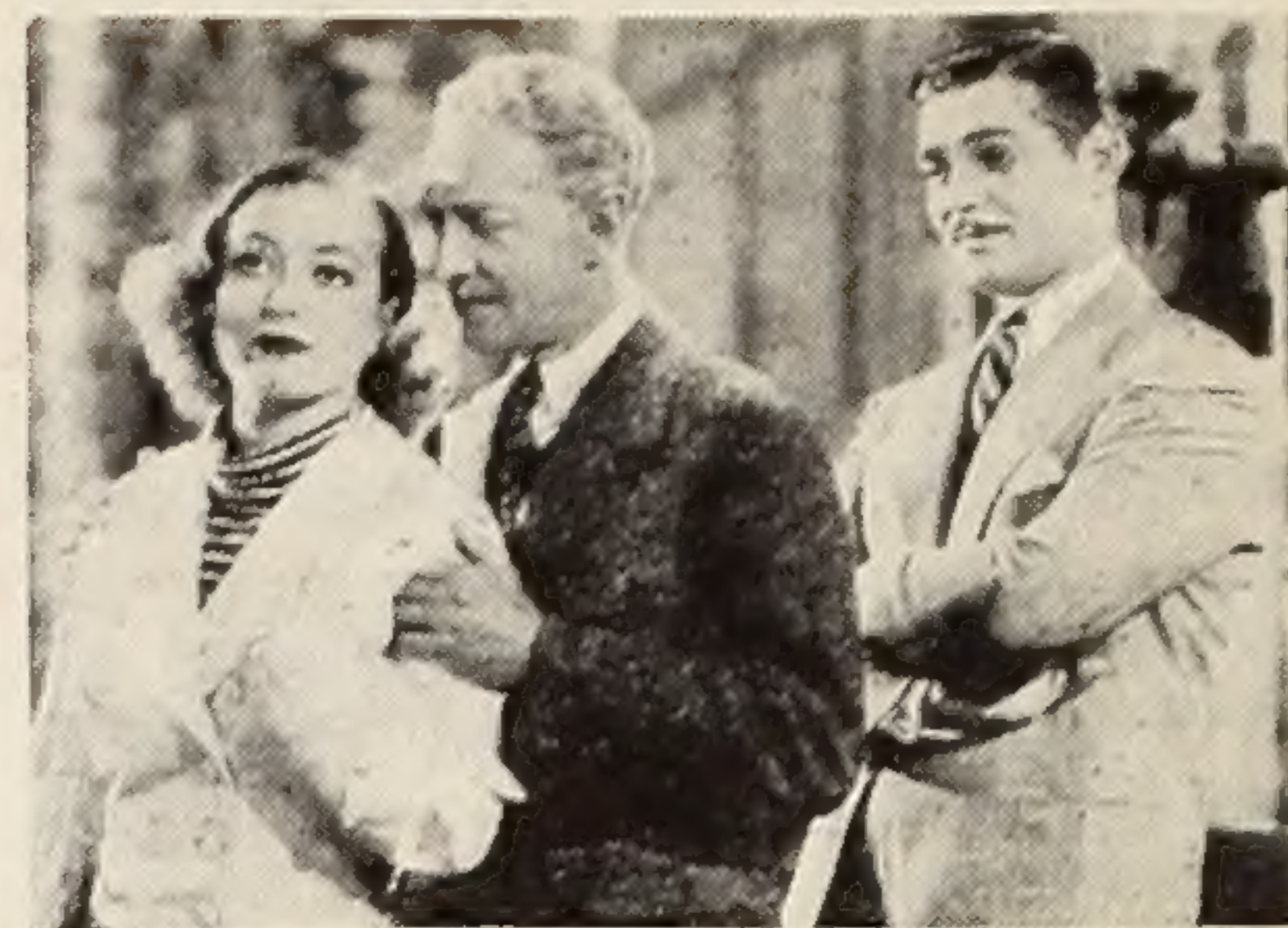
Though the scenario shifts emphasis to make the heroine a clothes-conscious little prig, the Gene Stratton Porter story retains its power to sway the emotions, in this screen version. Marian Marsh has the name role; Louise Dresser is wonderfully effective as the mother; Ralph Morgan, Helen Jerome Eddy, Eddie Nugent, and little Tommy Bupp, are notably good in their parts. Wholesome and appealing.

A Lost
Lady
Warners



It looks as though Barbara Stanwyck must go on indefinitely being fitted out with vehicles which are far below the level of her abilities. "A Lost Lady," which you old timers may remember as a silent with Irene Rich in the lead part, here offers some sound entertainment, and though slow of tempo holds interest and is worth seeing if only for the acting by the star, Frank Morgan, Lyle Talbot, and Ricardo Cortez.

Chained
M-G-M



Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Stuart Irwin and Otto Kruger, engagingly involved in a very effective romantic drama, pointed with nice comedy elements. Joan is the girl who feels obligated to marry the older man who has given up everything for her, but eventually his almost too-good-to-be-true self-sacrifice enables her to find happiness with Clark Gable. It is Joan's most effective vehicle for some time, and certain to please.

The
Dude
Ranger
Fox



Amazing photography, etching gorgeous screen visions of the Painted Desert and the Arizona Canyon, makes this film rather spine-tingling. An Easterner (George O'Brien) goes west to take over a ranch, and runs into cattle thieves. For a while suspicion points at the father of the girl he loves (Irene Hervey, and very good she is too.) It all ends happily. O'Brien fans will enjoy this immensely. Plenty of action.

Wake
Up and
Dream
Uni-
versal



This picture proves how sadly Russ Columbo will be missed from the screen. His acting showed marked improvement. This story tells the experiences of three vaudeville players who go to Hollywood, where their adventures provide some nice comedy, thrilling romance, and excellent songs and dances. The three pals are Columbo, June Knight, and Roger Pryor, and all perform well. Henry Armetta also stands out.

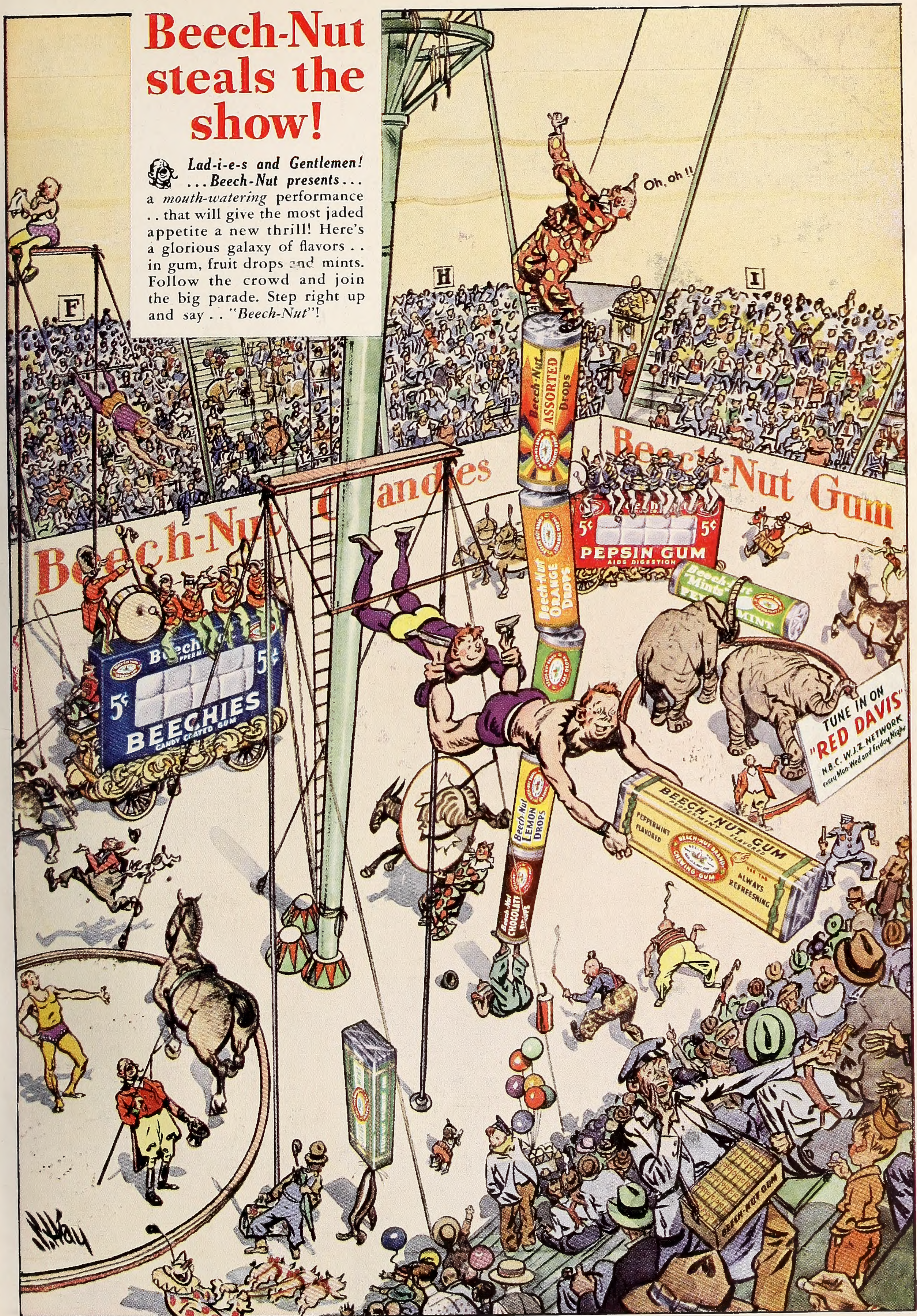
King
Kelly
of the
U. S. A.
Mono-
gram



Guy Robertson, star of many musical comedy hits, makes his screen bow in this burlesque of the American go-getter who puts a mythical kingdom on its feet and marries the princess. Robertson's voice is pleasant and screen fans will like him. The picture is an odd mixture of slapstick and rather clever travesty. Edgar Kennedy, Irene Ware and Ferdinand Gottschalk support the star. It's amusing screen fare.

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Miss Richardson's Bergdorf-Goodman gown is golden beige satin; the quilted wrap is full-length